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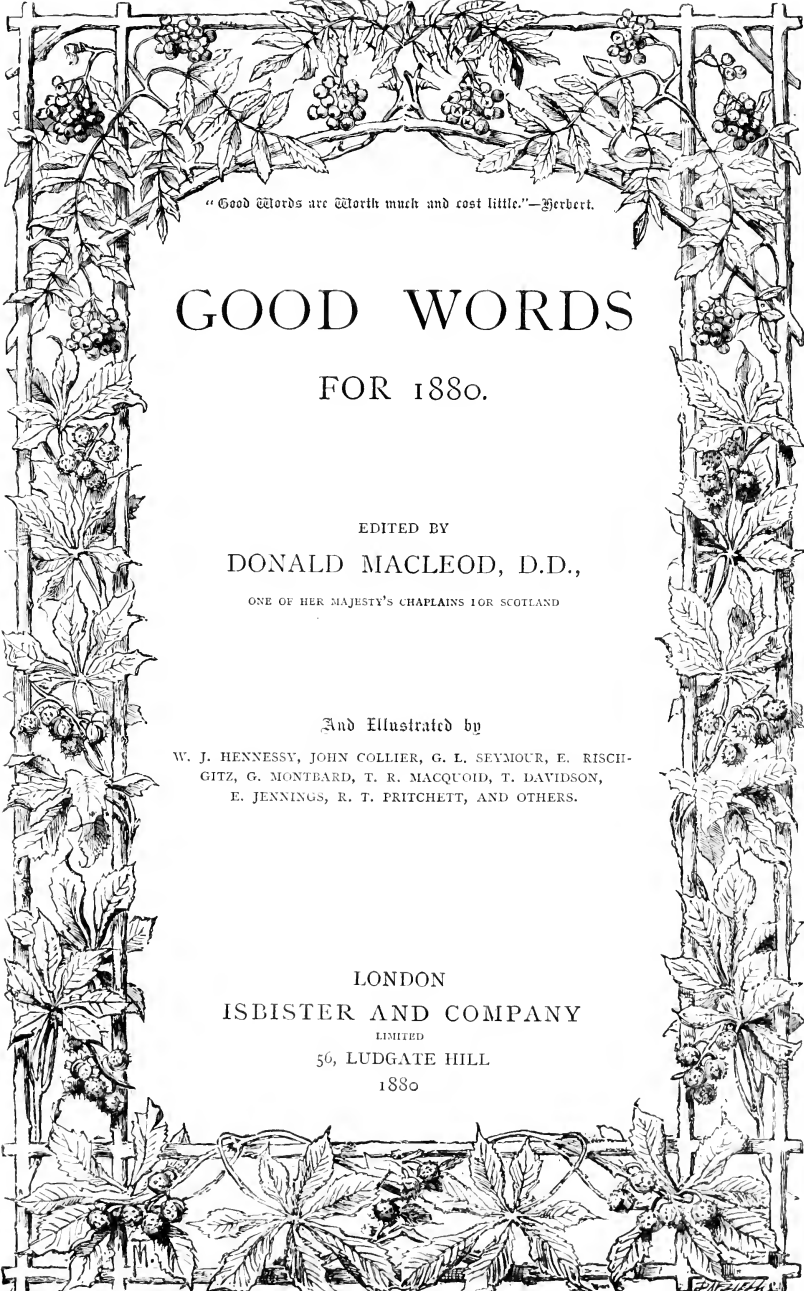
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"Good Words are Worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

# GOOD WORDS

FOR 1880.

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And Illustrated by

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E. JENNINGS, R. T. PRITCHETT, AND OTHERS.

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## INDEX.

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
AMELIE-LES-BAINS. By L. F. Bewley . . . . .	229	Gospel, The Mystery of the. By John Hunt, D.D. . . . .	70	PLAGUES, Social. By W. Ross Browne . . . . .	
"Arden, In." By K. S. Macquoid . . . . .	589	Gothenburg and Sweden. By the Rev. A. Macleod Symington . . . . .	317	I. Advice and Condolence . . . . .	103
Art in Daily Life, The Influence of. By J. Beavington Atkinson . . . . .	356	HAGAR'S Life. By the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. . . . .	383	II. Noise . . . . .	525
I. Introductory . . . . .	356	Health at Home. By B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. . . . .	64, 68, 282, 382, 560, 848	(Section II.) . . . . .	669
II. Interior Decoration of the House . . . . .	418	Hearts, Hungry. By Mrs. Faithfull . . . . .	812	I. The Tide at the Turn . . . . .	244
III. Furnishing the House . . . . .	452	Holland, with Pen and Pencil. By Robert T. Pritchett, F.S.A. . . . .		II. Victims and Victimisers . . . . .	445
IV. Beauty . . . . .	638	I. . . . .	22	III. "Odd" People . . . . .	697
V. Dress . . . . .	777	II. . . . .	127	IV. A Little Music . . . . .	745
Augustine, St., A Visit to the Ancient See of. By J. Munro . . . . .	669	III. . . . .	266	Problem, The Great. By the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. . . . .	820
BERGEN. By Lieut. George T. Temple, R.N. . . . .	767	IV. . . . .	373	Progress, Educational. By T. Walker . . . . .	136
Birds, Little. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. . . . .	557	ICE Hero, An. By Captain A. H. Markham, R.N. . . . .	83, 269	Prophecy, The Spirit of. By R. H. Story, D.D. . . . .	602
Blind Youths, A Visit to the Paris Institution for. By the Rev. William Burnet, M.A. . . . .	763	Insects, Some Noxious. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. . . . .	414, 448	Pushing. By James Sully . . . . .	379
CAYENNE, A Visit to the Prisons of. (Note) . . . . .	72	JOHN THE BAPTIST before Herod. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. . . . .	92	REDUCED Circumstances: an Edinburgh Story. By R. D. N. . . . .	14
Children's Creed, The. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster . . . . .	333	Jones, Poor. By T. Marchant Williams, B.A. . . . .	563	SA'ID Abu 'Omar Erneb, My Syrian Friend. By the Rev. Professor J. Robertson, M.A. . . . .	48
Coffee-rooms for the People. By Lady Hope of Cariden . . . . .	841	Joseph and His Brethren. By the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. . . . .	212	Sarah de Ikerenger. By Jean Ingelow. 33, 73, 177, 217, 280, 303, 461, 537, 609, 681, 753, 825	
Commandments, The Ten. By A. P. Stanley, D.D. . . . .	351	Joseph and His Life and Death. By the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. . . . .	235	Scottish Highlands, The Poetry of the. By Principal Shairp, LL.D. . . . .	275
Conversion of the Heathen, The Church, A Fellow-worker with God in the. By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester . . . . .	458	KANGAROO, On. By Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E. . . . .	663	Snails and Slugs. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. . . . .	172, 249
Country Lanes, City Courts and. By K. S. Macquoid . . . . .	429	LUCREZIA. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. 712, 781, 854		Stanleys of Alderley, The Edward. By R. D. N. . . . .	408
Cyprus, A Trip to. By Lieut.-Col. W. F. Butler, C.B. . . . .	518, 632, 702, 807	MAN'S Judgment. By John Hunt, D.D. . . . .	412	Sundays in Many Lands. By J. Cameron Lees, D.D. . . . .	
"DIANA SMITH." By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. . . . .		Modern Gaelic Bards and Duncan MacIntyre. By Principal Shairp, LL.D. . . . .	423	I. In "Holy Russia" . . . . .	27
Part I. . . . .	485	Mogador to Morocco, From. By Ralf Stenning . . . . .	314, 493	II. In Catholic Spain . . . . .	165
Part II. . . . .	553	Music. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Author of "Music and Morals" . . . . .	489, 815	III. In Sweden . . . . .	481
EAR and its Mechanism, The. By Professor J. McKendrick, M.D. . . . .	55, 110	NAAMAN'S Wife, The Hebrew Maid and. By John S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester . . . . .	534	"TENEBRAS Lux, Post." By the Rev. Canon Vaughan, M.A., of Leicester . . . . .	709, 740
Economical, Food for the. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. . . . .		New England, Founders of. By W. Fraser Rae. . . . .		Tight-Lacing, Lung Capacity and. By Joseph Farrar, LL.D., Edin. . . . .	202
I. . . . .	18	I. William Bradford . . . . .	337	Trumpet-Major, The. By Thomas Hardy . . . . .	1, 105, 135, 249, 321, 361, 433, 595, 577, 649, 724, 793
II. . . . .	123	II. John Winthrop . . . . .	591	VENICE, Maximilian Hornblower's Evening in. By Lieut.-Col. L. W. M. Lockhart, Author of "Fair to See." . . . .	
FAITH and Virtue. By the Bishop of Tasmania . . . . .	170	Newport Market Refuge, The. By William Gilbert . . . . .	627	Tableau I. . . . .	613
Firstborn of Every Creature, The. By John Hunt, D.D. . . . .	331	New Year's Day, Thoughts for. By the Editor . . . . .	53	Tableau II. . . . .	674
Flags, About. By A. MacGeorge . . . . .	194	OSPREY, in One of his Highland Haunts, The. By William Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools . . . . .	261	WALDEN'S, An Adventure in the Valleys of the. By the Rev. Francis Gell, M.A. . . . .	735
Food Fishes, The Propagation of. By D. Esdaile, D.D. . . . .	774	Outram, Sir James. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E. . . . .	503, 528	Will Faith be Lost? By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester . . . . .	60
French City, An Old. By K. S. Macquoid . . . . .	314			Wimpey via Peace River Pass, Victoria to. By Daniel M. Gordon . . . . .	119, 158, 305
Good, The Final Triumph of. By the Bishop of Tasmania . . . . .	265			Woman's Collegiate Life in America, A. By Mrs. Meredith . . . . .	838

## POETRY.

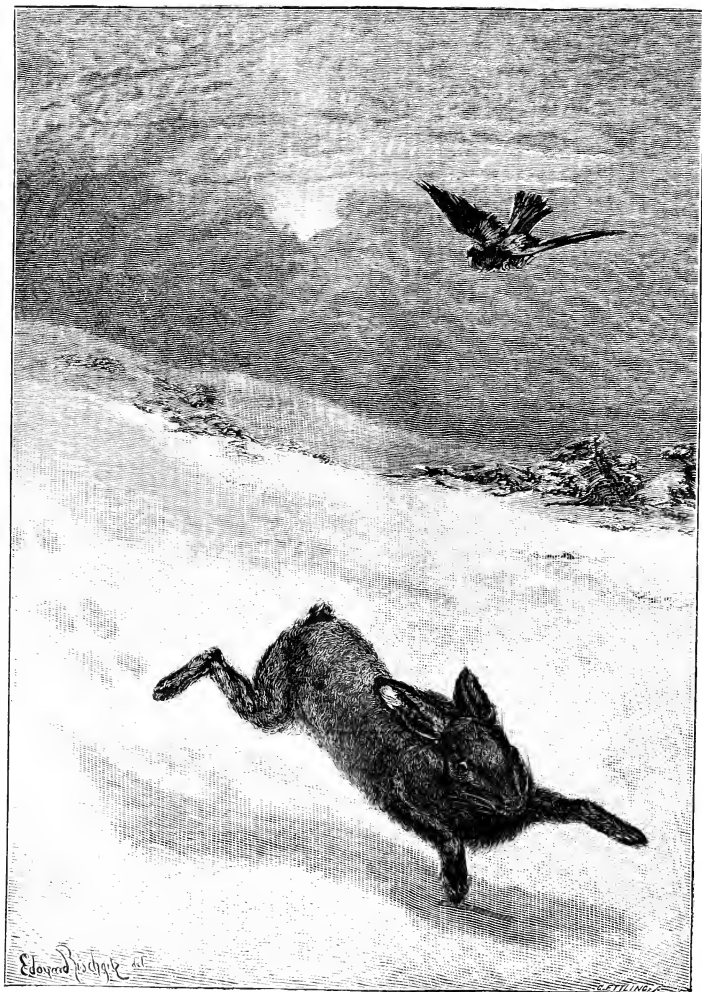
	PAGE		PAGE
AFTERMATH, The. By James Hendry	492	Hymn. By Professor John S. Blackie	734
"Am Meer." By William Sharp	349	Irish Ballad, An. By Alfred Perceval Graves	170
Animals, A Plea for Dumb. By Anna H. Drury	130	Message, A Maiden's. By L. G. M.	335
Isle Gentian. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"	21	Novanna. By J. Innes D.D.	517
Border Land, The. By Jane Simpson	359	Query, A. By E. W. Howson	848
Boy that Died, My Little. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"	360	Rabbit and the Teal, The. ( <i>From the French</i> ). By A. H. J.	30
Charity. By E. Conder Gray	662	Rest, Seeking. By J. Ascheroff Noble	216
Children's Music. By F. M. Owen	67	Sandow. By J. W. Mrs. C. W. Sandow	668
Conflict and Victory. By the Rev. John Glaspe	261	Soul's Oratorio, The. By R. Sinclair Brooke, D.D.	608
Deer in a Park, To a. By E. C. G.	748	Stream, The Slow. By Sarah Doudney	601
Edel-Weiss, The. By Dora Greenwell	601	Torrent, The. By Alison Hughes	387
Fact, A. By William A. Gibbs	200	Verbs for Little Ones. By A. H. J.	672
Fairy Jane. By Henry Johnston	824	Vigil. By Alison Hughes	135
Fancies. By the Author of "Mrs. Jerningham Journal"	536	Watch of the Night, In the Fourth. By the Rev. F. Langbridge, B.A.	552
Fatherless. By Ellen Miller	284	"Why art thou cast down, O my Soul?" By the Author of "Selina's Story"	423
Flowers, The Voices of the. By Alexander Anderson	284	World as I find it, The. By Frederick Langbridge	732
Gethsemane. By Alexander Anderson	284	Yarrow. By Alexander Anderson	853
God of Old Man, A. By Professor J. S. Blackie	288	Yesterday. By Ellen Miller	751
Haunted Glen, The. By Emily Grace Harding	287	Wrong Lever, Drove the. By Alexander Anderson	853
Hislop, Andrew, the Martyr. By Professor John Veitch	588		

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

		PAGE			PAGE		
The Trumpet-Major	John Collier	{ 5, 8, 11, 105,	Charity	D. M. Duncan	97		
		{ 100, 112, 148,	Victoria to Winni-				
		{ 153, 156, 250,	peg via Peace				
		{ 258, 324, 329,	River Pass. Three	121, 160, 161			
		{ 332, 361, 368,	Illustrations.				
		{ 433, 436, 437,	Sundays in Many				
		{ 441, 505, 506,	Lands.		169		
		{ 513, 580, 585,	Snails and Slugs.				
		{ 652, 657, 724,	Four Illustrations.	173, 175, 240,	244		
		{ 729, 732, 790,	About Flags		205		
		{ 801	A Fact		191		
		{ 34, 49, 41,	Lung Capacity and				
		{ 73, 78, 81, 84,	Tight-Lacing. Two				
		{ 177, 179, 184,	Illustrations.		204		
		Sarah de Berenger	W. J. Hennessy	{ 187, 217, 220,	Amélie-les-Bains.	Miss Bewley	229, 230, 233, 234
{ 225, 228, 280,	Five Illustrations.						
{ 290, 266, 304,	The Osprey in One						
{ 393, 400, 402,	of his Highland				264		
{ 405, 465, 473,	Haunt.						
{ 480, 537, 545,	From Mogador to						
{ 552, 609, 617,	Morocco. Thir-			311, 312, 313, 314,			
{ 624, 625, 681,	teen Illustrations.			315, 316, 493, 494,			
{ 684, 688, 692,	My Little Woman			495, 499, 497, 498,			
{ 699, 756, 760,	An Old French City.				366		
{ 762, 825, 832,	Five Illustrations.			T. R. Macquoid	344, 345, 348, 349		
{ 836	The Edward Stan-						
Reduced Circumstances	P. Tarrant			{ 17	leys of Alderley		409
				{ 22, 23, 24, 25,	Some Noxious In-		
				{ 26, 127, 128,	sects. Twelve Il-	415, 416, 417, 448,	
		{ 120, 130, 131,	ustrations	449, 450, 451			
		{ 132, 206, 207,	"Diana Smith."	Taylor	488		
		{ 208, 209, 210,	A Trip to Cyprus	R. T. Pritchett, C. L.	521, 632, 633,		
		{ 211, 373, 374,	Seymour, &c.	704, 705, 807,	800		
		{ 375, 376, 377,	Sir James Outram	T. Scott	800		
		{ 378	The Stocking-knit-	Brenda N. Melladew	528		
		{ 32	ter. A Sketch		536		
		Holland. Thirty-Five Illustrations.	R. E. Taylor	{ 49	Little Birds. Two		560, 561
				{ 56, 57, 58,	Illustrations		
				{ 149, 141, 143,	The Soul's Oratorio		576
				{ 576, 577, 583,	Andrew Hislop, the		588
				{ 584	Martyr		
{ 589, 592, 593,	In Arden. Three Il-			T. R. Macquoid	589, 592, 593		
{ 594	ustrations						
{ 595	The Slow Stream			Fleming	601		
{ 596	On Kangaroos.						
{ 664, 665	Three Illustrations				664, 665		
{ 672, 673	Verses for Little Ones. Four Ill-				672, 673		
{ 674	ustrations						
{ 735, 736, 737, 739	An Adventure in the						
{ 740	Valleys of the						
{ 741	Waldenses. Four			Quick	735, 736, 737, 739		
The Rabbit and the Teal	E. Rischgitz	{ 742	Illustrations				
		{ 743	To a Deer in a Park	Fraser	744		
		{ 744	Women's Collegiate	From Sketches	840, 841		
		{ 745	Life in America		840, 841		
		{ 746	Laurezia. Five Il-				
		{ 747	ustrations	W. J. Hennessy	713, 715, 784, 788, 850		
		{ 748, 749					
		{ 750					
		{ 751					
		{ 752					
		{ 753					
		{ 754					
		{ 755					
		{ 756					







A RACE FOR LIFE.  
A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE BY E. RISCHGITT.

## THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.

By THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.—THE TWO HOUSEHOLDS UNITED.



AT this particular moment the object of Festus Derri-man's fulmination was assuredly not dangerous as a rival. Bob, after abstractedly watching the soldiers from the front of the house till they were out of sight, had gone within doors and seated himself in the mill-parlour, where his father found him, his elbows resting on the table and his forehead on his hands, his eyes being fixed upon a document that

lay open before him.

"What art perusing, Bob, with such a long face?"

Bob sighed, and then Mrs. Loveday and Anne entered. "'Tis only a state-paper that I fondly thought I should have a use for," he said gloomily. And, looking down as before, he cleared his voice, as if moved inwardly to go on, and began to read in feeling tones from what proved to be his nullified marriage licence:—

"Timothy Titus Philemon, by permission Bishop of Bristol: To our well-beloved Robert Loveday, of the parish of Overcombe, Bachelor; and Matilda Johnson, of the same parish, Spinster. Greeting."

Here Anne sighed, but contrived to keep down her sigh to a mere nothing.

XXI—31

"Beautiful language, isn't it," said Bob. "I was never greeted like that before!"

"Yes, I have often thought it very excellent language myself," said Mrs. Loveday.

"Come to that, the old gentleman will greet thee like it again any day for a couple of guineas," said the miller.

"That's not the point, father! You never could see the real meaning of these things. . . . Well, then he goes on: 'Whereas ye are, as it is alleged, determined to enter into the estate of matrimony——' But why should I read on? It all means nothing now—nothing, and the splendid words are all wasted upon air. It seems as if I had been hailed by some venerable hoary prophet, and had turned away, put the helm hard up, and wouldn't hear."

Nobody replied, feeling probably that sympathy could not meet the case, and Bob went on reading the rest of it to himself, occasionally heaving a breath like the wind in a ship's shrouds.

"I wouldn't set my mind so much upon her, if I was thee," said his father at last.

"Why not?"

"Well, folk might call thee a fool, and say thy brains were turning to water."

Bob was apparently much struck by this thought, and, instead of continuing the discourse further, he carefully folded up the licence, rose and went out, and walked up and down the garden. It was startlingly apt what his father had said; and, worse than that, what people would call him might be true, and the liquefaction of his brains turn out to be no fable. By degrees he became much concerned, and the more he examined himself by this new light the more clearly did he perceive that he was in a very bad way.

On reflection he remembered that since Miss Johnson's departure his appetite had decreased amazingly. He had eaten in meat no more than fourteen or fifteen ounces a day, but one-third of a quartern pudding on an average, in vegetables only a small heap of potatoes and half a York cabbage, and no gravy whatever; which, considering the usual appetite of a seaman for fresh food at the end of a long voyage, was no small index of the depression of his mind. Then he had awaked once every night, and on one occasion twice. While dressing each morning since the gloomy day he had not whistled more than seven bars

of a hornpipe without stopping and falling into thought of a most painful kind; and he had told none but absolutely true stories of foreign parts to the neighbouring villagers when they saluted and clustered about him, as usual, for anything he chose to pour forth—except that story of the whale whose eye was about as large as the round pond in Derriman's ewe-lease—which was like tempting fate to set a seal for ever upon his tongue as a traveller. All this enervation, mental and physical, had been produced by Matilda's departure.

He also considered what he had lost of the rational amusements of manhood during these unfortunate days. He might have gone to Weymouth every afternoon, stood before Gloucester Lodge till the king and queen came out, held his hat in his hand, and enjoyed their Majesties' smiles at his homage all for nothing—watched the picket-mounting, heard the different bands strike up, observe the staff; and, above all, have seen the pretty Weymouth girls go trip-trip-trip along the Esplanade, deliberately fixing their innocent eyes on the distant sea, the grey cliffs, and the sky, and accidentally on the soldiers and himself.

"I'll raze out her image," he said. "She shall make a fool of me no more." And his resolve resulted in conduct which had elements of real greatness.

He went back to his father, whom he found in the mill-loft. "'Tis true, father, what you say," he observed: "my brains will turn to bilge-water if I think of her much longer. By the oath of a—navigator, I wish I could sigh less and laugh more. She's gone—why can't I let her go, and be happy? But how begin?"

"Take it careless, my son," said the miller, "and lay yourself out to enjoy snacks and cordials."

"Ah—that's a thought!" said Bob.

"Baccy is good fort."

"Baccy—I'd almost forgot it!" said Captain Loveday.

He went to his room, hastily untied the package of tobacco that he had brought home, and began to make use of it in his own way, calling to David for a bottle of the old household mead that had lain in the cellar these eleven years. He was discovered by his father three-quarters of an hour later as a half-invisible object behind a cloud of smoke.

The miller drew a breath of relief. "Why, Bob," he said, "I thought the house was a-fire!"

"I'm smoking rather fast to drown my reflections, father. 'Tis no use to chaw."

To tempt his attenuated appetite the unhappy mate made David cook an omelet and bake a seed cake, the latter so richly compounded that it opened to the knife like a freckled buttercup. With the same object he stuck night-lines into the banks of the mill-pond, and drew up next morning a family of fat eels, some of which were skinned and prepared for his breakfast. They were his favourite fish, but such had been his condition that, until the moment of making this effort, he had quite forgotten their existence at his father's back-door.

In a few days Bob Loveday had considerably improved in tone and vigour. One other obvious remedy for his dejection was to indulge in the society of Miss Garland, love being so much more effectually got rid of by displacement than by attempted annihilation. But Loveday was of so simple a nature that the belief that he had offended her beyond forgiveness, and his ever-present sense of her as a woman who by education and antecedents was fitted to adorn a higher sphere than his own, effectually kept him from going near her for a long time, notwithstanding that they were inmates of one house. The reserve was, however, in some degree broken by the appearance one morning, some time later in the season, of the point of a saw through the partition which divided Anne's room from the Loveday half of the house. Though she dined and supped with her mother and the Loveday family, Miss Garland had still continued to occupy her old apartments, because she found it more convenient there to pursue her hobbies of wool-work and of copying her father's old pictures. The division wall had not as yet been broken down.

As the saw worked its way downwards under her astonished gaze Anne jumped up from her drawing; and presently the temporary canvassing and papering which had sealed up the old door of communication was cut completely through. The door burst open, and Bob stood revealed on the other side, with the saw in his hand.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," he said, taking off the hat he had been working in, as his handsome face expanded into a smile. "I didn't know this door opened into your private room."

"Indeed, Captain Loveday."

"I am pulling down the division on principle, as we are now one family. But I really thought the door opened into your passage."

"It don't matter; I can get another room."

"Not at all. Father wouldn't let me turn you out. I'll close it up again."

But Anne was so interested in the novelty of a new doorway that she walked through it, and found herself in a dark low passage which she had never seen before.

"It leads to the mill," said Bob. "Would you like to go in and see it at work? But perhaps you have already."

"Only into the ground floor."

"Come all over it. I am practising as grinder, you know, to help my father."

She followed him along the dark passage, in the side of which he opened a little trap, when she saw a great slimy cavern, where the long arms of the mill-wheel flung themselves slowly and distractedly round, and splashing water drops caught the little light that strayed into the gloomy place, turning it into stars and flashes. A cold mist-laden puff of air came into their faces, and the roar from within made it necessary for Anne to shout as she said, "It is dismal! let us go on."

Bob shut the trap, the roar ceased, and they went on to the inner part of the mill, where the air was warm and nutty, and pervaded by a fog of flour. Then they ascended the stairs, and saw the stones lumbering round and round, and the yellow corn running down through the hopper. They climbed yet farther to the top stage, where the wheat lay in bins, and where long rays like yellow feelers stretched in from the sun through the little window, got nearly lost among cobwebs and beams, and completed its course by marking the opposite wall with a glowing patch of gold.

In his earnestness as an exhibitor Bob opened the bolter, which was spinning rapidly round, the result being that a dense cloud of flour rolled out in their faces, reminding Anne that her complexion was probably much paler by this time than when she had entered the mill. She thanked her companion for his trouble, and said she would now go down. He followed her with the same deference as hitherto, and with a sudden and increasing sense that of all cures for his former unhappy passion this would have been the nicest, the easiest, and the most effectual, if he had only been fortunate enough to keep her upon easy terms. But Miss Garland showed no disposition to go farther than accept his services as a guide; she descended to the open air, shook the flour from her like a bird, and went on into

the garden amid the September sunshine, whose rays lay like yellow warp-threads across the blue haze which the earth gave forth. The gnats were dancing up and down in airy companies, all of one mind, the nasturtium flowers shone out in groups from the dark hedge over which they climbed, and the mellow smell of the decline of summer was exhaled by everything. Bob followed her as far as the gate, looked after her, thought of her as the same girl who had half encouraged him years ago, when she seemed so superior to him; though now they were almost equal she apparently thought him beneath her. It was with a new sense of pleasure that his mind flew to the fact that she was now an inmate of his father's house.

His obsequious bearing was continued during the next week. In the busy hours of the day they seldom met, but they regularly encountered each other at meals, and these cheerful occasions began to have an interest for him quite irrespective of dishes and cups. When Anne entered and took her seat she was always loudly hailed by Miller Loveday as he whetted his knife; but from Bob she condescended to accept no such familiar greeting, and they often sat down together as if each had a blind eye in the direction of the other. Bob sometimes told serious and correct stories about sea-captains, pilots, boatswains, mates, able seamen, and other curious creatures of the marine world; but these were directly addressed to his father and Mrs. Loveday, Anne being included at the clinching-point by a mere glance only. He sometimes opened bottles of sweet cider for her, and then she thanked him; but even this did not lead to her encouraging his chat.

One day when Anne was paring an apple she was left at table with the young man. "I have made something for you," he said.

She looked all over the table; nothing was there save the ordinary remnants.

"Oh, I don't mean that it is here; it is out by the bridge at the mill-head."

He arose, and Anne followed with curiosity in her eyes, and with her firm little mouth pouted up to a puzzled shape. On reaching the mossy mill-head she found that he had fixed in the keen damp draught which always prevailed over the wheel an Æolian harp of large size. At present the strings were partly covered with a cloth. He lifted it, and the wires began to emit a weird harmony which mingled curiously with the splashing of the wheel.

"I made it on purpose for you, Miss Garland," he said.

She thanked him very warmly, for she had never seen anything like such an instrument before, and it interested her. "It was very thoughtful of you to make it," she added. "How came you to think of such a thing?"

"Oh! I don't know exactly," he replied, as if he did not care to be questioned on the point. "I have never made one in my life till now."



Every night after this, during the mournful gales of autumn, the strange mixed music of water, wind, and strings met her ear, swelling and sinking with an almost supernatural cadence. The character of the instrument was far enough removed from anything she had hitherto seen of Bob's hobbies; so that she marvelled pleasantly at the new depths of poetry this contrivance revealed as existent in

that young seaman's nature, and allowed her emotions to flow out yet a little farther in the old direction, notwithstanding her late severe resolve to bar them back.

One breezy night, when the mill was kept going into the small hours, and the wind was exactly in the direction of the water-current, the music so mingled with her dreams as to wake her: it seemed to rhythmically set itself to the words,

"Remember me! think of me!" She was much impressed; the sounds were almost too touching; and she spoke to Bob the next morning on the subject.

"How strange it is that you should have thought of fixing that harp where the water gushes," she gently observed. "It affects me almost painfully at night. You are poetical, Captain Bob. But it is too—too sad!"

"I will take it away," said Captain Bob promptly. "It certainly is too sad; I thought so myself. I myself was kept awake by it one night."

"How came you to think of making such a peculiar thing?"

"Well," said Bob, "it is hardly worth saying why. It is not a good place for such a queer noisy machine; and I'll take it away."

"On second thoughts," said Anne, "I should like it to remain a little longer, because it sets me thinking."

"Of me?" he asked, with earnest frankness.

Anne's colour rose fast.

"Well, yes," she said, trying to infuse much plain matter-of-fact into her voice. "Of course I am led to think of the person who invented it."

Bob seemed unaccountably embarrassed, and the subject was not pursued. About half

an hour later he came to her again, with something of an uneasy look.

"There was a little matter I didn't tell you just now, Miss Garland," he said. "About that harp thing, I mean. I did make it, certainly, but it was my brother John who asked me to do it, just before he went away. John is very musical, as you know, and he said it would interest you; but as he didn't ask me to

tell, I did not. Perhaps I ought to have, and not have taken the credit to myself."

"Oh, it is nothing!" said Anne quickly. "It is a very incomplete instrument after all, and it will be just as well for you to take it away as you first proposed."

He said that he would, but he forgot to do it that day; and the following night there was a high wind, and the harp cried and moaned so movingly that Anne, whose window was quite near, could hardly bear the sound with its new associations. John Loveday was present to her mind all night as an ill-used man; and yet she could not own that she had ill-used him.

The harp was removed next day. Bob, feeling that his credit for originality was damaged in her eyes, by way of recovering it set himself to paint the summer-house which Anne frequented, and when she came out he assured her that it was quite his own idea.

"It wanted doing, certainly," she said in a neutral tone.

"It is just about troublesome."

"Yes; you can't quite reach up. That's because you are not very tall; is it not, Captain Loveday?"

"You never used to say things like that."

"Oh, I don't mean that you are much less than tall. Shall I hold the paint for you, to save your stepping down?"

"Thank you, if you would."

She took the paint-pot, and stood looking at the brush as it moved up and down in his hand.

"I hope I shall not sprinkle your fingers," he observed as he dipped.

"Oh, that would not matter! You do it very well."

"I am glad to hear that you think so."

"But perhaps not quite so much art is demanded to paint a summer-house as to paint a picture?"

Thinking that, as a painter's daughter, and a person of education superior to his own, she spoke with a flavour of sarcasm, he felt humbled and said—

"You did not use to talk like that to me."

"I was perhaps too young then to take any pleasure in giving pain," she observed daringly.

"Does it give you pleasure?"

Anne nodded.

"I like to give pain to people who have given pain to me," she said smartly, without removing her eyes from the green liquid in her hand.

"I ask your pardon for that."

"I didn't say I meant you—though I did mean you."

Bob looked and looked at her side face till he was bewitched into putting down the brush.

"It was that stupid forgetting of ye for a time!" he exclaimed. "Well, I hadn't seen you for so very long—consider how many years! Oh, dear Anne!" he said, advancing to take her hand, "how well we knew one another when we were children! You was a queen to me then; and so you are now, and always."

Possibly Anne was thrilled pleasantly enough at having brought the truant village-lad to her feet again; but he was not to find the situation so easy as he imagined, and her hand was not to be taken yet.

"Very pretty!" she said, laughing. "And only six weeks since Miss Johnson left."

"Zounds, don't say anything about that!" implored Bob. "I swear that I never—never deliberately loved her—for a long time together, that is; it was a sudden sort of thing, you know. But towards you—I have more or less honoured and respectfully loved you, off and on, all my life. There, that's true."

Anne retorted quickly—

"I am willing, off and on, to believe you, Captain Robert. But I don't see any good in your making these solemn declarations."

"Give me leave to explain, dear Miss Garland. It is to get you to be pleased to renew an old promise—made years ago—that you'll think o' me."

"Not a word of any promise will I repeat."

"Well, well, I won't urge ye to-day. Only let me beg of you to get over the quite wrong notion you have of me; and it shall be my whole endeavour to fetch your gracious favour."

Anne turned away from him and entered the house, whither in the course of a quarter of an hour he followed her, knocking at her door and asking to be let in. She said she was busy; whereupon he went away, to come back again in a short time and receive the same answer.

"I have finished painting the summer-house for you," he said through the door.

"I cannot come to see it. I shall be engaged till supper-time."

She heard him breathe a heavy sigh and withdraw, murmuring something about his bad luck in being cut away from the starn like this. But it was not over yet. When supper-time came and they sat down together,

she took upon herself to reprove him for what he had said to her in the garden.

Bob made his forehead express despair.

"Now, I beg you this one thing," he said. "Just let me know your whole mind. Then I shall have a chance to confess my faults and mend them, or clear my conduct to your satisfaction."

She answered with quickness, but not loud enough to be heard by the old people at the other end of the table—"Then, Captain Loveday, I will tell you one thing, one fault, that perhaps would have been more proper to my character than to yours. You are too easily impressed by new faces, and that gives me a *bad opinion* of you—yes, *bad opinion*."

"Oh, that's it," said Bob slowly, looking at her with the intense respect of a pupil for a master, her words being spoken in a manner so precisely between jest and earnest that he was in some doubt how they were to be received. "Impressed by new faces. It is wrong, certainly, of me."

The popping of a cork, and the pouring out of strong beer by the miller with a view to giving it a head, were apparently distractions sufficient to excuse her in not attending further to him; and during the remainder of the sitting her gentle chiding seemed to be sinking seriously into his mind. Perhaps her own heart ached to see how silent he was; but she had always meant to punish him. Day after day for two or three weeks she preserved the same demeanour, with a self-control which did justice to her character. And, on his part, considering what he had to put up with, how she eluded him, snapped him off, refused to come out when he called her, refused to see him when he wanted to enter the little parlour which she had now appropriated to her private use, his patience testified strongly to his good-humour.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—MILITARY PREPARATIONS ON AN EXTENDED SCALE.

CHRISTMAS had passed. Dreary winter with dark evenings had given place to more dreary winter with light evenings. Rapid thaws had ended in rain, rain in wind, wind in dust. Showery days had come—the season of pink dawns and white sunsets; and people hoped that the March weather was over.

The chief incident that concerned the household at the mill was that the miller, following the example of all his neighbours, had become a volunteer, and duly appeared twice a week in a red, long-tailed military coat, pipe-clayed breeches, black cloth gaiters, a heel-balled helmet-hat, with a tuft of green

wool, and epaulets of the same colour and material. Bob still remained neutral. Not being able to decide whether to enrol himself as a sea-fencible, a local militia-man, or a volunteer, he simply went on dancing attendance upon Anne. Mrs. Loveday had become awake to the fact that the pair of young people stood in a curious attitude towards each other; but as they were never seen with their heads together, and scarcely ever sat even in the same room, she could not be sure what their movements meant.

Strangely enough (or perhaps naturally enough), since entering the Loveday family herself, she had gradually grown to think less favourably of Anne doing the same thing than she had thought when neither of them was a member, and reverted to her original idea of encouraging Festus; this more particularly because he had of late shown such admirable perseverance in haunting the precincts of the mill, presumably with the intention of lighting upon the young girl. But the weather had kept her mostly indoors.

One afternoon it was raining in torrents. Such leaves as there were on trees at this time of year—those of the laurel and other evergreens—staggered beneath the hard blows of the drops which fell upon them, and afterwards could be seen trickling down the stems beneath and silently entering the ground. The surface of the mill-pond leapt up in a thousand sprits under the same downfall, and clucked like a hen in the rat-holes along the banks as it undulated under the wind. The only dry spot visible from the front windows of the mill-house was the inside of a small shed, on the opposite side of the courtyard. While Mrs. Loveday was noticing the threads of rain descending across its interior shade, Festus Derriman walked up and entered it for shelter, which, owing to the lumber within, it but scantily afforded.

It was an excellent opportunity for helping on her scheme. Anne was in the back room, and by asking him in till the rain was over she would bring him face to face with her daughter, whom, as the days went on, she increasingly wished to marry other than a Loveday, now that the romance of her own alliance with the miller had in some respect worn off. She was better provided for than before; she was not unhappy; but the plain fact was that she had married beneath her. She beckoned to Festus through the window-pane; he instantly complied with her signal, having in fact placed himself there on purpose to be noticed; for he knew that Miss Garland would not be out-of-doors on such a day.



"Good afternoon, Mrs. Loveday," said Festus on entering. "There now—if I didn't think that's how it would be!" His voice had suddenly warmed to anger, for he had seen a door close in the back part of the room, a lithe figure having previously slipped through.

Mrs. Loveday turned, observed that Anne was gone, and said, "What is it?" as if she did not know.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Festus crossly. "You know well enough what it is, ma'am; only you make pretence otherwise. But I'll bring her to book yet. You shall drop your haughty airs, my charmer! She little thinks I have kept an account of 'em all."

"But you must treat her politely, sir," said Mrs. Loveday, secretly pleased at these signs of uncontrollable affection.

"Don't tell me of politeness or generosity, ma'am! She is more than a match for me. She regularly gets over me. I have passed by this house five-and-fifty times since last Martinmas and this is all I get at last!"

"But you will stay till the rain is over, sir?"

"No. I don't mind rain. I'm off again. She's got somebody else in her eye!" And the yeoman went out, slamming the door.

Meanwhile the slippery object of his hopes had gone along the dark passage, passed the trap which opened on the wheel, and through the door into the mill, where she was met by Bob in the hoary character of a miller, who looked up from the flour shoot inquiringly and said, "You want me, Miss Garland?"

"Oh no," said she. "I only want to be allowed to stand here a few minutes."

He looked at her to know if she meant it, and finding that she did, returned to his post. When the mill had rumbled on a little longer he came back.

"Bob," she said when she saw him move, "remember that you are at work, and have no time to stand close to me."

He bowed and went to his original post again, Anne watching from the window till Festus should leave. The mill rumbled on as before, and at last Bob came to her for the third time. "Now, Bob——" she began.

"On my honour, 'tis only to ask a question. Will you walk with me to church next Sunday afternoon?"

"Perhaps I will," she said. But at this moment the yeoman left the house, and Anne, to escape further parley, returned to the dwelling by the way she had come.

Sunday afternoon arrived, and the family was standing at the door waiting for the church bells to begin. From that side of the house they could see southward across a paddock to the rising ground farther ahead, where there grew a large elm-tree, beneath whose boughs footpaths crossed in different directions, like meridians at the pole. The tree was old, and in summer the grass beneath it was quite trodden away by the feet of the many trysters and idlers who haunted the spot. The tree formed a conspicuous object in the surrounding landscape.

While they looked, a foot soldier in red uniform and white breeches came along one of the paths, and, stopping beneath the elm, drew from his pocket a paper, which he proceeded to nail up by the four corners to the trunk. He drew back, looked at it, and went on his way. Bob got his glass from indoors and levelled it at the placard, but after looking for a long time he could make out nothing but a lion and a unicorn at the top. Anne, who was ready for church, moved away from the door, though it was yet early, and showed her intention of going by way of the elm. The paper had been so impressively nailed up that she was curious to read it even at this theological time. Bob took the opportunity of following, and reminded her of her promise.

"Then walk behind me—not at all close," she said.

"Yes," he replied, immediately dropping behind.

The ludicrous humility of his manner led her to add playfully over her shoulder, "It serves you right, you know."

"I deserve anything. But I must take the liberty to say that I hope my behaviour about Matil——, in forgetting you awhile, will not make ye wish to keep me *always* behind?"

She replied confidentially, "Why I am so earnest not to be seen with you is that I may appear to people to be independent of you. Knowing what I do of your weaknesses I can do no otherwise. You must be schooled into——"

"Oh, Anne," sighed Bob, "you hit me hard—too hard. If ever I do win you I am sure I shall have fairly earned you."

"You are not what you once seemed to be," she returned softly. "I don't quite like to let myself love you." The last words were not very audible, and as Bob was behind he caught nothing of them, nor did he see how sentimental she had become all of a sudden. They walked the rest of the way in silence, and coming to the tree read as follows:—

# ADDRESS TO ALL RANKS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF ENGLISHMEN.

## FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN:

The French are now assembling the largest force that ever was prepared to invade this Kingdom, with the professed purpose of effecting our complete Ruin and Destruction. They do not disguise their intentions, as they have often done to other Countries; but openly boast that they will come over in such Numbers as cannot be resisted.

Wherever the French have lately appeared they have spared neither Rich nor Poor, Old nor Young; but like a Destructive Pestilence have laid waste and destroyed every Thing that before was fair and flourishing.

On this occasion no man's service is compelled, but you are invited voluntarily to come forward in defence of every thing that is dear to you, by entering your Names on the Lists which are sent to the Tything-man of every Parish, and engaging to act either as *Associated Volunteers bearing Arms, as Pioneers and Labourers, or as Drivers of Waggon's.*

As Associated Volunteers you will be called out only once a week, unless the actual Landing of the Enemy should render your further Services necessary.

As Pioneers or Labourers you will be employed in Breaking up Roads to hinder the Enemy's advance.

Those who have Pickaxes, Spades, Shovels, Bill-hooks, or other Working Implements, are desired to mention them to the Constable or Tything-man of their Parish, in order that they may be entered on the Lists opposite their Homes, to be used if necessary. . . .

It is thought desirable to give you this Explanation, that you may not be ignorant of the Duties to which you may be called. But if the Love of true Liberty and honest Fame has not ceased to animate the Hearts of Englishmen, Pay, though necessary, will be the least Part of your Reward. You will find your best Recompense in having done your Duty to your King and Country by driving back or destroying your old and implacable Enemy, envious of your Freedom and Happiness, and therefore seeking to destroy them; in having protected your Wives and Children from Death, or worse than Death, which will follow the Success of such Inveterate Foes.

Rouse, therefore, and unite as one man in the best of Causes! United we may defy the World to conquer us; but Victory will never belong to those who are slothful and unprepared.

"I must go and join at once!" said Bob, slapping his thigh.

Anne turned to him, all the playfulness gone from her face. She looked him over, but did not speak.

"But nothing will happen," he added, divining her thought. "They are not come yet. It will be time enough to get frightened when Boney's here. But I must enrol myself at once—it must be in the sea fencibles, I suppose."

"I wish we lived in the north of England, Bob, so as to be farther away from where he'll land," she murmured uneasily.

"Where we are would be Paradise to me, if you would only make it so."

"It is not right to talk so lightly at such a serious time," she thoughtfully returned, going on towards the church.

On drawing near, they saw through the boughs of a clump of intervening trees, still leafless, but bursting into buds of amber hue, a glittering which seemed to be reflected from points of steel. In a few moments they heard above the tender chiming of the church bells the loud voice of a man giving words of command, at which all the metallic points suddenly shifted like the bristles of a porcupine and glistened anew.

"'Tis the drilling," said Loveday. "They drill now between the services, you know, because they can't get the men together so readily in the week.\* It makes me feel that I ought to be doing more than I am."

When they had passed round the belt of trees the company of recruits became visible, consisting of the able-bodied inhabitants of the hamlets thereabout, more or less known to Bob and Anne. They were assembled on the green plot outside the churchyard-gate, dressed in their common clothes, and the sergeant who was putting them through their drill was the man who had nailed up the proclamation.

"Men, I dismissed ye too soon—parade, parade again, I say," he cried. "My watch is fast, I find. There's another twenty minutes afore the worship of God commences. Now all of you that ha'n't got fawlocks, fall in at the lower end. Eyes right and dress!"

As every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those at the end of the line pressed forward for that purpose, till the line assumed the form of a horseshoe.

"Look at ye now! Why, you are all a crooking in. Dress, dress!"

They dressed forthwith; but impelled by the same motive they soon resumed their former figure, and so they were despairingly permitted to remain.

"Now, I hope you'll have a little patience," said the sergeant, as he stood in the centre of the arc, "and pay particular attention to the word of command, just exactly as I give it out to ye; and if I should go wrong, I shall be much obliged to any gentleman who'll put me right again, for I have only been in the army three weeks myself, and we are all liable to mistakes."

"So we be, so we be," said the line heartily.

"Tention, the whole, then. Poise fawlocks! Very well done!"

"Please, what must we do that haven't got no firelocks?" said the lower end of the line in a helpless voice.

"Now, was ever such a question! Why,

\* Historically true.



Page 444.

you must do nothing at all, but think *how* you'd poise 'em *if* you had 'em. You middle men, that are armed with hurdle-sticks and cabbage-stalks just to make believe, must of course use 'em as if they were the real thing. Now then, cock fawlocks! Present! Fire! (Not shoot in earnest, you know; only make pretence to.) Very good—very good indeed; except that some of you were a *little* too soon, and the rest a *little* too late."

"Please, sergeant, can I fall out, as I am master-player in the choir, and my bass-viol strings won't stand at this time o' year, unless they be screwed up a little before the passon comes in?"

"How can you think of such trifles as churchgoing at such a time as this, when your own native country is on the point of invasion?" said the sergeant sternly. "And, as you know, the drill ends three minutes afore church begins, and that's the law, and

it wants a quarter of an hour yet. Now, at the word *Prime*, shake the powder (supposing you've got it) into the priming-pan, three last fingers behind the rammer; then shut your pans, drawing your right arm nimbly towards your body. I ought to have told ye before this, that at *Hand your katridge*, seize it and bring it with a quick motion to your mouth, bite the top well off, and don't swallow so much of the powder as to make ye hawk and spet instead of attending to your drill. What's that man a-saying of in the rear rank?"

"Please, sir, 'tis Anthony Cripplestraw, wanting to know how he's to bite off his katridge, when he haven't a tooth left in 's head?"

"Man alive! Why, what's your genius for war? Hold it up to your right-hand man's mouth, to be sure, and let him nip it off for ye. Well, what have you to say,

Private Tremlett? Don't ye understand English?"

"Ask yer pardon, sergeant; but what must we infantry of the awkward squad do if Boney comes afore we get our firelocks?"

"Take a pike, like the rest of the incapables. You'll find a store of them ready in the corner of the church tower. Now then—Shoulder—r—r—r—"

"There, they be tingling in the passon!" exclaimed David, Miller Loveday's man, who also formed one of the company, as the bells changed from chiming all three together to a quick beating of one. The whole line drew a breath of relief, threw down their arms, and began running off.

"Well, then, I must dismiss ye," said the sergeant. "Next drill is Tuesday afternoon at four. And, mind, if your masters won't let ye leave work soon enough, tell me, and I'll write a line to Goverment! Now, just form up a minute; here's every man's money for his attendance." The sergeant drew out a large canvas bag, plunged his hand into a family of shillings, and handed them round as the men stood in something like line again.

"Tention! To the right—left wheel, I mean—no, no—right wheel. Mar—r—r—rch!"

Some wheeled to the right and some to the left, and some obliging men, including Crippelstraw, tried to wheel both ways.

"Stop, stop; try again. Gentlemen, unfortunately when I'm in a hurry I can never remember my right hand from my left, and never could as a boy. You must excuse me, please. Practice makes perfect, as the saying is; and, much as I've learnt since I listed, we always find something new. Now then, right wheel! march! halt! Stand at ease! dismiss! I think that's the order o't, but I'll look in the Goverment book afore Tuesday."

Many of the company who had been drilled preferred to go off and spend their shillings instead of entering the church; but Anne and Captain Bob passed in. Even the interior of the sacred edifice was affected by the agitation of the times. The religion of the country had, in fact, changed from love of God to hatred of Napoleon Buonaparte; and, as if to remind the devout of this alteration, the pikes for the pikemen (all those accepted men who were not otherwise armed) were kept in the church of each parish. There, against the wall they always stood—a whole sheaf of them, formed of new ash stems, with a spike driven in at one end, the stick being preserved from splitting by a ferrule. And there they remained, year after year, in the corner of the aisle, till they were

removed and placed under the gallery stairs, and thence ultimately to the belfry, where they grew black, rusty, and worm-eaten, and were gradually stolen and carried off by sextons, parish-clerks, whitewashers, window-menders, and other church-servants, for use at home as rake stems, benefit-club staves, and pick-handles, in which degraded situations they may still occasionally be found.

But in their new and shining state they had a terror for Anne, whose eyes were involuntarily drawn towards them as she sat at Bob's side during the service, filling her with bloody visions of their possible use not far from the very spot on which they were now assembled. The sermon, too, was on the subject of patriotism; so that when they came out she began to harp uneasily upon the probability of their all being driven from their homes.

Bob assured her that with the sixty thousand regulars, the militia reserve of a hundred and twenty thousand, and the three hundred thousand volunteers, there was not much to fear.

"But I sometimes have a fear that poor John will be killed," he continued after a pause. "He is sure to be among the first that will have to face the invaders, and the trumpeters get picked off."

"There is the same chance for him as for the others," said Anne.

"Yes . . . yes . . . the same chance, such as it is. . . You have never liked John since that affair of Matilda Johnson, have you?"

"Why?" she quickly asked.

"Well," said Bob timidly, "as it is a ticklish time for him, would it not be worth while to make up any differences before the crash comes?"

"I have nothing to make up," said Anne, with some distress, her feelings towards the trumpet-major being of a complicated kind. She still fully believed him to have smuggled away Miss Johnson because of his own interest in that lady, which must have made his professions to herself a mere pastime; but that very conduct had in it the curious advantage to herself of setting Bob free.

"Since John has been gone," continued her companion, "I have found out more of his meaning, and of what he really had to do with that woman's flight. Did you know he had anything to do with it?"

"Yes."

"That he got her to go away?"

She looked at Bob with surprise. He was not exasperated with John, and yet he knew so much as this.

"Yes," she said; "what did it mean?"

He did not explain to her then; but the possibility of John's death, which had been newly brought home to him by the military events of the day, determined him to get poor John's character cleared. Reproaching himself for letting her remain so long with a mistaken idea of him, Bob went to his father as soon as they got home, and begged him to get Mrs. Loveday to tell Anne the true reason of John's objection to Miss Johnson as a sister-in-law.

"She thinks it is because they were old lovers new met, and that he wants to marry her," he exclaimed to his father in conclusion.

"Then *that's* the meaning of the split between Miss Nancy and Jack," said the miller.

"What, were they any more than common friends?" asked Bob uneasily.

"Not on her side, perhaps."

"Well, we must do it," replied Bob, painfully conscious that common justice to John might bring them into hazardous rivalry, yet determined to be fair. "Tell it all to Mrs. Loveday, and get her to tell Anne."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—A LETTER, A VISITOR, AND A TIN BOX.

THE result of the explanation upon Anne was bitter self-reproach. She was so sorry at having wronged the kindly soldier, that next morning she went by herself to the down, and stood exactly where his tent had covered the sod whereon he had lain so many nights, thinking what sadness he must have suffered because of her at the time of packing up and going away. After that she wiped from her eyes the tears of pity which had come there, descended to the house, and wrote an impulsive letter to him, in which occurred the following passages, indiscreet enough under the circumstances:—

"I find all justice, all rectitude, on your side, John; and all impertinence, all inconsiderateness, on mine. I am so much convinced of your honour in the whole transaction, that I shall for the future mistrust myself in everything. And if it be possible, whenever I differ from you on any point, I shall take an hour's time for consideration before I say that I differ. If I have lost your friendship, I have only myself to thank for it; but I sincerely hope that you can forgive."

After writing this she went to the garden, where Bob was shearing the spring grass from the paths. "What is John's direc-

tion?" she said, holding the sealed letter in her hand.

"Exeter Barracks," Bob faltered, his countenance sinking.

She thanked him and went indoors. When he came in, later in the day, he passed the door of her empty sitting-room and saw the letter on the mantelpiece. He disliked the sight of it. Hearing voices in the other room, he entered and found Anne and her mother there, talking to Cripplestraw, who had just come in with a message from Squire Derri-man, requesting Miss Garland, as she valued the peace of mind of an old and troubled man, to go at once and see him.

"I cannot go," she said, not liking the risk that such a visit involved.

An hour later Cripplestraw shambled again into the passage, on the same errand.

"Maister's very poorly, and he hopes that you'll come, Missess Anne. He wants to see ye very particular about the French."

Anne would have gone in a moment, but for the fear that some one besides the farmer might encounter her, and she answered as before.

Another hour passed, and the wheels of a vehicle were heard. Cripplestraw had come for the third time, with a horse and gig; he was dressed in his best clothes, and brought with him on this occasion a basket containing raisins, almonds, oranges, and sweet cakes. Offering them to her as a gift from the old farmer, he repeated his request for her to accompany him, the gig and best mare having been sent as an additional inducement.

"I believe the old gentleman is in love with you, Anne," said her mother.

"Why couldn't he drive down himself to see me?" Anne inquired of Cripplestraw.

"He wants you at the house, please."

"Is Mr. Festus with him?"

"No; he's away at Weymouth."

"I'll go," said she.

"And I may come and meet you?" said Bob.

"There's my letter—what shall I do about that?" she said, instead of answering him.

"Take my letter to the post-office, and you may come," she added.

He said Yes and went out, Cripplestraw retreating to the door till she should be ready.

"What letter is it?" said her mother.

"Only one to John," said Anne. "I have asked him to forgive my suspicions. I could do no less."

"Do you want to marry *him*?" asked Mrs. Loveday bluntly.

"Mother!"

"Well, he will take that letter as an encouragement. Can't you see that he will, you foolish girl?"

Anne did see instantly. "Of course!" she said. "Tell Robert that he need not go."

She went to her room to secure the letter. It was gone from the mantelpiece, and on inquiry it was found that the miller, seeing it there, had sent David with it to Weymouth hours ago. Anne said nothing, and set out for Overcombe Hall with Cripplestraw.

"William," said Mrs. Loveday to the miller when Anne was gone and Bob had resumed his work in the garden, "did you get that letter sent off on purpose?"

"Well, I did. I wanted to make sure of it. John likes her, and now 'twill be made up; and why shouldn't he marry her? I'll start him in business, if so be she'll have him."

"But she is likely to marry Festus Derriman."

"I don't want her to marry anybody but John," said the miller doggedly.

"Not if she is in love with Bob, and has been for years, and he with her?" asked his wife triumphantly.

"In love with Bob, and he with her?" repeated Loveday.

"Certainly," said she, going off and leaving him to his reflections.

When Anne reached the hall she found old Mr. Derriman in his customary chair. His complexion was more ashen, but his movement in rising at her entrance, putting a chair and shutting the door behind her, were much the same as usual.

"Thank God you've come, my dear girl," he said earnestly. "Ah, you don't trip across to read to me now! Why did ye cost me so much to fetch you? Fie! A horse and gig, and a man's time in going three times. And what I sent ye cost a good deal in Weymouth market, now everything is so dear there, and 'twould have cost more if I hadn't bought the raisins and oranges some months ago, when they were cheaper. I tell you this because we are old friends, and I have nobody else to tell my troubles to. But I don't begrudge anything to ye, since you've come."

"I am not much pleased to come, even now," said she. "What can make you so seriously anxious to see me?"

"Well, you be a good girl and true; and I've been thinking that of all people of the next generation that I can trust, you are the

best. 'Tis my bond sand my title-deeds, such as they be, and the leases, you know, and a few guineas in packets, and more than these, my will, that I have to speak about. Now do ye come this way."

"Oh, such things as those!" she returned with surprise. "I don't understand those things at all."

"There's nothing to understand. 'Tis just this. The French will be here within two months; that's certain. I have it on the best authority that the army at Boulogne is ready, the boats equipped, the plans laid, and the First Consul only waits for a tide. Heaven knows what will become o' the men o' these parts! But most likely the women will be spared. Now I'll show ye."

He led her across the hall to a stone staircase of semicircular plan, which conducted to the cellars.

"Down here?" she said.

"Yes; I must trouble ye to come down here. I have thought and thought who is the woman that can best keep a secret for six months, and I say, 'Anne Garland.' You won't be married before then?"

"Oh no!" murmured the young woman.

"I wouldn't expect ye to keep a close tongue after such a thing as that. But it will not be necessary."

When they reached the bottom of the steps he struck a light from a tinder-box, and unlocked the middle one of three doors which appeared in the whitewashed wall opposite. The rays of the candle fell upon the vault and sides of a long low cellar, littered with decayed woodwork from other parts of the hall, among the rest stair-balusters, carved finials, tracery panels, and wainscoting. But what most attracted her eye was a small flag-stone turned up in the middle of the floor, a heap of earth beside it, and a measuring-tape. Derriman went to the corner of the cellar, and pulled out a clamped box from under the straw. "You be rather heavy, my dear, eh?" he said, affectionately addressing the box as he lifted it. "But you are going to be put in a safe place, you know, or that rascal will get hold of ye, and carry ye off and ruin me." He then with some difficulty lowered the box into the hole, raked in the earth upon it, and lowered the flag-stone, which he was a long time in fixing to his satisfaction. Miss Garland, who was romantically interested, helped him to brush away the fragments of loose earth; and when he had scattered over the floor a little of the straw that lay about, they again ascended to upper air.

"Is this all, sir?" said Anne.

"Just a moment longer, honey. Will you come into the great parlour?"

She followed him thither.

"If anything happens to me while the fighting is going on—it may be on these very fields—you will know what to do," he resumed. "But first please sit down again, there's a dear, whilst I write what's in my head. See, there's the best paper, and a new quill that I've afforded myself for't."

"What a strange business! I don't think I much like it, Mr. Derriman," she said, seating herself.

He had by this time begun to write, and murmured as he wrote—

"'Twenty-three and half from N.W. Sixteen and three-quarters from N.E.'—There, that's all. Now I seal it up and give it to you to keep safe till I ask ye for it, or you hear of my being trampled down by the enemy."

"What does it mean?" she asked as she received the paper.

"Clk! Ha ha! Why, that's the distance of the box from the two corners of the cellar. I measured it before you came. And, my honey, to make all sure, if the French soldiery are after ye, tell your mother the meaning on't, or any other friend, in case they should put ye to death, and the secret be lost. But that I am sure I hope they won't do, though your pretty face will be a sad bait to the soldiers. I often have wished you was my daughter, honey; and yet in these times the less cares a man has the better, so I am glad you bain't. Shall my man drive you home?"

"No, no," she said, much depressed by the words he had uttered. "I can find my way. You need not trouble to come down."

"Then take care of the paper. And if you outlive me, you'll find I have not forgot you."

## PLAIN-SPEAKING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

### II.—VICTIMS AND VICTIMISERS.

THE "noble army of martyrs" sounds very fine; and how many people are, or believe they are, of that goodly company! Whether a large proportion might not wholesomely be deposed thence, and relegated to the uninteresting ranks of mere victims, feeble and cowardly, I should not like to say. But the pride of martyrdom consoles them so much in their sufferings that it would be almost a pity to deprive them thereof, or to suggest that the true martyr carefully covers his hair-shirt with a velvet gown, and presents a placid and ever-cheerful countenance to all beholders, in spite of the vulture gnawing at his heart.

It is for the benefit of these vultures, and with the hope of strangling some of them, that this paper is written.

In the first place, how much ought we poor mortals to allow ourselves to suffer? I mean, not the inevitable sufferings sent, or permitted, by God, but those inflicted on us by our fellow-mortals, which are by far the most numerous and the hardest to bear.

Christianity bases a great deal of its theology on the doctrine of non-resistance. "If a man smite thee on the one cheek, offer him the other; if he take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also." A great mystery—

so great that I cannot help believing translators must be at fault somehow, or (if it be not heresy to say this) that Christ's disciples in repeating their Master's words somewhat misconstrued them. Or else that the command "Resist not evil" is only meant for an age when evil was so rampant that it could not be resisted at all, except by the Divine teaching of self-sacrifice, which was so startlingly opposite to anything the heathen world had ever known. Still, the malediction, "Offences must come, but woe be to them through whom the offence cometh," is sufficiently strong to warrant us in offering a word or two on this other side, the side of the victims against the victimisers.

Most "aggravating," to use no higher term, is it sometimes to notice how the good of this world are oppressed by the bad, the cheerful and amiable by the sour-tempered, the unselfish by the selfish, the careful by the careless or prodigal, and so on. Not a week, not a day passes that the more generous of us do not long to rescue some of these poor victims out of the hands of their tormentors, acting St. George and the Dragon over again, or becoming a modern Perseus for a new Andromeda. Only, alas! the sufferers are seldom young and attractive, and the persecutors often are.

Take, for instance, the case of nervous in-



valids. These are not seldom the most pathetically fascinating of women, whom, for a time at least, all the men are delighted to serve; who frequently win excellent and devoted husbands—and make slaves and martyrs of them for life. For the subtle charm of helplessness dominates most strongly over the largest and most generous of natures. The truly noble man unconsciously protects, and loves that which he protects. The extent to which such an one is victimised by a weak, selfish, egotistical invalid, or quasi-invalid—for the real invalids are sometimes the most patient, unselfish, and unexacting of human beings—is all but incredible, and wholly pitiable. More so, I think, than when the case is reversed, because it seems to be woman's natural *métier* to be somebody's "slave" all her life. But with men, who have, and ought to have, a wider horizon, a larger duty, including not only the family but the world, it is, even granting all the tenderness due from the strong to the weak, rather hard to be tied to the triumphant chariot wheels, *i.e.* the Bath-chair, of a charming, interesting, *exigeante* valetudinarian, to whom the one golden rule for invalids, "Suffer as silently, and make others suffer as little as you can," is a dead letter.

Perhaps these victimisers, being also sufferers, should be handled more gently than another sort who have no excuse at all.

Most families possess some member, near or remote, who is a perpetual "root of bitterness springing up to trouble them." Not necessarily a wicked, but a decidedly "unpleasant" person; weak in many points, but excellent at fault-finding and mischief-making; always getting into hot water and dragging other people after; in disposition touchy, exacting, or morose. In short, the sort of individual whom all would gladly escape from, but being unfortunately "one of the family," they, the family, are bound to put up with, and do so with a patience that is almost miraculous. Outsiders, too, for their sakes, imitate them, treating the obnoxious party with preternatural politeness, "making love to the devil," as I have heard it put, and propitiating him or her with much greater care than would be necessary towards the more agreeable relatives. For peace' sake, all sorts of inconveniences are borne, all manner of lies—white lies—told, until life becomes, when not an actual endurance, a long hypocrisy.

Now, is that right? Would it not be much more right for the victims to take up arms against the victimiser, and say plainly, "You

are an intolerable nuisance. It is not fair that the many should suffer for the one. The family—a whole family—shall not be made miserable by you any longer. You must either mend your ways, or you must be got rid of somehow."

Ay, and this should be done; in the kindest and most prudent way, of course, but decidedly done. If all the "roots of bitterness" we know of were safely planted out, what a blessing it would be! For many people, intolerable at home, are quite pleasant and charming abroad, being forced then to exercise with strangers the self-control that they do not care to use in the bosom of their family. Can no new philanthropist invent asylums for the ill-tempered, or *maisons de santé* for the malicious and egotistical?—since egotism is always a kind of madness, and often the forerunner of it. At any rate, individual effort might be made, if once we could convince tender-conscienced folk—apt to be ridden over rough-shod by those who have no conscience at all—that the incurable evils of life being so great, to sit down and tamely endure a curable evil is worse than foolish—wrong.

I do not include among these "intolerables" the merely bad-tempered, because, anomaly as it sounds, many bad-tempered people are exceedingly good. Their besetting sin is often a purely physical thing, arising from nervous irritability or other unhappy physical causes, producing a general *malaise* which causes them to suffer in themselves quite as much as they make others suffer. If they have the sense to see this and rule themselves accordingly, they deserve sympathy, even in midst of condemnation. But if they say, "I can't help it. It's me, and you must put up with it!" or, still worse, if, like drunkards and madmen, who are always accusing other people of being mad or drunk, they imagine everybody is in league against them, and accuse cheerful, innocent hearts of being haunted by the ugly black shadows that so often cloud their own, then let us waste on them no pity—they merit none. We cannot cure them, we must endure them; but let us at least escape from them, and help others to escape, in every possible way.

It is a hard thing to say, but some of the cruellest victimisers are the people who are supposed to be devotedly attached to their victims; as perhaps they are, but not in a right way. Instead of a safe and tender embrace, they clutch at these unfortunates with the terrific clasp of an octopus, fancying they love them, when in fact they only love

themselves. Many people like *to be loved*; they enjoy the power and glory of showing to the world that they are loved. But of love itself, and of loving—I give the word its widest interpretation—they are absolutely incapable. That deep, faithful, reverent passion, which can project itself out of itself and devote its whole powers, silently or openly, to the service of another—of this they have not the remotest idea. Jealous, exacting, demanding sacrifices and making none; for ever thinking, not “Do I love you?” but “Do you love me?” and always suspecting that love to be less than they deserve—such “lovers,” be they men or women—and I must confess that they are oftenest women—are the greatest nuisances that their luckless “objects of attachment” can be plagued with. Often they force their victims to wish ardently that instead of loving they would take to hating, or at any rate to wholesome indifference.

People write of the torments of unrequited love; but a far greater torment is it to be pursued by the egotistical affection of some one—whether friend or relative—who worries your life out with fussy anxiety over your health, who, under colour of aiding you, meddles fatally in all your affairs, and, while calling himself (or herself) your dearest friend, tries to separate you from every other friend you have. Surely no amount of pity, or even gratitude for unasked favours, ought to prevent such victims from resolutely throwing off the victimisers and escaping from their affectionate clutches by every means that Christian charity allows. There are a number of women, old and young, who go about the world bestowing their unoccupied hearts upon their own sex or the other, rushing into vehement sentimental friendships or loves which are as trying to one side as ridiculous on the other. We constantly see some kindly, respectable Sindbad staggering on under the enforced embrace of a devoted friend or attached relative, a veritable Old Man of the Sea, unto whom we long to say, “Throw him off, and let him find his own feet and manage his own affairs!” as in nine cases out of ten he really would, only it is so much easier to be carried.

Besides the regular victims, it is sad to see what a number of well-meaning folk tacitly, and quite unnecessarily, victimise themselves. These are the people who are always afraid of offending somebody, always imagining that somebody will “expect” something—an invitation, a visit, a letter—and be much “annoyed” at not getting it, when perhaps the

individual in question never once thought about the matter, and it was only the uneasy egotism of the other individual which supposed he did.

For the dread of giving offence, like the habit of taking it, springs quite as often from self-esteem as from sensitiveness. Vain, self-engrossed people are apt to exaggerate the importance they are to other people, and so to have a nervous terror of “vexing” them; whereas a man of single mind, who does not trouble himself much about himself, never takes offence, and is therefore not apt to imagine he has given any. He goes straight on, neither turning to the right or the left, does the best thing, so far as he sees it, and the kindly thing, whenever it lies in his power; but beyond this he does not afflict himself much as to what people think of him or expect of him. If they expect what they had no right to expect, exact more than they are justified in requiring, above all, take offence where he had no intention of giving any, then he altogether refuses to be victimised. He may make no great stir and present no obnoxious front—indeed, probably he considers the matter too small to fight about—but the victimisers can make nothing of him. He calmly goes on his way, “worrying” neither himself nor his neighbour on the matter. Life is too short for tempests in tea-pots, or indeed for any other unnecessary storms: we must just do our duty, and let it alone.

But in this great question of doing one’s duty, I think we cannot too sharply draw the line between what really is our duty and what other people choose to suppose it is, probably each person having a different opinion on the subject. We are apt to start in life with a grand idea of self-sacrifice and a heroic sense of the joy of it—ay, and there is a joy, deeper than the selfish can ever understand, a delight keener than the pleasure-loving can ever know, in spending and being spent for our best-beloved, or even in the mere abstract help of the good and defence of the miserable—that “enthusiasm of humanity,” as a great writer once called it, which is at the heart of all religion, the love of man springing from the love of God.

Yet, alas! ere long we come to learn that there are sacrifices which turn out to be sheer mistakes, ruining ourselves and profiting nobody; that unselfishness, carried to an extreme, only makes other people selfish; that “the fear of man bringeth a snare;” and to make one’s whole life miserable through a weak dread of offending this person, who

has no right to be offended, or of not doing one's duty to that person, who has the very smallest claim to any duty at all, is—well! I will not call it wrong, because it is a failing that leans to virtue's side—but it is simply silly.

To withstand evil is quite as necessary as to do good. And if we withstand it for others, why not for ourselves? Every time that we weakly suffer a needless wrong, we abet and encourage the inflicter in perpetrating it. By becoming passive and uncomplaining victims, we tacitly injure the victimisers. They can but kill our bodies, as they do sometimes by most amiable and unconscious murder, slow and sure—but we may kill their souls, by allowing them, unresisted, to go on in some course of conduct which must result in their gradual deterioration and moral death. It may be a theory startling enough to some people, but warranted by a good long observation of life, if I say that I believe one-half of the self-sacrifices of this world—the endless instances we see in which the good are immolated to the bad, the weak to the strong, the self-forgetting to the exacting and tyrannical—spring not from heroism but cowardice.

We have not too many angels in this world, and we know little enough of the angelic host above: but the angel who always most attracted my youthful imagination, and has attracted many another, was Michael, the strong, the warlike, the wrestler with the powers of evil. That we should so wrestle, even to our last breath, is as necessary as that we should worship good. And lovely as Mercy may be, there is another, a blindfold Woman with balance and scales still more beautiful, and a great deal more difficult to find, at least in this world.

She, I think, would say to these victims—hopeless victims many, for they are not only too weak to struggle against, but they actually love, their victimisers: Pause and consider whether there is not something beyond and above either love or hatred, egoism or altruism. And what is it? It is that sense of right and wrong which, when not corrupted or turned aside, is inherent in every human soul. Fear God and have no other fear. Serve God, and every other service will sink into its right proportions. "For one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

And if we are brethren, why should there exist among us either victims or victimisers?

## SOME NOXIOUS INSECTS.

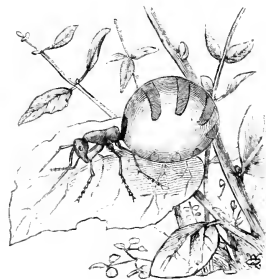
### PART II.

NEXT, let us take the Coccus insects which produce the wax, the lac, and the cochineal. These insects feed upon the cactus, a plant exceedingly valuable to mankind, and are closely allied to the "scale" insect which infests our hothouses and green-houses, and the "mealy-bug," or American blight, which inflicts such injuries on our fruit-trees.

In these few instances the counterbalancing qualities are so directly beneficial to civilised man as to be obvious even to the most unobservant among us. Semi-civilised man finds similar direct benefits in various insects. For example, in many countries the social wasps are almost as valuable as the social bees, the grubs of both being a highly-prized article of food.

In Mexico there are most remarkable ants, popularly called *Hormigas mieleras*, and scientifically known as *Myrmecocystus Mexicanus*. These ants are most wonderful beings, for they not only collect honey, but store it for future use in vessels so strange that their existence would almost be thought impossible.

The Honey Ant makes its store vessels from the bodies of the workers.



Honey Ant.

First, it bites the end of the abdomen, thereby setting up an inflammation, which closes the apertures of the body. Then it feeds the maimed creature with honey, pouring it into the mouth of the living honey-pot just as the bee pours honey into its crop. This process is continually repeated until

the body of the store ant is distended to an astonishing size with honey, the skin being stretched to such an extent that it is sufficiently transparent to show the honey within.

It cannot escape, for its body is so heavy that the limbs are insufficient to carry it, and so it remains in the nest until the honey is wanted. In Mexico these ants are so plentiful that they form regular articles of commerce, being sold by measure in the markets, and used for the purpose of making mead. Specimens may be seen in the British Museum.

Were it not for this property the Honey Ant would be one of the many insects which are called noxious. But its counterbalancing qualities are such that, in its own country, it almost equals the honey bee in its value to man.

Even in Europe the ants are not without their direct use to man. Every one knows the common Wood Ant (*Formica rufa*), some-

into his eyes, besides irritating his nostrils, as if pepper had been thrown into them.

In England, I believe, the use of this acid is not recognised, and the ants are considered simply as noxious insects on account of the pain which they can cause when they attack human beings. In Norway and Sweden, however, the Wood Ants are highly valued, as a peculiar vinegar, flavoured with the formic acid, is prepared from them. A jar of ant vinegar often forms part of a present to a bride on her wedding-day.

As to the clothes moths, it is easy to see that they can do no harm to the naked savage, but not so easy to comprehend that they can be of any benefit to civilised man. Yet the whole tribe of clothes moths are of inestimable service to mankind, whether naked savage or broadcloth-wearing Europeans.

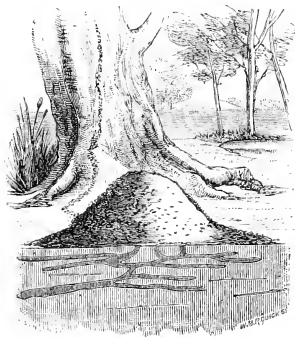
In the first place, let it be remembered that so long as woollen clothes are in use the moth never touches them; but if stored away in treasures and not put to use by man, the moth comes and uses them for itself. Man does his best—or worst—to waste the gifts of God, but He who made both the recipient and the gift abhors waste, and fixes limits to man's power of wasting.

Where is all the wool that sheep have furnished since sheep were created? Every year it is removed from the sheep, either artificially by man or in the ordinary course of nature, just as birds moult their plumage. Now hair is all but imperishable, as may be seen in the Egyptian wig in the British Museum. Three thousand years have passed since it was shorn, and yet it is as bright and glossy as when it left the hands of the maker. If the wool had been suffered to remain untouched, it would have remained until the present day and choked up the face of the habitable earth. But whether used by man or not, it has' still been used, and has returned to the earth whence it came.

Even in our own country it is interesting to trace the return of the wool to its parent earth.

The greater part is used by man as clothing. If he cease to use it, the clothes moths, museum beetles, and their kin attack it, and before long have devoured it, so that it again returns to earth.

Some of it is torn off by brambles and left hanging to the prickles; but it is not wasted. The little birds carry it off and use it for their nests as long as it is capable of acting as a warm, soft bed for the eggs and young. Afterwards, when the birds have left it, the



Nest of Wood Ant.

times called the Horse Ant, which heaps up fragments of dried grass, broken twigs, dead leaves, and similar objects, into large hills. If one of these hills be opened a curiously pungent odour will be perceived, not unlike that of green wood when heated in the fire. If the face or even the hand be held in the hollow of the nest a sharp, pricking sensation will be felt, as if the skin were pricked with thousands of tiny needles.

This is caused by a peculiar secretion of the ant, called "formic acid," from its origin.

I have seen a dog, who had inadvertently scratched a hole in one of these nests, suffer terribly from his indiscretion. He was half mad with pain and terror, and half blinded by the formic acid which had found its way

moths and beetles come to it and devour it, just as they devour woollen clothes. If they did not do so the branches of every tree would be so clogged with nests that the leaves could not grow and the tree would perish. Strange, indeed, are the analogies of Nature!

In this country we are but little plagued with the wood-eating insects. Their numbers are few and their size insignificant. Within doors we suffer but little from them, and even at the worst, old furniture can only become "worm-eaten." The little holes with which we are so familiar in old chairs and chests are the openings of tiny galleries which perforate the wood, and by which the insect that has caused them has escaped after passing through its stages of egg, grub, and pupa.

Several insects—all being beetles—make these tunnels, and the principal of them is called *Anobium tessellatum*. Popularly it is known as the "Death-watch," because, in common with several other insects, the male calls to its mate by knocking its head against the wood, and producing a sound bearing some resemblance to the ticking of a watch.

Now the insect is clearly out of place in our houses, where we want to preserve such old woodwork, and nothing is easier than to eject it, and at the same time to render the wood impervious to the attacks of every boring insect.

Make a solution of corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury) in spirits of wine. Methylated spirit will answer perfectly well, and the strength should be about a heaped teaspoonful of sublimate to a wine pint of spirit. It will be better to procure the sublimate finely powdered, as it dissolves very slowly. And, as it is very heavy, being a salt of mercury, it has a tendency to sink to the bottom of the bottle, which must be well shaken before the solution is used.

Now take a glass tube, drawn out at one end into a point, so as to leave a very tiny aperture. Put the tube into the solution and suck up the liquid until it reaches within three or four inches of the lips. Rapidly put the thumb over the mouth of the tube, and then, when it is removed from the lips, none of the spirit can escape.

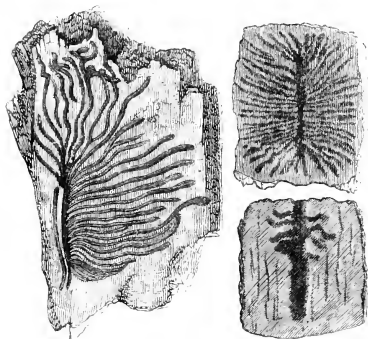
You can now introduce the point of the tube into one of the uppermost worm-holes, and by slightly raising the thumb can allow the liquid to trickle very slowly down the hole. It will be as well to blow out the dust from the holes with a pair of bellows, so as to allow free entrance for the liquid. Very probably the whole of the contents of the tube will be

exhausted in the first hole. Fill it again and repeat the operation at another hole, a few inches from the former, and so on in proportion to the number of holes.

The result is almost ludicrous. At first no effect at all seems to have been produced, but all at once tiny beetles will come tumbling out of the holes, often followed by little white grubs. Frequently fresh holes show themselves, the enclosed beetles forcing their way out so as to escape from the poisonous spirit. The result of this very simple operation is twofold. In the first place it kills every insect within the wood, even destroying the eggs; and in the next place the poisoned spirit makes its way by degrees among the fibres of the wood, and prevents any wood-boring creature from attacking it.

By employing this process I have saved many a valuable piece of woodwork from utter destruction.

Out of doors there are but few wood-eating insects, and with one or two exceptions they are not supposed to do much harm in this country.



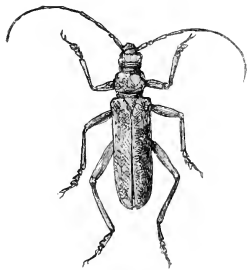
*Scolytus destructor* tunnels.

One of these exceptions is the *Scolytus destructor*, an insect which, like the sea-serpent and the limits of human life, has the faculty of producing periodical discussions in the newspapers.

Nearly every one knows how the *Scolytus* infests trees, especially the elm, and how it makes multitudinous tunnels between the wood and the bark, often separating the latter from the tree and causing it to fall in large sheets to the ground. The tree, as a matter of course, dies, and, equally as a matter of course, the *Scolytus* is looked upon as its destroyer.

Entomologists of the present day, however, are scarcely disposed to take this view of the case, and consider that the *Scolytus* does not attack sound and healthy trees, but only those which are dying.

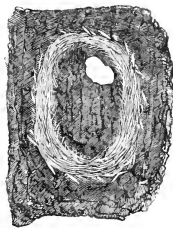
Besides the *Scolytus*, there are very few other wood-devouring beetles sufficiently known to possess popular names. The



Musk Beetle.

Musk Beetle, conspicuous as it is for size of body, splendour of colour, and sweetness of scent, is curiously little known; while, except to entomologists, the *Ptilinus*, the *Sinodendron*, the *Clytus*, and *Rhagium*, are not known at all.

The larva of the Stag Beetle feeds upon the roots of trees, and those which are attacked by it may mostly be known by the



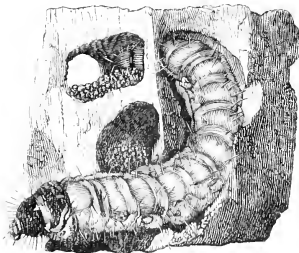
Rhagium Beetle. Cocoon.

dead branches at the top. But it is probable that the tree had begun to die before it was attacked, and that the presence of the beetle larva was the consequence and not the cause of the tree's death.

Then there is the caterpillar of the Goat Moth, which feeds chiefly on old willow-trees, and riddles them with its burrows, which in some places are large enough to admit a man's finger. Here again, however, the tree is probably in a dying state before it is attacked by the moth.

In the hotter parts of the world, however, the wood-devouring insects are more than mere annoyances in houses, the most dreaded of them all being the Termites or White Ants. They will devour every piece of woodwork in the house. They find their way into beams, and eat the whole of the wood, with the exception of a shell scarcely thicker than the paper on which this narrative is printed.

They will attack a table, eating their way through the floor into the legs, and hollowing it so that on leaning upon the table, apparently sound as it is, it breaks down and crumbles into a heap of dusty fragments. They have even been known to get into a garden and hollow out the peasticks, so that the first wind blew them down, together with their burden. If they find their way into boxes in which papers are kept, they



Goat-Moth Caterpillar.

will devour almost the whole of every bundle, leaving nothing but the uppermost sheet and the edges of the others.

So in the dwellings of civilised man they are an unmitigated pest. But it must be remembered that house-beams, furniture, and documents are not the normal food of the Termites, which existed for ages before man built houses, made furniture, or penned documents.

Remove man from the scene, and how will the Termites be affected? Not at all; for they are found to be flourishing in places where man has never intruded himself. Their chief object is to co-operate with other creatures in preserving the balance of creation, of restoring to earth that which sprang from it, and so to enable earth to reproduce new forms of life.

Remove the Termites and the wood-devouring creatures from the scene, and there would not be a forest left in the world.

Annihilate them all, and see what would happen. When a tree died, it would be blown down, fall, and lie there as long as the world lasts. It would cumber the ground so that no new tree could take its place, and so, in the course of a couple of thousand years or so, instead of a forest, there would be a tangled mass of dead, dry trunks and branches, through which no new growths could force their way.

Then the abolition of the foliage would alter the climate, and produce a perpetual drought, so that even if grass and herbage tried to grow, they would be withered up for want of water. It would be a pathless wilderness—a Sahara of wood instead of sand.

But see what happens when the wood-eating insects come into operation.

As long as a tree is healthy and vigorous they do not touch it; but in the course of nature its term of existence is fulfilled, and it dies. Simultaneously it is attacked by hosts of wood-eating insects, which bore their way into it, lay their eggs, and so establish within it a series of rapidly increasing colonies which weaken its substance. At the first tempest down it comes. Then comes the rain, and penetrates into the wood through

the tunnels made by the insects. Fungi now are formed, and still further weaken the wood, making it soft and fit for the food of another set of devourers.

Waterton, in his "Wanderings," details most graphically this portion of insect work:—"Step a few paces aside, and cast thine eye on that remnant of a Mora. Best part of its branches, once so high and ornamental, now lie on the ground in sad confusion, one upon the other, all shattered and fungus-grown, and a prey to millions of insects, which are employed in destroying them.

"Put thy foot on that large trunk thou seest to the left. It seems entire amid the surrounding fragments. Mere outward appearance, delusive phantom of what it once was! Tread on it, and, like the fuss-ball, it will break into dust."

What happens next is evident enough. It sinks into the ground and is incorporated with it, thus making room for a new tree to spring up in its stead, and supplying to the ground the elements necessary for the nutriment of the fresh growth. Thus it is that, were it not for the Noxious Insects, man would long have ceased to maintain his place in the world.

J. G. WOOD.

## THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

By J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

### III.—FURNISHING THE HOUSE.

AN elegant, well-furnished house, in good taste, comfortable to live in and inviting to guests, is a style of thing many persons might desire to realise did they but know how. At the outset a difficulty lies in the way, inasmuch as furniture has long been the chosen sphere for bad taste. Certain preliminary measures which may safely be taken have been indicated in the preceding papers. What is to be desired is that the form and physiognomy of the house, its anatomies and clothings, shall conduce to physical ease and mental gratification, and for this end the furniture and dressings must be agreeable to gentle manners and gentle folks, the final product being repose, a harmony without discord, a beauty without ugliness.

The modern world differs from the old world, and even so does modern furniture depart from the olden models. The conditions under which household furniture is now manufactured are changed; the increase of wealth, the growth in population, and the introduction of machinery have turned out of

the market the village carpenter, and in place of a small calling has sprung up a large trade. Three classes or factors are commonly concerned: the designer, who is or should be an artist; the manufacturer, who is a tradesman; and lastly the purchaser, who, belonging, it may be, to the new and vulgar rich, is often endowed with more money than taste. The tradesman has seldom any other motive than to supply what will sell, and the adorning of our houses has become too much of a shop transaction. The making of furniture grows as mechanical as the manufacture of pins or nails, and what happens under the infinite subdivision of labour is that the designer and artisan serve as little else than the tools. In olden times, on the contrary, the personality of the artist was felt, he was identified with his workmanship and was brought into contact and sympathetic relationship with the citizen or the squire. And though the social changes have been great, yet signs are not wanting of an approach to former reciprocities; and assuredly if the



artist who creates and the public that consumes could in fellowship join hands, we might expect to find within our English homes, in place of furniture supplied from a store and suited equally to the whole parish or county, articles bespeaking the taste and character of the inmates. Certainly the personal position of the artist was never better assured: he has become a recognised force in the social machinery, he mingles freely by privilege of his calling among all classes and animates by finer spirit the dense masses of the community. And though the shrewd remark is true that the artist, while fit for the best society, should keep out of it, yet if the society be chosen for sympathy and not for show, if the birds of a feather that flock together be not of gay plumage but of accordant note, then the artist may have something to gain as well as benefits to dispense. I have known close friendships spring up between artists and well-to-do people of the world, with the best possible results. It is not to be expected that a man immersed in business should have more than smatterings and aspirations; but the artist, the friend of the family, supplies the lacking knowledge; he is versed in historic styles and schools, and having at his fingers' ends divers decorative systems, he will readily with pencil and paper in hand sketch out ideas which a clever carpenter can at little cost cast into shape. Thus a man of modest means and unsophisticated instincts would be saved from the rapacity of trade and the emptiness of fashion, and might find the way to gather around him household belongings possibly a little out of the common, because born of a love and animated by a motive.

If the furnishing of a house were altogether easy, the failures were less egregious. The faults committed arise from a complication of causes, such as superfluity of money coupled with lack of taste, the desire for ostentation, with the consequent impatience of mere honest comfort and quietude. Sometimes errors are run into simply from thoughtlessness or haste, from furor for a favourite fad, or from misplaced faith in an infatuated friend or an infallible clique. As a possible safeguard against such mishaps it may be well to give a little consideration to elementary principles such as the following. Furniture must be useful before it aspires to be ornamental; utility must underlie beauty, construction must sustain and justify ornament. A chair, however attractive to the eye, becomes a snare if it break down under the weight of the sitter; and a bed, however

regal in its adornings, is a delusion if it mar a night's rest. In other words, furniture must be framed for strength, capacity, mobility; the design must be adapted to the use, to the proportions of the human figure and to the material employed, whether wood, metal or textile fabric; it ought, moreover, to be appropriate to its intended position, and should be in keeping with the decorative surroundings. A table or couch should not appear in a room as an unbidden guest or as an intruder. Furniture in its proportions, and in the relation of the component parts to the whole, must be in balance and symmetry, and preserve, in the midst of detail, breadth and simplicity. As in architecture, the composition will usually prove best in harmony when the constituent parts hold some geometric ratio with each other. Furthermore, furniture as to its construction must be honest and confessed, solid, not sham; in other words, the material and workmanship must appear what they really are without disguise or make-believe. As to the ornament, it must not overcharge or falsify the construction, but repose quietly on the surface, and enrichments, such as carved foliage or flowers, when projecting, must be so arranged as to guard against inconvenience or injury from the dresses of ladies or the dusters of domestics. In fine, in ornamenting the construction care should be taken to preserve the general design and to keep the decoration duly subservient by low relief or otherwise. And the ornament should be so arranged as to assist the constructive strength and enhance by its lines the symmetry and beauty of the sustaining form.

Furniture has sometimes been termed "a sort of toy architecture;" indeed, the readiest way to understand the art aspects of household furniture is to use architecture as an explanatory key. Designs first constructed and carved in stone were afterwards simulated in wood. The wooden bench took the place of the stone seat; indeed columns, capitals, canopies, cornices, and friezes are often all but identical in either material, while in the nature of things panellings, chests, and seats correspond with the lines and mouldings of doors and windows. The old woodwork in cathedrals, colleges, municipal buildings, and private dwellings illustrate this close relationship. And when furniture is attached bodily to the freehold and ranks amongst the fixtures, the reason is self-evident why wainscots, mantel-pieces, and even sideboards and bookcases, accord with the structure of the house and the decoration of the walls. Hence furniture

by virtue of its origin assumes definite historic styles, such as the Classic, the Italian, the French Renaissance, the Gothic, and the domestic English. Accordingly Thomas Chippendale, in "The Cabinet-Maker's Director," published in 1754, insists that "architecture ought to be carefully studied by every one who would excel in design, since it is the very soul and basis of the cabinet-maker's art." In like sense Sir Samuel Meyrick, in his introduction to Shaw's "Specimens of Ancient Furniture," shows "that domestic fittings and decorations have invariably consorted with the contemporary architecture—that tables, chairs, and chests have in style been in closest correspondence with the edifices they help to furnish—that, moreover, the character of the furniture serves always as a criterion to the date, the purity, or decadence of the architecture." Hence a revival in the one and a resuscitation in the other have usually gone hand in hand, as seen in the rage for Gothic furniture in our time. But at the present moment the marked phenomenon in every art, that of furniture included, is the breaking down of old boundary lines and strict historic precedents, and the setting up of an accommodating eclecticism which seeks to unite under one growth what is vital and enduring in all styles.

The old forms of furniture, in fact, need a new birth, so as to meet modern requirements. It will not do to copy ancient designs rigidly. Archaic models are austere, and of Spartan simplicity; archaeological furniture is harsh and angular, and must be modified and mollified so as to work smoothly in the midst of our highly polished civilisation. The late Sir Gilbert Scott testifies that "he had long thought the vernacular styles of the present day worn out, and that it is needful to strike out something a little novel. He had," he said, "for some time been endeavouring to do so on the foundation of the Gothic, and should be very glad to see attempts to originate new styles on other bases." In fact, growth is in art, as in nature, the condition of life; without growth death comes. Change and transformation, when not for the sake of mere novelty, bring new development and onward progression. Art has of late years widened its circuit and intensified its activity. She finds the means of meeting our subtle and varied wants; she calls to her aid manifold appliances and processes; she takes as her handmaids sculpture and painting; she is by turns constructive and decorative, and she works with equal zest and impartiality in stone, wood, metal, silk, or cotton. Our

modern artist deems it part of his duty to supervise the minutest detail; he looks to the design of the scraper at the door, of the weathercock on the chimney, of the mantelpiece, fender, or scuttle at the fire. And furniture, sharing in the common movement, forms part of the comprehensive whole. Something may be lost, but much has been gained. The old work of the joiner was rude; the modern cabinet-maker is required to turn to good account his superior advantages; he has at command—often at small cost—fine woods, rich fabrics, efficient tools, so that it is scarcely too much to expect that our every-day furniture shall be, both in material and manipulation, a delectable art product. Thus domestic goods and chattels fall agreeably into the concerted æsthetic system which satisfies the wants of a highly wrought civilisation. Furniture, indeed, has a wide significance, and passes, like certain words in the language, into metaphorical meanings. We speak not only of a house well furnished with couches, curtains, and mirrors, but of a room or a table well furnished with guests, and no less do we commend the mind that is richly furnished with ideas. It may be added that while an unfurnished house is a solitude, a well-furnished house serves as society.

The good is often recognised more clearly by contrast with the bad, and no art yields such egregious examples of false taste as furniture. Instances are quoted of cabinets in mock miniature of Roman temples, and sideboards have been constructed in semblance of sarcophagi or Grecian stone altars. Also deservedly held up to ridicule is a certain notorious buffet, whereon are assembled apostles, philosophers, and doctors, the central position being reserved for Voltaire, with winged genii among clouds above! Censure with equal justice falls on a "jardinière treated as a ruined château, the flowers displayed as growing out of its dilapidated roof;" a chiffonier is also fitly condemned for like misplaced naturalism—the composition comprises rustic scenes with an overgrowth of vines and clustering grapes, birds sheltering among the leaves and building their nests in the branches! The voice of warning is the more called for, because such mistaken efforts have a peculiar fascination for half-educated minds, besides much labour is worse than thrown away, and at half the outlay better results can be got. Monstrosities in art are also censurable as the illicit offspring of debased states of mind; grotesque forms and outrages on the beautiful, like

plague spots, fester within the fancy, as do low jokes and false wit. Addison in the *Spectator* turns into ridicule certain literary conceits, such as the rebus, the acrostic, the anagram, the enigma, the quibble, the pun, and other verbal tricks and plays upon words. True wit, like correct art, lies in the resemblance and congruity of ideas; while false wit, which may be termed the false furniture of the mind, and is comparable to tasteless ornament in art, Addison satirises in allegory as follows: "Methought," he writes, "I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies governed by the goddess Falsehood, and entitled the Region of False Wit. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune; the birds had many of them golden beaks and human voices; the flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, and grew up in pieces of embroidery. And I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dulness." Bad art is worse than dull or stupid, it is offensive and evil.

In mediæval days the allowance of domestic furniture was scant, and old woodwork is now so scarce that in some outlying districts the most ancient relic is the village stocks. And, indeed, certain Gothic revivals in furniture might have been almost suggested by such instruments of durance vile; the form is so austere archaic, the construction so rude, the angles are so harshly abrupt, that the human frame, in vain seeking rest, is stretched as on a rack. Certain ultra-revivalists have, in fact, invested Gothic furniture in unplanned planks, gaping at the joints, knocked together with savage nails, and bound with ragged clasps and rough hinges—the whole construction being worthy to stand among the rushes in "the marsh" of the olden hall, rather than upon a Brussels carpet in a modern drawing-room. The gable end of a house may be made as severe and acute as the most infatuated Gothick can desire, but like angularities in couches and elbow-chairs subject weary mortals to torture. Gothic times were straitened, frugal, self-inmolating; Renaissance epochs, on the contrary, became exuberant, luxurious, and

pleasure-seeking. And it is the unfortunate fatality of fashion to run always into extremes, and so furniture, instead of abiding by the happy mean of moderation, and taking each style in its inherent truth and beauty, has by turns exaggerated the excesses and eccentricities of Gothic, Italian, and French originals. Gothic art, like the checkered life of man upon earth, is beset with contradictions and imperfections, and as if beauty were not an all-sufficing end, ugliness, the visible semblance of sin, is courted and made much of. The dread may be that placid beauty lacks spirit and vigour, but the observation has been shrewdly made in cookery that one grain of garlic suffices to save a dish from insipidity; and so in the arts a little deformity and queerness go a great way. Grotesqueness or character pushed to caricature has been the bane of certain Gothickists; and art, when thus deformed, instead of being, as among the Greeks, a goddess, is transmuted into a gargoyle. Such art, not giving speech to sermons in stones, presents the ungainly image of "laughter holding both her sides."

But Gothic furniture when treated with taste and judgment becomes verily a welcome inmate within our homes. The Englishman who has built himself a cottage in the country under the shadow of trees or near to the parish church, may come upon rustic couches or garden seats, which perchance the local carpenter makes out of woods grown on the spot. I have sometimes been interested to see in the houses of a cathedral close the Gothic style in full possession; the means at disposal are usually moderate, but the good man of the house gathers round him treasures that money cannot buy, and all his little belongings are encompassed by local associations and overgrown with personal habits. Pugin's revivals of domestic Gothic, exquisite in design and detail, the chairs, bookcases, cabinets, and sideboards sometimes decorated with geometric tracery, foliated piercings, or floral carvings, are rare achievements within the reach of the rich only. To my mind such masterpieces are surpassingly beautiful, yet expense need be no object. But frugality has ever been the cry of Gothic pioneers, and accordingly furniture made of deal or other wood, uncostly and easily worked, has been kindly provided for those who desire that their scanty worldly goods shall be impressed by strict mediæval aspiration. The designs, studiously simple, are often piquant in character, and attract attention by a personality and motive

which mere shop goods seldom can show. Young men making a start in life, their intellects more richly stocked than their purses, accustomed to readings in English history and studies among the early British poets, have of late addicted themselves to furnishing after an original fashion. They may not be wholly exempt from whims and conceits, but at least they have ideas of their own which they truthfully seek to carry out free from conventional trammels. And often in Bohemian quarters may be found an honest, out-spoken, and inventive art which vainly we shall search for throughout Belgravia. Sometimes I have known a brotherhood spring up among artists and amateurs, a kind of mutual aid society for decorating and furnishing each other's dwellings. Drawing-rooms and studios have been thus painted by friendly hands, and cabinets constructed cunningly, one artist painting a panel, another designing a frieze, a third contriving the hinges, lock, and other metal fastenings. Pianos have been particularly favoured. I remember an instrument carved almost as a cameo and coloured by inlays of natural woods as a picture; the panels were painted with figures of Miriam, King David, and St. Cecilia. And Mr. Marks, R.A., indulging in a serio-comic strain, has impressed the Muses into the same melodious service. I also recollect cherubs' heads designed by Mr. Burne Jones for a like destination; and while these lines are passing through the press a leading pianoforte manufactory has issued invitations for the private view of an instrument decorated inside and out by the same artist, with designs of Orpheus and Eurydice, of Beatrice inspiring Dante, and, conspicuously, of an undraped female figure personating fruitful nature, surrounded by Cupid-like genii. It may be permitted to add that the value of this unique creation is estimated at a thousand guineas. There seems an essential fitness in such decorations, a proverbial semblance subsisting among the harmonies of sound, form, and colour. And Gothic growths when grafted on the old stocks of truth and beauty prove ever rhythmical, and accord with the gentle cadence of sweet sounds.

Furniture in its modern forms presents distinctive nationalities. French furniture is fantastic, often florid. The designs are usually borrowed from the Gallic Renaissance, a style proverbial for corruption, yet bringing into bewitching play the blandishments of the sister arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. I have sometimes been

struck with amazement before modern French cabinets, perfect in architectonic proportion, in symmetry, and beauty; the modelling and carving truly sculpturesque, and showing command of the human figure used decoratively, the colouring, light, and shade dependent on rare woods and rich materials tenderly balanced, yet tersely accentuated and studiously pictorial. Such compositions challenge criticism as consummate works of art; the masses are preserved in simple breadth, the details are evenly distributed, so that no part of the surface is bald, none overcrowded; as for the workmanship, it is of unsurpassed excellence. In short, French furniture-makers of the nineteenth century are perhaps the only worthy descendants of the great masters of the Italian Cinque-cento.

But our English cabinet-makers have for long been striving to vie with their brilliant rivals across the Channel, and their painstaking revivals are commendable for art-design, economy of manufacture, and domestic utility. French furniture is in keeping with the ostentation of the grand palaces of Louis Quatorze, while English furniture in its comparative simplicity possesses a fitness for our British homes. In family life we still love concords and seek to preserve proprieties; less daring in design and less florid in ornament than our neighbours, we are content to be more consistent and sober, and prefer solid truth to surface show. But after all, in art, as in the science of engineering, everything can be done if money be no object. English artisans have economy thrust upon them, but when lavish expenditure is permitted simplicity can easily give place to costly elaboration and enrichment; and I think, all things considered, from a feeling of patriotism, for the sake of our industrial people, and in the cause of our struggling and aspiring native art, it behoves the English householder to show some preference for our home-made produce. It is well to feel how much may lie in the power of each one of us to help on the good cause.

English furniture, good in design, sound in construction, utilitarian, yet in ornament tasteful, is now made to meet the requirements of all places, peoples, and pockets. Furniture for the dining-room, as distinguished from that for the drawing-room, should be substantial, massive, and handsome, and in colour somewhat sombre rather than gay. Drawing-room furniture courts companionship with ladies, and will do well to be elegant, cheerful, and even festive. In this brilliant sphere the French are supposed to

shine, yet the English of late have gained a fantasy and delicacy responsive to the light-some dance, the gleeful song, and sparkling prattle. I have looked with delight on cabinets rich in the resources of the best Renaissance, symmetric compositions forced up to a climax in the cornice, the panels ornate with cameo Wedgwood-ware, and the whole façade rich with inlays of rose and satin-wood, ivory, lapis lazuli, and precious stones, forced up by a system of polychromy to the semblance of a picture. This high-wrought furniture is commendable while kept by quiet restraint in chastened beauty, and when worked out in true materials honestly constructed. Such elaborate compositions, if too costly, can be pared down and simplified. Elaboration always represents labour, and labour means money. A complex piece of furniture can, like any other product, be reduced to its constituent elements, which are usually few, obvious, and economic. Balance in proportion, symmetric relation of parts to the whole, artistic mouldings, with some few decorative enrichments, well chosen and rightly placed, will always insure a pleasing effect at slight outlay.

Draperies are to a house what clothes are to the human body; indeed, it were scarcely going too far to compare an undraped house to the nude figure. And drapery, whether applied to walls, to furniture, or to the human frame, has for its end clothing, warmth, and adornment. The appropriateness of all draperies is contingent greatly on climate, locality, and conditions of life, and such fitness usually brings about effects correct in taste. The simplest arrangements, if only harmonious, insure more or less satisfactory results. Draperies, such as curtains, portières, coverlets, may rely for artistic effect merely on pleasing concord of colours. But rather to be preferred, I think, are compositions of a little more complexity, wherein a pattern beautiful in form adds charm to agreeable colour. A surface destitute of design is as a blank sheet of paper—a *tabula rasa*, which seems to need some idea or design from the artist's hand. The works of nature are never left blank or void; nature is so generously prodigal that she decorates even the surfaces which are hid away from sight, and so art does well to be equally profuse in adorning the under garment of a figure or the inner lining of a tapestry or coverlet. The general principles already propounded for the decoration of walls and floors will, with allowance for change of material, hold good as to draperies. And

the advice to be given for furnishing generally is, eschew fashion, which generally allures but for a moment, and then when it fleets, leaves the stigma of being "out of fashion," and choose in preference forms of art which, founded on immutable truth and beauty, can never grow old, obsolete, or unpleasing. Above all shun show and extravagant outlay, remembering that as Providence clothes the lily, and bestows the life-giving elements of air, light, and heat freely, so art, having regard for the lowly, fillet the hungry with good things, while the rich she sends empty away.

The arrangement of rooms needs to be carefully considered. The fact that articles of furniture are for the most part unfixed, that they are what the French call "*meubles*," or movables, allows all the greater freedom in disposition or location. Tables and chairs, sofas and footstools, are indeed nearly as itinerant as the persons who use them, and may, in the general artistic composition, be treated almost as figures. And to carry the analogy one step further, some movables may be accounted "*occasional*," and stand in relation to the more permanent and fixed furniture as casual visitors. And while, perhaps, it may be expected of the members of the family—the abiding tenants—that they shall in dress and general get up more or less accord with the wall-hangings and carpets, the utmost that can be looked for from the visitors is that they shall comport themselves as well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. And so occasional furniture, like the person of "the walking gentleman" on the stage, has little more to do than to fill the allotted part agreeably. And while in the furnishing of a room the guiding rule is "*unity*," yet at the same time it is well to remember that "*variety* is charming," and that "*unity in variety*," when attained throughout the house, leaves nothing to be desired. "*Unity in variety*" makes a picture pleasing, and a room can scarcely be wrong if arranged as a picture. As to diversity, there can be but little doubt that the Romans introduced Egyptian furniture into their dwellings, and in our days a Gothic chair, provided it be graceful, need never feel awkward in the presence of an Italian cabinet. Yet, not for one moment must be tolerated within a dwelling confusion or uproar; nothing can be worse than the indiscriminate crowding together of heterogeneous objects, as in a curiosity shop; the home, a quiet shelter from the turmoil of the outer world, must not be turned into a

museum, menagerie, or Babel. Rather let the furniture associate in cozy coterie as forming a happy home. "A nice and subtle happiness I see thou to thyself proposest," were the approving words addressed to Adam when he craved a companion in his solitude. "A nice and subtle happiness" makes a home. A well-appointed house may perchance bear some comparison to a thoughtful literary composition—one motive presides from preface to finis, and episodes, when thrown in for diversity, conform to the common scheme and blend in the collective whole. And the divers kinds of furniture admissible within a room may be further indicated by the variety of authors allowed a place on the bookshelves. Some volumes may be practical and utilitarian, others poetical and ornamental; yet all should propose as a com-

mon end to improve the mind and add to the enjoyment of life. And, as in a well-stored library, varied volumes ranged in order due satisfy the mental cravings, so in a well-provided household, furniture disposed methodically should minister to the sensuous and supersensuous wants of body and of mind. But above all these things, it is imperative that every work admitted within the house shall be beautiful; and then seldom will be found intruding serious discord, for all creations in nature and in art possessed of beauty agree well together. And men and women, when thus brought into living fellowship with beauty, are known to grow into like fashion of mind and even of body, while the penalty hangs over those who dwell with ugliness, that day by day they themselves become more ugly.

## THE CHURCH, A FELLOW-WORKER WITH GOD IN THE CONVERSION OF THE HEATHEN.

Preached before the Church Missionary Society at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, May 3, 1880.\*

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"Jesus said, Take ye away the stone."—JOHN xi. 39.

**I**N a village street under the "purple brow" of Olivet an agitated group had gathered round a tomb. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Some of them had come from afar, for they bore marks of fatigue and travel; while others were from the city on the other side of the hill.

But on one foremost figure all eyes were gazing; for His dignity was only matched by His sweetness; and while His cheeks were wet with recent tears, His frame shook with such strong emotion, that on reaching the grave all He could say was, "Take ye away the stone." In a moment of intelligible sensitiveness a relative reminded Him that her brother had lain there four days. But the delay was only for a moment; the irresistible summons was pronounced, "Lazarus, come forth!" and "when he that was dead came forth bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go."

\* Though the preacher felt himself unable, under the peculiar circumstances of the moment, to introduce into his sermon the expression of his sympathy with the kindred labours of other missionary societies, it was not from lack of interest, but of opportunity. The names of Moffat and Livingstone, Carey and John Williams, and Duff, and Arthur and Norman Macleod are dear to all who hold Christ dear. True soldiers of the Cross cannot help being brethren; and their only rivalry is how least to please self, and most to honour Him.

You may have already felt how this great miracle is also a parable of the co-operation of human effort with Divine grace in the conversion of the world. Lazarus lay dead in his tomb, and the mass of mankind is "dead"—"in trespasses and in sins." The stone before the sepulchre which closed in the decay and shut out the sunlight, means the blind superstition, and subtle mysticism, and stubborn prejudice, and abominable idolatry that hide God from the heathen; and He, who with the same words that wakened the dead could also, had it pleased Him, have rolled away the stone and unswathed the limbs of His friend, and did not, because He desired to stir faith and reward effort, makes us fellow-workers with Himself in His Redeeming Purpose; and giving us the gospel, nay, being Himself the gospel, bids us proclaim Him to the world.

Men, brethren, and fathers—one in the joy of our common salvation and in the hope of the appearing of Christ our King—what words can I find adequate to express the grandeur of the subject on which I this day address you; or the conviction of my heart, that this beloved and honoured Society, in the principles she represents and the doctrines she declares, and the methods she adopts, and

the support she conciliates, is not only foremost among the spiritual forces promoting Christ's kingdom among men, but is also one of the most vital and potent institutions of our dear English Church? For this work is so essentially noble, even from the lowest point of view. If truth is the most precious inheritance of man, then the wider the surface it covers, the deeper the problems it solves, the darker the sorrows it heals, the loftier the hopes it inspires, the more beautiful and magnanimous is the task of proclaiming it. The entire world would execrate the selfishness that deliberately concealed an effectual cure for some cruel and infectious disease. And ours is a faith which, in its ideal of a perfect life, in its story of an atoning sacrifice, in its bond of a human brotherhood, in its hope of union with God, at once meets, absorbs, surpasses, and glorifies whatever is to be found in other faiths that have satisfied or attempted to satisfy the religious instincts of men; and if we did not do our utmost to tell our fellows of it, and to press it on their acceptance, the cavil would be unanswerable, either that we secretly doubt its integrity, or greedily monopolize its joy.

Oh, sheep of Christ, whom He has bought with His blood—other sheep He has, which He must find and bring that they may be one flock with you; and you must search them out and bring them to His feet. They are very dear to Him. He has never forgotten them, never forsaken them. Some rays of His glory glimmer on their souls; and in a passionate hunger for truth, which some of us might do well to imitate, many of them bear untold anguish to catch a glimpse of His face. Send them the gospel of His love. Do it *quickly*, for the time is short; *boldly*, for you must not be ashamed of His testimony; *trustfully*, for it is the "power of God unto salvation;" *wisely*, for He does not want our mistakes. Be *patient*, for "long sleeps the summer in the seed." Be *gentle*, for the Cross makes wounds enough without our adding to them. Be *hopeful*, for all He has is ours; be *humble*, for if they have much to learn, they may have something to teach.

Manifest Christ's life of love in your own joyful and steady sacrifices; and in resembling Him you will show them the nature of God.

There is the Grave, the Stone, and the Command.

In the Grave we are to see Heathendom. If the angel of the Apocalypse, flying in the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel,

should strike the globe in the middle of the Pacific, and then turn westward about 40° north of the Equator, first he would come to Japan, that imitative and keen-witted race, where, ten years ago, our one English missionary saw this notice: "The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited;" and now our own Society alone has 9 missionaries there, and 5,000 persons confess Jesus Christ.

On west, to the mighty Empire of China, with its many zones of climate, its teeming millions, its indefatigable industry, its good-humoured materialism, the nation which, if it knew its strength and could find its Tamerlane, might soon overrun the world. Here we have 100 new out-stations during the last 9 years; 24 missionaries against 20; 8 native clergy against 2; 180 native teachers against 53; 4,054 native Christians against 853.

On over the steppes of Thibet to the crest of the Himalāya, at whose feet nestles the jewel of the East, sunny and fertile Hindostan, with its manifold races, ancient civilisation; also with its ineffable wickedness and its history red with blood. Here we have 109 native clergy against 57 nine years ago; 1,700 native teachers against 1,370; 90,000 Christian adherents against 64,000; 1,109 schools against 787; 41,000 scholars against 32,000.

The tide of life is rising, though it be far from its flood.

On over Egypt, the eyebrow of Africa, into the heart of that vast continent where, if there is blackness of darkness, dawn is breaking. In all parts of that enormous territory Satan's power is being attacked. On the east coast this Society has 8 missionaries against 1 seven years ago. The banner of the Cross floats over the fountains of the Nile. In the south the great sister society holds an entrenched position. In the west, Sierra Leone recalls our distant and grateful memories. We have also the Yoruba and Niger missions, with 23 native clergy against 11; 96 native lay agents against 41; 7,500 Christians against 2,300.

Crossing the Atlantic towards the Pole, we reach the spacious plains and mighty rivers of the North-West; where, among the roots of the Rocky Mountains, Duncan has given an heroic example of energy and skill in evangelizing almost the lowest races that the gospel can reach; where, moreover, in the basin of the Saskatchewan, the Nelson, and the Mackenzie, in a land that some imagine to be a frozen morass shut in by impenetrable pine-forests, we have 14 missionaries against 10; 12 native clergy against 8; 62 teachers

against 19; 11,600 native Christians against 4,200; and it seems to me a sagacity, with no slight statesmanship in it (and reminding those who knew him of the vigorous intelligence of Henry Venn), thus to be occupying a territory which, in the time of our grandchildren, may rival the greatest of our dependencies for resources, population, and enterprise.

Christian brethren, I am not at all apprehensive of wearying you with these facts. I should much more dread fatiguing you with tumid or rhetorical emotion. Yet there is very much more land to be possessed; and while we ought to be unspeakably grateful for what has already been done, and should be on our guard against a feeble dastardliness about this enormous enterprise, the work we are now doing can only be adequately figured by a handful of pioneers, cutting at the Andes with penknives; and the one conviction of all others I would press on you is this, that you will never carry the strongholds of heathenism with a rush. Some of you will remember Edward Irving's grand though eccentric sermon on "Missionaries after the Apostolical School," where he observes that "to be a missionary is the highest preferment in the kingdom of God," and that "the four principal things in the propagation of the gospel are wisdom to address the worthiest people, entire dependence upon God, exemplification of the doctrine, and constant debate with the children of men." But I may also remind you of a sentence of one of the ablest Christian thinkers of our time, who writes :—"It does appear that among the gifts of our countrymen the rarest is knowing and doing justice to the religious beliefs of other nations."

We talk of heathenism, but are we at the pains to reflect that between the fetichism of the savage of the Niger and the serene mysticism of the Brahmin there is a chasm as wide as the Mississippi? Under any circumstances it is hard, and ought to be hard, to change the religion, whether of an individual or a race. It is hard, because it is so noble. I suppose if anything under the sun should be dear to an honest man it is his religion. It colours his life, shapes his principles, points his motives, consecrates his actions. It is inherited from his parents; it twines round the roots of his childhood; it smiles on his bridal; it softens the shadows of his grave. And when the religion you propose to substitute is a religion with a cross in it,

with no material prosperity for its reward, and a world to come as its distant recompense, is it wonderful that one who asks what the exchange will bring to him, and is told "the reproach of Christ," is slow in giving his reply? Glance at this in detail, and it may become even plainer.

The Karen, the Bedouin of the Jordan Valley, the negro of the Zambesi or the Congo, may present types of a mental and moral quality not indispensably claiming for their suitable handling gifts or culture of an exceptional kind. Though, indeed, it should never be forgotten that savage races are not necessarily deficient in mental force or quickness, and that it needs practised skill, vivid fancy, solid patience, rare sense instinctively to divine what needs instant killing, and what may be left to perish of itself.

But approach the Mussulman—proud heir of a line of conquerors—who looks on the rest of the world as still existing by his clemency, whose missionary zeal at this moment is so fierce and energetic that in Africa his competition may run us very hard, and who simply disdains other faiths as not worth reasoning about; tell him about the Incarnation, and his answer, if he gives you one, will make you shudder for years. This I am sure of, that if you had ever talked with Pfander, as I once did at Constantinople, on this matter, you might not indeed despair, for God is with us; but certainly you would not go with tripping gait and a too complacent cheerfulness to try a fall with Islam.

Or go to the Brahmin. He cherishes a faith which has flourished for three thousand years. His language is the root-tongue of all the dialects of Europe. His sacred books date from seven hundred years before Christ was born. He boasts of a hundred and eighty-five millions of fellow-worshippers. God he considers solely as an Intelligence. His castes\* have been regarded as efforts of separation, whereby the best may be ultimately selected for serving Him. What some call the multitudinous idolatry of three thousand gods, others ingeniously explain to be only an indefatigable attempt to find what God is, and where, with the one desire of being finally absorbed in His Essence. Is it quite so easy to win these dreamy but subtle thinkers into a newer and simpler faith?

Once more go to the Buddhist, and there are four hundred and ninety millions of Buddhists, if you include the disciples of Confucius. Their founder lived six hundred

\* "Word, Work, and Will," p. 234.

\* See "The Religions of the World in their Relation to Christianity," p. 40.



years before Christ. The Buddhist is far more catholic and democratic than the Brahmin. The poorest and vilest may become one with Boodha, and when his faith is perfected he is swallowed up in God. The one infallible diagnostic of Buddhism is "a belief in the infinite capacity of the human intellect." Well, is it not plain what skilful and thorough intellectual treatment such a man needs, and is it not desirable to try to give it him? No man has a better claim to be heard on this subject than Professor Monier Williams. But he thus writes in "Indian Wisdom": \*—"It appears to me high time that all thoughtful Christians should reconsider their position, and readjust themselves to their altered environments. The sacred books of the three great systems opposed to Christianity are now becoming accessible, and Christians can no longer neglect the duty of studying their contents."

You here to-night, who know the joy of knowledge and the passionate force of a new and lofty idea, I ask, is it not true what Pascal said, that man's dignity consists in his faculty of thinking, and that, though he is miserable, he knows it, and there is his greatness? These thinkers of the East—and, remember, it is truth that ultimately rules the world—they cannot, indeed, cover the earth with iron bars, or talk by wires, or span the ocean with steam; such is *our* greatness. But often they are far deeper and subtler thinkers than we are; and when we go to them, as it is our duty to go, and ask them to listen to us, as it is our privilege to ask, let us beware how we blandly invite them to exchange their faith for ours, unless meeting them on their own ground, and contending with weapons which they can appreciate, we suitably propose to them a life that they can venerate, and a Person whom they can adore. Otherwise they will hardly take the trouble of laughing at us, much less of answering us; and quietly dismissing us with an urbane silence, they will wrap themselves in the mantle of their pride, and rejoice that at least Thought is free.

But Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone."

It may be roughly observed that there are three stages in mission work, with usually a logical order of their own. Though, of course, when it pleases Him, God confounds this order, by cutting across it, or anticipating it, thereby manifesting His sovereignty, and doing all His work Himself.

There is the work of *preparation* by civil-

isation and education, in which the stone is rolled away for light and air to come in.

There is the work of *evangelization*, by which the Word of God is spoken straight into the spirit—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead."

There is the final work of watering, and watching, and maturing the young life just born by pastoral care and superintendence. "Loose him, and let him go."

To my own mind nothing is more conspicuous or admirable in the operations of this Society than the patient, resolute courage with which, even at the risk of misconstruction from unreasonable friends and coarse sarcasm from enemies, they have planted schools and cultivated the arts of life. No doubt it is possible to put civilisation in the place of Christ, and you cannot regenerate man by refining him. Yet it must not be forgotten that in some heathen races both conscience and intelligence have in a certain degree to be created before there is a capacity either for morality or faith. Physical habits have to be formed, methods of life to be learned, not only for material comfort, but for moral education. Industry everywhere is the best safeguard against viciousness, and the arts of peace are the surest protection against war. In some tribes a language has to be framed; in almost all the vocabulary must be enlarged before the terms of our religion can be imparted or understood. To give a human being self-respect is a help to the cultivation of conscience. Unless he learns to observe, to reason, to compare, to remember, how can he be an intelligent hearer of the Word of life? But all this means prodigious labour, unwearied patience, and much sympathy. Past efforts in New Zealand, present efforts in Frere Town and Uganda have deserved, and ought to deserve, the gratitude of practical men. Taking our fellow-creatures as we find them, we feel it our duty to make the best of them, and to help them to live for both worlds.

So too with education. Possibly a few may still be of opinion that the sole function of a missionary society is to preach to adults. Yet what in that case would become of the young? In India, no doubt, a certain provision is made by the State, but the teaching is entirely secular, and the Redeemer of the world is only offered a place in the Pantheon of universal benefactors. If this Church Missionary Society did nothing outside its schools, it might claim to be approaching the heathen at the most impressionable period of life. In India alone it expends £10,000

a year on education; and in addition to about 1,000 primary schools for boys and girls it controls 12 institutions for the training of native pastors, evangelists, and teachers; 50 institutions where the youth of both sexes are boarded and lodged; 70 institutions for higher general education, whether high-schools, middle-class, or Anglo-vernacular schools. A sub-committee has recently reported especially on the higher education now given in them, that even as an evangelizing agency it has done, and is capable of doing, much good; and they give instances of native Christians now missionaries, or occupying influential positions in many parts of India, who owe their conversion to the Society's schools for higher education, and who in all human probability would, but for these schools, never have come into contact with Divine truth at all. And if I might add a word here on two departments of secular knowledge especially useful in taking away the stone from the sepulchre, I should name *history* and *science*. *History*, as Bishop Caldwell has strikingly put it; since how without history is it possible to trace the providential government of the world, or to elucidate one of the most remarkable evidences of our religion in fulfilled prophecy? *Science*—for the study of God's laws in the methodical and exact observation of His works is both the readiest and surest way of exploding the monstrous legends of a polluted mythology. When to the contemplation of God in His works the Church adds the revelation of God in His Word, she completes the system of full-orbed knowledge. Science is then seen to be only a stair leading to God; not the entire account of Him: we approach to observe, and we remain to adore.

Then when the stone is rolled away, and the voice can penetrate the tomb, the vital summons is delivered—"Lazarus, come forth." This is the central, the normal, the essential function of the missionary—to preach Christ as the wisdom of God and the power of God. There are three kinds of power at work in the world, each in a sphere of its own—force over the senses, truth over the intellect, love over the will. As to the first Christ says, "My kingdom is not of this world;" and what is analogous to that in our case—I mean State patronage—would be only a fatal embarrassment to us. All we ask is to be left alone, with hands and lips free. But truth and love we know, for we have tried them; and they are essentially contained, completely revealed, and harmoniously united

in the Incarnate Son. The Person of Christ is the Gospel of our Salvation. In His life He is the Pattern of Righteousness; in His death He is the Propitiation for Sin; in His Resurrection He is the Conqueror of Death; in His Ascension He is Priest upon His Throne. Here, too, lie concealed the characteristic dogmas of our religion in their humbling and unpalatable account of sin and helplessness, as well as in their lofty and exalting revelation of God's purpose for us, and our own vast possibilities. And it is only by the unflinching exposition of man's depravity and weakness, with the elevating exposition of the mystery of regeneration and the glory of redeeming love, that the conscience of the heathen can be reached and wounded, and his mind and spirit exalted with the vision of God. Sin the curse of the world, and death its wages; salvation, both from its deserts and dominion, the free and present gift of God to all who repent and believe; the Holy Ghost the author of regeneration and holiness; Scripture our rule of faith; Baptism and the Lord's Supper effectual signs of grace to believers; the Church at once the body and handmaid of Christ: here is our message, to be preached, indeed, with tenderness and wisdom (not as you would fire live shells into an enemy's camp), still unreservedly and continually, at the risk of misconstruction and contempt; also (as the apostles have taught us to do), didactically rather than emotionally, aiming at the understanding as the fittest passage chamber to the soul, with a sagacious sympathy that approaches them on the side where they are most vulnerable, and with the honest recognition of truths which they hold in common with us, and which we desire to use as paths into the territory beyond.

Then when the dead comes forth living, yet hampered with grave-clothes, it is the pastor's office to loose him and let him go. It cannot need a lengthened argument to enforce the necessity of a careful, and patient, and systematic supervision of baptized converts for months and years afterwards. The Acts tell us that; also that this can ultimately be most effectually done by a native pastorate a moment's reflection may show. Of course, if the Churches in the East are to be kept steady in their hold of catholic truth and fellowship, generations may pass before they can safely dispense with the guidance of their European fathers. Yet the sympathy of common blood, of national history, of local association, of early training is vital and lasting; and if the Church is to spread widely

and deeply—if she is to attract to herself the masses of the people, and to build the Church of Asia on the one foundation of Jesus Christ, there must be ample elasticity both in local arrangement and external machinery; and the Church will grow only as she is wide and free. And, my brethren, shall she grow? These “fields white unto the harvest,” shall *our* hands reap them for the Lord; or shall He come and find us sleeping, and so hire others into our places? No words can exaggerate the solemn responsibility which rests with those I see before me to-day, and to whom my heart goes out in the sympathy of one who, for the best years of his life, joined with them in their hallowed activities, hopes to be considered their brother still. It is not too much to say that on the provincial clergy of England the progress of missions must depend; for in the great towns, London most of all, the clergy are like men buried up to their waist in a great earth pit of conflicting duties, only half free for work outside. Definite, complete, vigilant parochial organization is the vital element under God of our Society’s success; and I am sometimes tempted to tremble when I see how great a power is in the hands of the clergy, for which some of them do not seem to care. May I quote here the unimpeachable testimony of an impartial and incorruptible witness? In a letter written just fifty years ago to the Resident Masters of the University of Oxford, after noticing certain presumed irregularities in the practice of the Society—all of which, be it observed, have since been eagerly and successfully imitated by other Church societies—John Henry Newman then proceeds: “In the case of this Society the authority of our ecclesiastical rules is acknowledged by its very name, which its regulations so well bear out, that you may search in vain through them all for any principle of a sectarian tendency;” and he adds, with the object of gaining for it the support and steadying influence of the entire Church, “It is only necessary for the clergy of each diocese and archdeaconry to take up the management of the association in their own neighbourhood.”\* And, brethren, that we may do this, and with both hands, earnestly, what shall we ask of God?

Is it faith? Well, we do want faith, and our prayer must ever be, “Lord, increase our faith.” For surely it is true, that if there is faith on the earth when the Lord comes back, it will be greatly due to Christian missions. They are the protest of vital

godliness against a formal and languid religionism. They are the direct challenge of those who tell us that Jesus never rose; they are the emphatic antidote to that sickly and feeble creed, which, with courage neither to believe nor to deny, begins by telling us that life is a journey between two nights, and ends with the consolation that “at intervals a paternal smile traverses Nature.” It is the resolute courage that looks right into the tomb with its fetid air and ghastly decay, because He bids us do it, who whispers while we do it, “Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?”

Yet we *do* believe a little, or why are we here to-day? We believe in the redeeming purpose of God, and that it is His will presently to gather together in one all things in Christ; and though He seems to be waiting, He knows why He is waiting; be sure, that when all things are made plain at break of day, there will be no flaw in His perfect righteousness, no speck or stain on the mercy of His heart. And we believe in the Intercession of the Son; that, as He said to His disciples about Lazarus, “This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God”—though Lazarus did die—so in some mystery of His love, this condition of the heathen may have a compensating side to it; and that as He looks down on the dark places of the earth, and speaks to us about them, He says, “Obey me, yet trust me.”

And, indeed, we believe in the Holy Ghost, the Author and Giver of life, with every fibre and pulse of our being. Perhaps the most consoling feature about these latter days, not too full of consolation, is that the Church’s faith seems stirred and invigorated about the work of the Spirit; that this Purpose of the Father, not spent at Pentecost, is being fulfilled to us who believe.

Yet it must be “faith working by love,” for, indeed, it seems to me that our great lack is of love; and that because there is so little love—and therefore so little sacrifice—the reproach of a living preacher is so true, “The great vice of human nature is slackness about good;” and so this great daughter of the Church has her checks, and delays, and disappointments in her onward march with the message of salvation; not because Christ stints His grace, but because His people grudge their offering. For, if money is the test of character, slender gifts are the language of lukewarm love.

Also, I think that if ever Christ deserved to be honoured, and His goodness con-

\* “Via Media,” vol. ii. p. 9.

spicuously recognised, it is to-day. A year of almost unexampled depression has, nevertheless, terminated with a heavy inherited embarrassment entirely swept away, and with what might be almost called the insignificant accident of £3,000 on the debit side.

Moreover, twelve months ago, a shadow on the horizon had gathered into a black mist; and the mist might mean a storm. That, too, has disappeared by God's great blessing on sagacious, kindly counsel; yes, and let me add, on the conscience of a young bishop, about whom none, however seriously they felt compelled to differ from his convictions, ever seriously doubted his love to Christ. Surely all here this evening will ask for him, what he bids us ask for in his own touching language, that he may resume his blessed work with "humility and wisdom, and a deeper spirit of prayer." Therefore I say let us bless God for His goodness. While we ask Him to help us to love Him, we shall show that we love Him by our gifts; and pray Him not only now, but to-morrow and continually,

to bestow on us more of a holy, and serious, and steady, and yet passionate devotion;—a love which is not so much a sentiment as a force in our nature; a love which grows from continual communion with Christ, and adoring contemplation of Him, so that if the fancy sleeps the will is true.

O Jesus of Nazareth, Who from Thy Throne above the stars lookest down in compassion on the heathen that have not known Thee, and on the people that have not called on Thy name; so steep us in the spirit of Thy Atoning Passion—so persuade us of the loss of those who miss Thee, and of the peril of those who forget Thee, that this very night, as did our fathers of old, we may make Thee an offering in some way worthy of Thy unspeakable goodness, and our own indebtedness; and thus, made mighty in the power of Thy Resurrection, and consecrated with the fellowship of Thy Sufferings, we shall ever rejoice to remove this stone from the Sepulchre, and to push the Triumph of Thy Cross.

## THE VOICES OF THE FLOWERS.

IF you lie with your ear to the soft green earth,  
When the rain and the sunshine fall,  
You can hear the flowers in their gay glad mirth  
To each other whisper and call.

For hush'd, like an infant in sleep, they lie  
In their moist cool cells below,  
Awary of hearing the wind's bleak sigh,  
And the falling of the snow.

But when spring comes down to the earth, and her feet  
Sends a thrill through woodland and plain,  
And the clouds weep tears that are soft and sweet,  
But which we miscall the rain,

Then they waken up with a light in their look,  
And in low sweet whispers they cry—  
"Sisters, a murmur is heard in the brook,  
And sunshine is seen in the sky.

"It is time we should burst through the young green earth,  
As the stars through the heavens by night,  
That the young and the old may rejoice in our birth,  
And we in the calm sweet light."

Then one said, "Sisters, where shall we grow?  
I shall grow by the side of the stream,  
And all day long I will blossom and blow,  
Till the dews fold me up in a dream."

"And I," said another, "will bloom by the way  
Where the children go in a band;  
They will stop for a moment their gladsome play,  
And touch my lips with their hand."

"I will peep from the long rich grass," said one,  
"When the meadows bow to the wind,  
And will catch like dewdrops the fairy tone  
Of the music it leaves behind."

"And I," said one, "in some garden rare,  
Where my fairer sisters abide;  
And it may be that I may be twined in the hair  
Of the maid as she blooms into bride."

Then a sweeter voice held the rest in thrall—  
"O sisters, what things ye have said!  
I shall grow in the sweetest spot of all—  
On the graves of the calm pure dead.

"They will know that I blossom above their dust,  
And will yearn, in their silent abode,  
For the grand Resurrection to crown their trust  
In the love and the promise of God."

Thus the flowers whisper, and if you lie  
When the rain and the sunshine fall,  
You will hear them question and make reply  
If your heart is at one with all.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.





"She was bringing in a bunch of blush roses to set on the breakfast table, and she was holding up a very large rhubarb leaf by way of parasol."



"And she, comfortably perched on a large flower-pot turned upside down, was looking at him."

## SARAH DE BERENGER.

By JEAN INGELow.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was two years after the lecture before Amias again appeared at the door of his brother's parsonage, two years of growth, expansion, and improvement for him, both mentally, morally, and physically. He was a fine young man now, tall, brown, and broad-shouldered, and with a deep, manly voice.

Felix, in the meanwhile, had been almost stationary. He had, it seemed, reached the limit of his mental growth, and he had come to consider the parish as his world, and the care of it as his life.

Amias, in his mind and thought, lived with that brother, in that parsonage, close to that church; they were the scenery in which he acted out his speculations, and Felix was his audience. They were as familiar to him as his own thumbs and fingers, and yet, the moment he saw them, he was, notwithstanding, aware of a change. The furniture struck him with a sense of surprise; it was so simple, so sparsely distributed about the rooms. And yet he remembered that it had not been changed. And Felix!—dear old Felix wore his newest coat when he came to London, but now he looked what he was, a country clergyman with narrow means.

But then there were the two little girls and Dick to be seen. Let us take the former first, as having been the cause of every real change

about the place. They were most beautiful creatures, their voices soft as the cooing of doves. They were growing tall, but they ran about the garden after Felix as if they had been tame fawns.

Ann Thimbleby and her sister were gone—they had found a vegetarian family to teach—and a widow lady had come to the village who acted as daily governess to the little "Miss de Berengers." Old Sir Samuel came frequently to see them. He was treated almost with uncivil silence and coldness by Mrs. Snaith. Sir Samuel loved them and they loved him; he thought they grew more like his son John. The fact was, that he had imparted a something pathetic to his son's face, out of the pathos in his own thoughts of him, as one whom he loved and who was dead, and that something he now and then beheld in these children's eyes. He liked them to come to him and sit on his knee, and insist on his kissing their dolls; it pleased him that they stroked their soft hands over his beard, and took liberties with his own particular pencil-case. Amabel once begged a silk pocket-handkerchief of him to make a counterpane for her best doll. He gave it, and was exceedingly snappish to Mrs. Snaith, when she brought it in, the next time he called, washed and ironed, and begged to apologize for "Miss Amabel, who had taken a liberty, bless her."

Felix had not the least thought of ever

parting with Amabel and Delia, probably as he took for granted that they must *somehow* be John's children; he thought that was the reason. And yet, if the whole truth had been confided to him, he would, perhaps, have kept them; they were dear to him, as amusing as kittens; they gave him no trouble, and their love was demonstrative and fervent, without being at all exacting.

When he was tired of them he could always say, "There, go to Mrs. Snaith," and, of course, Mrs. Snaith took good care that he should have as little trouble with them as possible. It caused her, some years before, many a jealous pang to see how they would go and peep in at his study window, and stand there awhile for the mere pleasure of looking at him. She never told them not to do it, though the end of it generally was that he would open the window and give each of them a kiss, that they might go away and play contentedly. They always wore lockets that Sir Samuel had given them. Felix thought he knew and they knew what was in them; but once, when he asked Amabel, she shook her head and whispered to him that she was not to tell. He supposed it to be John's hair.

Sir Samuel had decided to leave a younger son's portion between them in his will, but not to allow Felix anything for them in the present. He had been told what they possessed, and knew it was sufficient. It was best to let well alone. But he was improving, and, as his nephew had said, developing a conscience. He showed this in a very convenient way; for when Dick was of a proper age, he came to see Felix, and reverting to his old grievance, that he could do nothing for Amias, he proposed, entirely at his own charge, to put Dick to school.

Felix, who had fully perceived that Amias, with his views, ought not to accept any of the old man's money, was yet far from any such extreme notion as that he himself was shut out from deriving benefit from property which, but for an informal will, would part of it have become his own. He therefore accepted the proposal. Sir Samuel sent the boy to a public school, and paid all his bills also. This, he felt, could establish no claim on him when school days were over; and the result was that the benefit came to his own family, though all the time he felt convinced that he was rewarding the more remote relative for goodness shown to those nearer to him, his grandchildren, who, if he once began openly to provide for them, might in the future put forth a claim—expect perhaps,

when they grew up, to come and live with him.

Though he was such an old man, he always supposed himself to be living when they grew up; he fancied himself at last investigating matters, and of course discovering that they were his son John's offspring. He went through imaginary interviews with their future suitors, in which these gentlemen, requesting to be told his intentions towards his granddaughters, were made to settle handsome sums on the young ladies, and content themselves for the most part with future prospects.

In the meanwhile, the poor invalid, his eldest son, died at last at Mentone, and his second son, Tom, already the father of three little girls, sent them home to England. It seemed a perversity of nature, certainly, that he should have so many children of the wrong sort, but he fondly hoped soon to add a boy.

These children—pale, fair little creatures—were established with their maternal grandmother when they came over from Burmah. Sir Samuel went to the north of the county to see them. They had the delicate complexions and reddish hair of his family, but he saw nothing interesting in *their* likeness to their father. He loved Amabel and Delia best.

The children of a drunken shoemaker, who was a convict! It seems unfair that they should have been the cherished visitors of an old man's dreams; but there is often a strange and curious balance in these matters. He gave where there was no claim; but then he had, with all his might, prevented and thought scorn of the marriage which would, in all likelihood, have caused such a claim.

He loved these little aliens to his blood, but at least they loved him in return, and just in the kind and degree that he did. They loved with the drawings of personal approval and quite unreasonable preference. He was nice; what he did was right. He was not called grandfather, of course, but he had a nickname that he liked just as well.

The simple fact of this equality of affection would have made it sweet and worth having, even if the truth had been discovered. There would not have been that pathos in it which hangs about most friendship bestowed beyond the limits of the family. In general, affection is not equal; one bestows with fervour and cannot help it, the other receives and rewards as well as he or she can.

Amabel was now twelve years old, and Dick was a fine boy, much grown and im-



proved. During his holidays the three children were constant companions. They were all young for their years. Amias rather liked to have them at his heels, as he strolled about the garden with his cigar. His gentleness with them endeared him to Sir Samuel, who, with the usual perversity of human liking, continued to find many good qualities in him, and to regret his contumelious withdrawal, mainly because he had withdrawn, but partly because he had shown, especially of late, an excellent capacity for getting on alone.

Mrs. Snaith, during those years, had greatly improved; she had been drinking in deep draughts of peace. Her voluntary descent had been rewarded with the obscurity she needed. Her renunciation of her two children, also, was only in name; she possessed their hearts, and, excepting when Sarah interfered, their confidence also.

Sarah disparaged her sometimes. "Such a dear kind nurse, my pets, but no occasion to tell *that* to her; ask Cousin Sarah. Little girls are not to be too intimate with servants."

The children listened, tried to obey, and for the moment gave themselves airs; but nature was too strong for them, and they stole away, when Cousin Sarah was not looking, to "help" Mamsey when she was working; or, tall as they were growing, to delight themselves with her caresses, or get her to sit on the rocking-chair and take them both at once on her knees.

Whenever there was anything the matter with them, they were wholly her own. They divided their smiles with others, but all their tears were shed in her arms. Sometimes she wept with them; the child for its passing grief, the mother for her infinite misfortune—the lost and outraged love of her youth, the disgraced life, the self-renunciation. But, after all, when they had wept together, the child, perfectly consoled, would fall asleep on her bosom, and the mother, with impassioned love, would admit to herself, as all keen affection must, that if she could not have both, she grudged their joys far less to others than their tears.

Amias, who had hitherto taken his aunt Sarah for granted, just as she was, felt surprised to find her remarkably foolish; for long absence, without destroying memory, enabled him to look at customary things as if they were fresh. He was surprised no less to remark the complacent affection with which Felix regarded her. She was more slender, more sprightly, and more gaily

dressed than ever, and she was obviously most welcome to do and say in his house whatever she pleased.

Sometimes, when he was strolling about the garden, cogitating on some political or literary matter of real importance, he would come upon a scene which for the moment would fling him back with almost painful suddenness into the past, and make the latter years of his life look all unreal and distant to him.

"Yes," Sarah was observing one day, when he came upon them thus, "it is a subject, my dear Felix, which frequently engages my attention. Certainly, as you say, it does not do to generalise too confidently on it, and yet my experience is by no means small."

Felix, with the shadowy smile in his eyes, through which a little harmless malice shone, was calmly digging his plot, and she, comfortably perched on a large flower-pot turned upside down, was looking at him with her head on one side.

"What do you think?" she inquired; "and what does Amias think?"

"About what?" Amias not unnaturally inquired.

Sarah was too deep in thought to give him a direct answer.

She said, "I've got a new gardener, called David—yes. Now, we can hardly suppose that Providence interferes, when a child is named David, to change the colour of his hair if it was going to be black; but it is a remarkable fact, that you will find a man of the name of David always has sandy hair, or, at any rate, light hair."

"So he has," said Felix calmly. "It cannot be denied. But don't you think it may be because David is almost always a Scotchman? They almost always have light hair."

"No," said Sarah. "But I think, as you said, that one can hardly dogmatize about it; it's a mysterious subject."

"He is always a Scotchman," persisted Felix; "and if he isn't, he ought to be."

"But that," continued Sarah, "is only one out of hundreds of names. Does it result from the eternal fitness of things, that a woman named Fanny (always in a book, and generally in real life) is frivolous? Did you ever meet with a ponderous, or a managing, or a learned Fanny? All literature shows what Fanny is! In fact, I believe it is the observation of this which causes people not to use the name half so much as they used to do. Then, again, some names are quite gone out, because it has been observed that the girls who had them always became old

maids—Miss Grizzle, for instance. Griselda was once a favourite name—Miss Penelope, Miss Rebecca, Miss Tabitha.”

Felix made no reply, good or bad, to this speech, though he seemed to derive a certain satisfaction from it.

“I wouldn’t call a son Lionel on any account,” she continued, “unless I wished him to go into the army; nor Robert, if I objected to his taking holy orders; nor Godfrey, unless I knew beforehand that he would be fat, and nothing I could do could prevent it; nor Gilbert, if I wished him to pay his debts.”

“I don’t think there is so much in it as you suppose,” said Amias, as gravely as Felix might have done.

“But that,” answered Sarah, “is because you have not sufficiently gone into the matter. Yes—we cannot expect to understand everything in this world, nor how things act upon one another.”

“I can understand,” said Amias, “that a man’s name, if he connected a certain character with it, would act upon him; but I cannot understand that he would act upon his name.”

“But human knowledge is making great strides,” observed Sarah. “Look at the things they have discovered in the microscope. It takes some of these four generations to come round again to themselves! And yet they are atoms so small that if garden worms were as much magnified in proportion, they would reach from here to London. I think, therefore—yes—that we ought not to despair about finding out and understanding anything, though at the same time, as I have just said, we are not exactly to expect it.”

Amias found them at peace in the rectory, and he left them at peace. There was a certain air of leisure about them all. When Jolliffe picked the peas, she took her time over them, and strolled up to the bean bed, before she went in, to ascertain if the beans were coming on, which they did, also at their leisure; while, perhaps, Felix, at his leisure, was proceeding into the church, to be ready for some rustic bridal.

Amias spent three weeks with his brother, “partook of his victuals,” and also of this leisure, which he found extremely sweet. When he departed, he thought he would come again very soon, and so felt a very bearable pang at parting.

But he did not come soon; it fell in his way to write some articles in a magazine, which brought him into sudden notice.

The youth who had with such extreme difficulty paid his tailor’s bill, and eked out his means of living by the sale of an old necklace, began to find himself in easy circumstances. He was *somebody*, and he had the unusual good fortune to be very soon “looked up” by another *somebody*, and offered an appointment which kept his powers almost always on the stretch and his mind always improving; for, besides research, it demanded of him a great deal of travelling.

In the meantime Dick did well at school, Sir Samuel mellowed and improved, Felix almost stood still, and Amabel and Delia grew to be prettier than ever; but Mrs. Snaith, just as the former reached the age of sixteen, fell sick, and was all at once in low spirits without apparent cause. She had a startled and nervous way that surprised all about her; did not like to go out of doors, and, when alone, was often found shedding tears.

“What is it, Mrs. Snaith, darling?” asked Delia when, one day coming into the room still called the nursery, she found Mrs. Snaith standing there, and hastily folding a newspaper and putting it in her pocket. “What is that rubbishy *Suffolk Chronicle* to you?”

“Who told you it was the *Suffolk Chronicle*, Miss Delia, dear?”

Sarah had long ago hinted to Mrs. Snaith that she would do well to add the “Miss” to Delia’s name. She had always called Amabel “missy” from her birth.

“Why, I saw it, Mamsey.”

Delia was fourteen. Both the girls took after their mother in height, though the poor cobbler had given them his beautiful face.

Delia approached Mrs. Snaith with her arms wide open, and calmly wrapped them completely around her.

“I do think they grow longer every day,” she observed of the said arms.

Mrs. Snaith was trembling; Delia’s cheek was laid against hers, with a certain moderation of unimpassioned tenderness.

The mother stood perfectly still, but a few heart-sick tears fell down her face; she was consoled by the quiet closeness of Delia’s embrace, and in a minute or two she released one hand, and, wiping them away, said, “But I must finish the ironing now, my beauty bright, else your frills and laces won’t be ready for Sunday.”

Delia kissed her, and, withdrawing a little, looked at her. “You don’t get enough air,” she said—“always moping in this room. When we were little, you used to iron sometimes out of doors, under the walnut-trees. Oh, Mamsey, do it now!”

"I fare to think it would fatigue me to carry out the things now."

"Dick shall carry them," exclaimed Delia, and she ran out of the room.

She was unusually tall for her age, nearly of the average height already. Her face was dimpled, her hands were dimpled; the whole young growing creature was supple and soft. She had a mischievous delight in teasing Dick and reigning over him, but no one living was so fond of him. Sometimes when with Dick she tried to remember that she was "getting quite old," but with Felix she was still as playful as a kitten.

"What time does Mr. Amias come?" asked Mrs. Snaith, when, with more commotion than was needed, Dick and Delia had brought out the ironing-table, and covered it with a blanket and a white cloth. They set it and some chairs under the great spreading walnut-trees, in the little yard paved with coggle-stones, which was divided from the garden by a long, low rockery.

"What time?" repeated Amabel. "Well, there is no train till five, and Coz is going to wait at the station for him till he comes. Coz is gone to the ruri-diaconal meeting."

"I suppose we must make ourselves fit to be seen," said Delia. "No doubt he thinks he is a great gentleman now."

"Fit to be seen!" exclaimed Dick. "Why, these are the most stunning frocks you ever had."

The girls were dressed in white, and had some blue ribbons about them; but Delia's frock was crumpled. She looked like a tall, overgrown child; her long locks were carelessly tied back with a blue ribbon, and her delicate cheeks were slightly flushed with exercise. Amabel, on the other hand, looked fair and quiet in the lovely shade of afternoon; her ribbons were fresh, her frock clean. Excepting when she talked or smiled, she had still the wistful look of her childhood. Delia had it even at this moment. She and Dick had brought out each an iron. Mamsey was telling them where these were to be placed, and while Dick obeyed, Delia slowly approached hers close to Dick's ear. He naturally started back, and she, as if she had only been making a quiet experiment necessary for the occasion, set it down and ran off for something more, he after her.

But Mamsey, for whom all these preparations had been made, had hardly begun her work, when she became so tired and faint that she was obliged to sit down, and so it came to pass that Amabel and Delia insisted on setting up as ironers on their own account,

and there ensued a great sprinkling of lace and muslin. Dick got a sprinkling also, to make him grow, and was sent continually backward and forward to the kitchen to bring the irons, to bring tea for the girls and for Mrs. Snaith, and to bring more chairs.

"None of them will ever be happier," thought the poor mother, as she gazed at her two young queens, trying their fair hands at the ironing-board, clapping the lace between their palms as they had seen her do, and making Dick feel the Italian-iron with his great brown hand, lest it should be too hot for them when they pinched up the frills and set them daintily upon it.

In the golden shade of afternoon their light-hearted sweetness consoled and soothed her. She was weary of thinking on one only subject, and repeating over certain words, which at first reading them had almost crushed her; but now she escaped to a little welcome rest, while Amabel ironed and laughed, and Delia flitted about, offering a great deal of advice and not doing much, though Dick contrived to give himself the air of one diligently helping her.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

AND so it fell out, in the very crisis of the ironing, at a quarter before five of the clock, just as Amabel held up delicately a long piece of lace, which, to the deep interest of Dick and Delia, she had managed to finish without either crumpling or scorching, two gentlemen came round from the front of the house—Felix and another.

It was a still, hot afternoon, but the ironing-table was well within the golden shade of the walnut-trees. Mrs. Snaith, in her black alpaca gown, made a due foil in the picture for two fair creatures, busy and important. So did Dick, for, fine boy as he was, he had in some small degree that awkwardness, that nearly loutishness, which often afflicts the youthful man when his legs and arms have grown almost out of his own knowledge, and when, having become suddenly somewhat ponderous, he frequently finds his movements making more noise than he intended.

Dick was inclined to be shy and shame-faced about himself when the girls teased him. It seemed a shame that he should grow so big, when Amabel would ask him for one of his gloves to carry aloft on a stick, as a sufficient parasol; or when Delia would remark that his shoes, when he had grown out of them, should be presented to the little seaside place often mentioned here, that a grateful country, sinking them in the

sand, might use them as dry docks for the fishing smacks.

And yet the joy and glory of being with these two girls was already enough to draw him away from the football and cricket, the rowing and running, which, when at school, he delighted in.

So Amabel was holding up the lace when Amias, coming round a corner, first saw with his eyes that there were two young ladies in the garden, and then perceived with his intelligence that they must be Amabel and Delia.

He looked at Felix with a flash of surprise. Amabel was such a fair young creature, and Felix had all these years, in his letters, or during his visits to London, never said or written anything about her which appeared to show that he knew she was beautiful, or even that he was aware she was fast growing up.

The brothers advanced. Mrs. Snaith rose and stood in her place. Delia ran forward and kissed Felix, and Amabel, serene, not surprised, moved only a step or two towards them.

Felix had been away two nights. She also kissed him, as an accustomed and not, as it seemed, specially interesting ceremony to either party.

Amias was absolutely startled, so that a fine red hue showed itself through the brown of his cheek. How would she greet him?

In a manner that quite satisfied him. He raised his hat; and she quietly, as though she took a certain number of moments that could be counted to do it in, looked at him with sweet and modest interest, as if she might have been thinking about him beforehand, and then she held out her pretty hand and smiled.

Amias felt for the moment almost as shy as Dick, who, called by Felix, now came blundering up; and the brothers, laughing and each surprised at the appearance of the other, shook hands with hearty pleasure; one thinking, "I did not know he was a swell," and the other, "This fellow will be six feet high before he has done growing."

"We did not think you would be so early," said Amabel.

"We could not have been," answered Felix, "if we had stopped at this station. We met two stations off, and there Amias hired a fly. He wanted to see the country and drive through the park."

"You might have met Uncle Sam," said Dick; "he has been here to give Amabel her riding lesson."

"Coz," said Delia, pouting, "isn't it unfair that he never asks me? I can never ride."

"There's the donkey," answered Felix, smiling and gently lifting Delia's face by putting his hand under her chin. She was manifestly the favourite.

"But he won't go!" exclaimed Delia, throwing such tragic tones into her voice, and such needless pathos into her face as seemed to show that she had nothing more important to use up her feelings for. "Oh, Coz, you did say that some day you would hire a pony, and that I should go out riding with you."

"We'll see about it," said Felix, basely putting off this desired event to some perfectly indefinite date.

Delia sighed, and Mrs. Snaith now beginning to put the ironed lace, &c., into two light baskets, each of the girls took one and went in with it, she and Dick following with the chairs.

Amias stood a moment surprised, and yet he had known the girls were still with his brother. What could he have expected? He roused himself, went into the church with Felix, and was shown a lectern that "old Sam" had given. Sir Samuel appeared to play a much larger part than formerly in the life of the rectory. Then he went into the garden and all over the premises. He asked no questions about the girls, but he thought the position of Felix as their guardian began to be decidedly curious.

He did not see them again that night; they had dined early, and they did not appear till the next morning, about half an hour before service time. To say that they looked fairer, fresher, and more graceful than ever, would not half explain the complicated impressions they made on him. They also both appeared more childlike than before, though Amabel, as befitted her age, was mindful of the presence of an almost strange gentleman; while Delia, regarding him as the brother of Felix (who was quite an elderly man), made no difference in her usual style of talk because of him.

"I want my sermon-case," said Felix.

"Then Delia shall fetch it. Do, Delia," began Amabel persuasively.

Felix was seated on the sofa, already in his cassock. Delia, beside him, had put her arm through his. He was reading his sermon over, and took no notice of the girls.

Amabel was moving across the middle of the room putting on her gloves. As she buttoned one, she turned her head slightly

over her shoulder. She was manifestly observing how her train followed her, and how her sash floated after.

Felix, having finished his reading, looked up, and, as if supposing that he had not been heard, told Delia again that he wanted his case.

"But Amabel will get my place if I fetch it," said Delia; "and it really is my turn to walk with you to church."

"You walked with Coz on Wednesday," answered Amabel.

"But that," said the unreasonable child, "was a saint's day, and I don't consider that it counts."

"Fetch the case, goosey," answered Felix. "I remember that it is your turn."

All this time Amias, standing on the rug, amused himself with looking on, and none of them took any particular notice of him.

Delia, now satisfied, started up with a laugh of loving malice at Amabel, and presently brought in the sermon-case; then turning her head, much as Amabel had done, "Look at our new frocks, Coz," she exclaimed—"our frocks that Cousin Sarah gave us; don't they look sweet?"

"Your new frocks?" repeated Felix, turning with no particular intelligence in his glance. "Oh—ah—new, are they? Well, they seem to fit well enough, as far as I can see;" then he added, like a good parson as he was, "But I wish, when you have new habiliments, that they were not always put on first on a Sunday; they take your minds off from attending to the service."

Then he began to talk to Amias, but at the first pause, "Shall we change them, Coz?" asked Amabel, with obedient sweetness.

"No, no," he answered; "no occasion for that."

That such a celestial vision should be desirous of pleasing the "old man," appeared quite ridiculous.

"And she gave us our new hats too," observed Delia. "Look, Coz. She never gave us such a handsome present before."

These hats were white, and, as Amias remarked, semi-transparent. Feathers drooped over one side. Amias, as he looked, felt quite abashed. How could milliners have the conscience to concoct such beautiful things for creatures more than distracting enough already?

"She brought them from London," said Delia.

It was manifest that it was their array, and not themselves, that the two girls were admiring. One of them was almost a child,

and the other almost a woman, but Amias hardly knew yet which he liked best, and he supposed that the new hats must be the cause of their attractiveness. He found Amabel so lovely as hardly to be able to look at her, and yet he admitted to himself that her beauty was not in her features so much as in the pure fairness of her complexion, in the dark lashes that half shaded her pensive blue eyes, and in the slow sweetness of the smile which would adorn her face with such bewitching dimples. It was her hat, it was her feathers, which gave that distinguished air to her head. So he thought; for he could not escape from thinking of her, being the slave for the moment of every pretty girl. Good young men generally are.

So they all went to church, family and servants, excepting Mrs. Snaith, who was left to take care of the house and attend to the early dinner. She had little to do but to prepare some vegetables. The large joint was cold; the custards and the fruit tarts were already made. She got on pretty well at first, in the clean sunny kitchen. Her lips never trembled so long as there was anything to be done, but when she had also laid the cloth in the dining-room and was returning to the nursery, a sudden pang overtook her, and she stood still as she had done the previous day, and wept.

She stood a few minutes, sobbing and shedding heart-sick tears, before she could rouse herself; then she went into the nursery, unlocked a drawer in her old-fashioned bureau, which had been saved from the fire, and took out the *Suffolk Chronicle*, to read for the fiftieth time the miserable news it had conveyed to her.

"To her that have been looking out for tidings from me this fourteen years and two months and six days. I am that vexed to be a misery to you, that are the niece of an honest man and my good friend, that, if I dared, I would leave this thing to take care of itself; but 'tis best to write for your sake. And, first, you will understand that, if he that has a right to trouble you had behaved himself better, you would have had this news full four years ago; but for several years he behaved very bad, and so was kept in to the last moment that the law allowed."

"And came up to where I am, and demanded his wife and children and the property; and I told him the children had died, as I was very sorry indeed to hear was the case soon after we parted. And he pretended to be vexed, and said he were a reformed character, and had the impudence to offer to

pray with me, along of my not being in a good frame of mind, for I had the gout in my hand, and was that put out with him, that I was not particular in my language. The end of it is, I am vexed to say, that he went to Bristol, the last place, as he understood, where you were heard of. And so no more, but God keep you, wherever you be, from a canting hypocrite.—G.”

Mamsey sat down in the rocking-chair, and thought over, as she had so often done lately, the terms of this letter. Bristol was north-west of the place where she dwelt, and it was not on the same line of railway. But oh, what a little place England is! and how could she be sure that no one whatever knew of her whereabouts?

The Christian names of her children were so uncommon that, in spite of her wretched husband's belief that they were dead, he would not hear them again, if he came near her, without suspicion. What should she do—what should she do? It seemed to her unbearable misery to leave her darlings, but it would be cruel indeed to expose them to any risk. Her husband was at Bristol. Should she fly to London and bury herself there?

She was yet thinking on this subject when the family and Jolliffe came home from church, and something to attend to brought her a little welcome relief.

At the early dinner she waited at table, and Amias noticed a kind of sweet and sad dignity in her manner. When she spoke she used the homely English of her native town, Ipswich; but her movements had a grace that he could not fail to acknowledge.

Not hurried, not inattentive, she yet appeared to be dwelling in some inner world while she went about her duties; and he saw that, when she stood a few moments at the sideboard, her eyes were examining the two girls and Felix, almost as if she was learning by heart their features and air. A singular thing this, since she was so familiar with them. And a singular thing, too, that a guest should occupy himself so much with the servant: but he perfectly observed that he was not alone in being so occupied.

There is no dignity so touching and so telling as that of those who have renounced all. They expect nothing of any man, that they should excite themselves in order to please him. They cannot be patronized, for no one has anything to give that they care to take. Mrs. Snaith was doing her best, and the words “Here we have no continuing city” were present to her thoughts; but she

had wept her last tear over the news, and there had come over her mind a great calm.

She had never looked better.

She had no sooner withdrawn after dinner, having set fruit and wine on the table, than Felix said to Amabel, “Mamsey looks a little better to-day.”

“She said she had slept better, Coz,” answered Amabel; “and Mr. Brown says there is nothing the matter with her, if she could but think so.” Poor unconscious daughter!

Mr. Brown was the doctor.

“Yes,” observed Delia, “I heard him tell her that she really must rouse herself. He said he had never met with a person more free from all disease, or one with a finer frame.”

“Nothing could be more opportune than our going to the sea just now,” said Felix. “I dare say the change will bring her round. We all want a change now and then.”

“And Cousin Amias says he will take us out fishing,” said Delia.

Dick was immediately devoured with jealousy.

Amias listened to all this with something like jealousy also. Here was Felix, his nearest relation, far more important to him than any other person living. And this parsonage, rather bare, rather shabby, and quite out of the world, was still his home; but of what importance was he in it? Felix was more interested in these two girls, who were always with him, than in his brother. Why, even a servant who made his life comfortable was probably more interesting!

Was this inevitable? Perhaps it was; and if so, he would not grumble at Felix, but he would come more frequently to see them all; he would make himself of more consequence to Felix.

Felix had a great respect for this half-educated woman; her sweet humility touched him. He never asked her any questions, but her evident love for Amabel and Delia made him feel sure that her unhappy marriage had brought her children and she had lost them. As years had gone on he had more and more left her and Jolliffe to arrange all household matters as they pleased. No man could well be less master of his house and his belongings, but all was so well done for him that he scarcely knew it. And now Mrs. Snaith was ill—at least she appeared to think so, for she had asked to see a doctor, and for some little time had been very nervous and sometimes faint. This had changed the manner of Felix. He had felt and expressed some anxiety about her.

After studiously preserving a certain style of speech and bearing towards her, he had unconsciously changed it, and if any one about him had been observant excepting Amias (which was not the case), it would have been as evident to all as it was to him. Felix felt that hers was probably a sickness of the heart, and that it had to do with the convict husband; but he asked her no questions, though he frequently felt what a gap she would make in his household if she withdrew, and how impossible it would be to supply her place.

## CHAPTER XX.

As Felix and his party left the church on Sunday morning, Sir Samuel de Berenger

had accosted them. His manner to Amias had been extremely cordial, but though Felix noticed this, Amias did not; he had become in some measure accustomed to cordiality, and the ancient fracas between him and his old great-uncle was of no consequence to him now. He had an income which was sufficient for his very simple style of living; he liked his work, and found time, when it was over, for a good deal of public speaking, at religious, philanthropical, and also political meetings.

Amias was a good deal altered; he was no longer afraid as to what people would think of him.

He had lived through his self-scorn, and the scorn of other people, in the notion that



"And here was the donkey."

he must be a fanatic; had said things that he had smarted for afterwards, as suspecting that they were ridiculous—and now, behold, the very people in his little world who had made most game of him, were quoting them as familiarly true. They had only been a nine-days' wonder, and while he was blushing still for them on the tenth, they were adopted by most of those who had not forgotten them. As related to his religious profession, an almost opposite course had not the less brought him forward to the open confession that he was a sincere Christian.

All Sunday Amias held to his notion that his two child-beauties were lovely by reason

of their array. On Monday morning he saw cause to change his opinion; for, before breakfast, he met Amabel in the garden in a morning dress, made of some sort of pale blue cambric. She was bringing in a bunch of blush roses to set on the breakfast table, and she was holding up a very large rhubarb leaf by way of parasol.

She looked prettier than ever. Amias was alternately attracted and repelled. The first feeling drew him to her side; all nature seemed to smile so on her sweetness. She reminded him, in that secluded spot, of a fair lily shaded by its own green leaf. And then the second feeling came like a smart

box on the ear. He did not like to be so suddenly overcome; it was not in his plans; and he knew that, if he did not look out, a very inconvenient sense of incompleteness would soon lay hold upon him, and when he left her, his heart would be torn in two and the best half left behind him.

Now, what was the part of a wise man in such a case? Why, to decide that he *would* look out. So Amias felt, so he did decide; and, in pursuit of this resolution, he went on and made the circuit of the garden. But that caused no difference, of course. Amabel, not being present, was only the more there. She was everywhere. The young growing things about him were lovely, for they were like her. The old steadfast trees were interesting, as in contrast to her. And here was the donkey! The very donkey was interesting, because she often tried in vain to make him go. Amias, having thought even this, burst out laughing at himself, and felt that he, too, was an ass.

Then he went in, and Delia was there. He saw the girls meet, and wish each other good morning with a kiss. After that came family prayers, and then, during breakfast, a long discussion between Dick and Delia about the delights of going to the sea. They talked a great deal of nonsense in the prospect of this treat, and then Amabel struck in, and she, too, had a childish joy in the prospect. They argued with Felix as to which of them must go inside and which might go outside the coach that was to take them part of the way. They were almost petulant over his decision. Amias listened, and felt as if he was now safe. She was a child:—who falls in love with a child?

What packing there was that day!—what condoling with the donkey, with the young ducks, the dog, and even the cat, because they were to be left behind! "Though our cat is such a cold-hearted person," said Delia, "that even if she knew she would never see us again, she would not leave off mousing for a single day." And then what rapture they got out of their anticipations of the boating and the bathing! It was worth while, Amias thought, living in a country parsonage for years to find such joy at last in a simple change.

So the next morning they all set forth, and even Mrs. Snaith was in good spirits. She was refreshed by bustle, and glad to feel that every throb of the engine took her farther from Bristol. She had suffered much, and now counted the miles with exultation till the party stopped at a station where the coach

met them, and she was made, nothing loth, to take one of the despised inside places, which assured her the shade and seclusion that she loved.

She was manifestly better. She did not now wait at table, and the two brothers seldom saw her excepting when she attended the girls to the shops or to the shore.

Tom de Berenger's three little girls were established near at hand with their grandmother and their governess. They were tall for their years, very fair, and as playful as Delia. No one but old Sir Samuel observed any particular likeness between the two families. He had several times pointed it out, and had been pleased to see how familiarly the three younger girls depended on the two elder, and how they met with the tolerant, easy affection of relatives.

Felix and Amias were treated (much to the vexation of the latter) more as uncles and general dispensers of favours than ever. But at the end of about a fortnight Amias managed to effect a change. Amabel ceased to carry home buckets of forlorn sea anemones, left off grubbing in the cliffs for fossil shells, and sometimes even wore her best hat on week-days. On such occasions Amias was always in attendance, and the three little girls would be sent off to some desirable place for finding cornelian and amber, while Dick and Delia, who considered it very dull work to saunter along looking at the yachts and keeping their feet dry, would soon fall back, the latter on pretence of emptying the sand from her shoes. After this they generally joined the little girls, leading their revels and enjoying their much more lively society.

Amias got on a great deal better when they were gone. He taught Amabel various things, some by word of mouth, some with his eyes. She took a good deal of teaching, but she mastered the lesson at last.

Amabel was not "wasteful;" she did not "cheapen paradise." When Amias had taught her to blush, which she could do now most beautifully, she seldom looked him in the face while he talked, and so she blushed the seldomer. But her wakening life and keener thought sometimes caused her almost unbearable pain.

For Amias had twice gone away and spoken at certain meetings some miles off. He was sufficiently far from his old uncle's neighbourhood to do this without violence to his sense of propriety. England was large enough for his speeches and for all the good influence he could hope to exert, though he



did keep his distance from the old man's door. He had a decided affection for him, and Amabel increased it by the loving way in which she would speak of him. In fact, Sir Samuel showed himself at his best when he was in the company of his so-called granddaughters. His natural courtesy was never more agreeably shown than towards the young ladies of his own family. He taught Amabel to ride, himself holding the leading-rein as she rode beside him; and once, when Delia had been found by him in the school-room "with fair blubbered face," left at home by herself because of the outrageous badness of her French exercise, he set to work with the dictionary, and puzzled his old head, together with her young one, till the others came home from their picnic, and the exercise could be "shown up" perfectly right.

Amabel had often heard of the opinions that Amias took such pains to make known. Sometimes she had read reports of his speeches in the newspapers, read them aloud to Sarah de Berenger, and heard that lady's indignant comments upon them.

But these had caused her no pain. She thought in her heart that Amias was right, but she was never asked for her opinion, and Amias was nothing to her. As for Sir Samuel, it almost seemed to her imagination as if he had never heard of such a thing as a temperance lecture. Such things did not belong to his world. This world, her world, and that of Amias, had not hitherto come together—each had been kept remote from the other—and now she began to perceive that they were all one and the same world after all.

And now—now that she knew Sir Samuel was coming in a few days to see his granddaughters and stay close by—now that some of the local tradespeople had congratulated "Coz," in her hearing, on his brother's eloquence and zeal—now, in short, that Amias had singled her out as the object of his admiration, and had made her feel that a man of his age was not so very old after all—now she felt a keen sense of discomfort, when, having asked him what he had said at these lectures, he would answer and astonish her with the easy calm of his conviction, when he would tell her how he had tried to impress his audience with the misery of the drunkard and the sin of the drunkard-maker.

"But all these people who keep the gin-palaces that you consider so shocking, I do not think you ought to call them drunkard-makers," she observed once, when he had been talking thus. "They make a mistake, no doubt."

"What is the mistake?"

"It may be that they think more such places are needed than is really the case."

Amias had a more fervid nature than his brother, and he seldom thought of things in the abstract, but of the persons who had to do with them.

"But if it takes about thirty thousand drunkards," he answered, "to build up the fortune of a great spirit-distiller, and give a comfortable livelihood to the landlords and families of all the gin-palaces and public-houses where the liquor is sold, ought that fortune to be built up, ought those men who sell to live on the misery of those who buy?"

"Thirty thousand drunkards!" exclaimed Amabel—"thirty thousand! But they are not obliged to drink unless they like. Nobody makes them drink."

"Yes, they are virtually made to drink by constant temptation. The liquor is sold out in such small doses, in such convenient places, and for such trifling sums, that those poor creatures who are inclined to drunkenness are solicited to their ruin every time they go out of doors. This does not give them a fair chance. It ought not to be any man's interest that they should get drunk."

"But it is perfectly lawful to distil spirits," said Amabel, "and perfectly lawful to keep those places for selling it in. If you—if you could persuade all who do either to give it up, others would instantly start forward in their room, and why are these more than other people to be above the law?"

Something almost piteous in the tone of her voice appeared to give it a penetrative quality. Amias was startled, and felt anew what a different thing it was to hold certain opinions in mere theory, and to hold them as against the wishes or feelings of one beloved.

Disturbed almost to the point of wretchedness, he walked awhile in silence beside her. For a few unworthy moments it hardly seemed worth while to live and not be in harmony with her wishes. Love, and even affection, is so extravagant, that there can be no fanatic or even enthusiast living who has not gone through this phase of misery.

Amias said at last, "People are seldom able to soar very high above what is expected of them. It is a fatal thing, therefore, not to be able to believe of any man, of any body of men, that they are incapable of living above the laws. I am quite certain that there are thousands of men in our own

country at the present time, who, if once convinced that they were doing wrong in that matter or any other, would give up everything rather than continue the wrong."

"Give up everything!" exclaimed Amabel, passing over the main point, and, girl-like, commenting on one small point in it. "Surely you do not think people ought never to have any strong drink at all?"

"No, we must have some."

"And how much do you think would be enough?"

"Well," said Amias, laughing, "since you ask me, I will say, at a guess, about a fiftieth part of what is now consumed."

Amabel was silent for a moment; then, not answering his last speech, she remarked, "And it always makes me uncomfortable to hear you talk of the 'liquor traffic.' I do not like names that sound vulgar."

"It makes her uncomfortable," thought Amias, "to hear *me* express myself in a way she calls vulgar!" He paused, and allowed himself silently to enjoy the pleasure this admission gave him. He was so happy, so lifted into the world of dreams, that for at least five minutes he took no notice of his fair companion—never looked her way.

Then they came to the point where they generally turned homeward. They both turned now, and it was towards each other. Her face was very slightly flushed, and a tear had half stolen down her cheek. "Amabel," he said, and unconsciously held out his hand. She put hers into it; but when she tried to withdraw it, having wiped away the stealing tear with her handkerchief, he still held it, and she saw him leaning towards her with eyes of yearning tenderness.

"What is the matter? What do you want to say?" she exclaimed, with evident discomfiture and her sweetest blush.

He answered, releasing her hand, "I only wanted—I only meant to thank you."

Amabel wondered what for, and was very glad when they met the remainder of their party, and the discourse turned on a soldier-crab that they had chased and captured, and were now carrying home, tied up in a blue veil.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

"FELIX," exclaimed Miss de Berenger the next morning, "the girls have been talking to me about a rural entertainment to be given on the race-course. Do you really mean to take them to it?"

"Oh yes, aunt; why not? It will be a kind of picnic for people like us—only the

poor will be feasted. I shall like the girls to hear Amias speak."

"I suppose it will have something to do with temperance, then," said Sarah, in some disgust. "I hardly know how it is that there should always seem to be something so second-rate in that subject. One cannot be its advocate without making one's self ridiculous."

"But on this occasion," said Felix, "there will be several other ways open to your choice, if you want to make yourself ridiculous, aunt—jumping in sacks, for instance, donkey races, athletic sports, etc."

"A person of my age is never athletic enough to take part in such things," said Sarah, in all good faith. "I consider that it would be very unbecoming in me to attempt to please the lower classes thus, and to pretend that I like their amusements."

Felix, well as he knew his aunt, was surprised into silence by this speech, and she presently continued—

"You had better mind what you are about, and not tamper with temperance too much. Amabel is not at all happy. My dear uncle will think it very hard if her mind is poisoned in any way. Yes. She tells me Amias said yesterday that unless each one of the great brewers could be sure of having thirty thousand men always perfectly drunk for him—at their own expense—it would not be worth his while to brew at all."

"That sounds rather a wild statement," observed Felix dryly. "I always distrust round numbers."

"I am sure she said so."

"I should have thought forty thousand was nearer the mark. But I don't wish to be captious."

"Should you really?" said Sarah. "Well, I have no doubt, if you could, you would like to do what the Royal Society wished to do to one of their comets (those scientific things are so curious and interesting). I read myself the other day in a lecture, that though a comet is often several hundred thousand miles long, yet such is its tenuity, that you could easily double up the whole substance of it and squeeze it into a pint pot—if you could only get hold of it. But science, you know, has never been able to get beyond the confines of this world on account of there being no atmosphere up there to breathe. So they can't do it."

"It would be better to say a quart pot," observed Felix; "a pint seems so very small."

"Well," said Sarah, "I am not sure about

the exact size of the pot, but the principle is the same. And I have no doubt that you—and you too, Amias, though you seem to think this a mere joke (Amias had just entered the room)—you too would be quite happy if all the spirits in England could be concentrated over and over again till it could be got into such a pot, and could then be solemnly sunk into the depths of the channel."

"That would be a very bad place, if you mean the *Irish* Channel," observed Amias, "because Ireland would certainly fish the pot up again."

"You take things too literally," said Sarah. "It is a great pity, Amias, to turn all the most philanthropic aspirations into mere jokes."

Perhaps Amias felt the truth of this observation, for he made no rejoinder, even when she had added—

"You would, of course, wish in such a case that the sister island should agree to fill a sister pot, and that the two should roll together, in peace and love, at the bottom of the ocean for evermore. Not that I speak as a sympathizer, but my heart and mind, I am thankful to say, are large enough—yes—to show me what I should wish if I were one."

"You will go, aunt, of course?" said Felix.

"No, I shall not; it would be very inconsistent in me to fly in the face of my own people."

How little the joyous party setting forth to the race-course supposed that the trifling events of this drive were to be hoarded up in memory ever after!

At length they were close to the side of the grand stand, which was draped and bedizened with banners brought from the great house whose owners were the chief givers of the fête.

Then Mrs. Snaith understood that several gentlemen were going to speak; but she only saw the one who stood forward, Amias, and the moment he began, her motherly heart felt that Amabel, sitting beside her, was agitated, was blushing and in utter discomfort.

It was so obvious that she actually trembled lest some one who knew her darling should perceive it. Oh, could it be that her chief treasure had already taken leave of the peace of childhood, and was entering on the restless, useless self-scrutinies of an unrequited affection? Mrs. Snaith thought of Amias as rather a great gentleman, quite out of her

darling's reach, and when the lovely face drooped a little in spite of its listening attitude, and the fair cheek covered itself with a soft carnation, the tender mother felt so keenly and painfully for the child's shy sensitiveness, that she could hardly look up herself. And yet she did, and just at the right moment; as people generally do when some one whom they know well is passing near.

A gentleman on horseback was coming up very leisurely towards the back of the grand stand. Mrs. Snaith's heart seemed for a moment to stand still as she saw him. Sir Samuel de Berenger! He was moving carefully and quietly among the closing groups of people. He was close; he passed right in front of Mrs. Snaith and her charge, but he did not appear to see them. He reined up his horse only a few feet in advance, among a group of farmers also on horseback, and only just far enough back to be unseen by Amias. Amabel had evidently been listening for him as well as for herself. Her mother saw it, and it only added to her discomfort to be sure that he had his part also in that complicated state of feeling that made her look so abashed; it was for his sake as well as for her own that she had blushed. She had seen his approach, and what was he now listening to?

"And as for you," were the first words that reached his ears—"for there must be some such here—as for you who know the bitterness of a thralldom that you cannot escape, though it be ruining you body and soul—as for you whom the law has left, and leaves still, to the mercy of the lawless, the tender mercy of those who reach their greatness through your debasement, and build their houses out of your despair—you whose misery is the heaviest of all needless sorrows that weigh down the heart of the world—do not think you are come here to listen to any reproof. The movements of a pity that can dare to spend itself, sinking at the feet of your misfortune, is far too deep for words; but during your intervals of reprieve, when you think with ruth on the children whom you love, and the wife whom, with them, you are dragging down, consider—and relieve your hearts a little so—consider whether you have nothing in your power that will aid to keep them out of the slough into which your feet have slipped. Have you nothing? Oh yes; you all have a certain influence, and some of you have—a vote.

"I have known many of the most unfortunate among your ranks who have used this influence well. I have heard miserable fathers

entreat their children to abstain, and point to their own deplored example to give force to their words; but I seldom hear them go to the root of the matter, as I want to do now, when I say to you, never vote a brewer into parliament, however high his character may stand; never vote a brewer's son into parliament, however great his talents may be; never, whatever may be his politics, vote in any man who has the least interest in keeping up the profits of that hateful liquor traffic, which is the ruin of these two fairest islands of the world. Never give them your influence by so much even as silence—never, never. What can they give *you* that shall console for what they take? They stand between you and comfort, they stand between you and duty, they stand between you and honour, they stand between you and God.

"And we must be helpless, we shall be helpless, there can be no good legislature—nothing can ever be done to chain this monster, intemperance—so long as such a body of our legislators draw their revenues from it, and spend their strength in keeping it free."

Dick was sitting beside Delia, and so far from sharing Amabel's shyness and discomfort, these two were both highly amused in watching Sir Samuel, who, with a half-smile and an air of wonder, sat listening and keeping just out of sight of Amias. "Why doesn't he get a little forwarder?" whispered Dick. "I wish he would; and I wish I might see Amias start. But nothing worth mentioning ever does happen in this world. There's nothing for a fellow to see."

"And nothing to hear," echoed Delia. "Dick, I do hate temperance."

Still the fair face drooped, and the old great-uncle, on his horse, sat still and appeared to listen. Now and again he cast a furtive glance about him, and was pleased to find no one in his field of vision that he knew; but now it was evident that Amias had finished his short speech, and that it was only an introductory one for what was to follow.

"There, there he is a-coming forward!" exclaimed a man close at hand; "that's the 'inspired cobbler.' Give him a cheer, boys; give him a cheer."

Some one was moving out as the other horsemen pressed a little forwarder, and Sir Samuel de Berenger, not betraying by his countenance either anger or discomfiture, passed just in front of his so-called granddaughters, lifted his hat as he did so, and smiled. At the same instant a fresh speaker

came forward, and, clear over the heads of the people, rang the voice of Amias—

"Mr. Uziah Dill will now address the assembly."

Yes, Mr. Uziah Dill. Hannah Dill lifted up her eyes, and saw her husband. She looked on, and in that instant, during which her daunted heart held itself back from beating, she heard the never-to-be-forgotten sound of his foot as the lame man came slowly to the front. She saw the beautiful, pensive face turned with its side toward her, then a long ringing cheer of welcome broke forth all around her, and she heard a sharp cry close at hand: "Mrs. Snaith—Mamsey dear! Oh, don't! don't!"

What was the meaning of this?

She knew she was falling forward; her face seemed almost on her knees, and her children were powerless to hold her up. She could not lift herself, and her husband's voice, even at that pass, had power over her. She heard its high, sweet tones, and despaired; then came a suffocating sense of breathlessness, and then oblivion.

People generally wake again from a dead faint in a state of repose. Mrs. Snaith was no exception to this rule. She opened her eyes, felt very cold, heard a certain unintelligible buzzing of voices about her, then regained her full senses. Everything settled down into its place, and here were Amabel and Delia kneeling, one on each side of her. She was lying on the grass under a tent; Amabel was putting water on her forehead, and Delia was fanning her.

Several kindly women were about her. They told the girls not to look frightened; they spoke to her encouragingly. She could not at first answer, but she heard them telling her that a fainting fit was by no means an uncommon thing. It was the hot weather, they declared, which had overcome her—nothing more.

She was quite herself now—able to think. She was so close to the back of the grand stand that her poor husband's voice was faintly audible through the canvas folds of the tent. She seemed, during the next few minutes, to be more alive than she had ever been in her life before, and, under the pressure of imminent peril, to be able to make swift and thoughtful decisions. She presently sat up and asked for her bonnet.

"How do you feel, ma'am?" inquired a sympathizer.

"I fare almost as well as usual," she replied; "and that's a good thing, for it was agreed that I should go home to my master's

rectory by the next train, to get ready for the family, that is to return the day after to-morrow." She was anxious that the strangers present should know that what she wanted to do was to carry out no new, but a pre-arranged plan.

"You are not well enough yet, Mrs. Snaith, dear," said Amabel. "You shall not go till you have had something to eat. And look! here is the luncheon-basket. The kind people next to us brought it in."

Something like despair clutched at the heart of the poor woman, but she knew she must yield. The strangers about her left the tent, and she and the girls took some luncheon. She felt better for it; but when Amabel said, "There's another train at night, Mrs. Snaith, dear; why not wait for that?—you still look very pale," she answered, "No, miss, I can't stay here; and I ought to leave by the half-past four train, if it's not gone, else I shall not be in till midnight. Only," she added, looking at Amabel and Delia with yearning love, "when Mr. de Berenger went away among the temperance gentlemen, he told me not to leave you."

Dick, as might have been expected, had taken himself off.

"We shall go with you to the station, then," said Amabel, "and stay in the waiting-room."

This is what Mrs. Snaith wanted; and Amabel longed to get away from the speeches. Mrs. Snaith rose. It was a very short distance to the station. She walked between the two girls with a certain urgency, but when they reached the line the train was gone. It had come in during her fainting fit.

The station was the last place that she meant to stay in. She took the girls to a little wayside inn, the only house near at hand. They were shown into a parlour upstairs, which overlooked the course, and there the poor mother spent an hour in gazing out. Her pallor, and the strange eagerness in her dark eyes, struck the girls; they felt that she was still unwell, and were the more inclined to stay with her and watch over her; and the "bands of hope," moving about with banners, the freemasons with their ornaments, and the different schools seated in distinct groups, having tea and cake under the auspices of their teachers, sufficiently amused them. "There's the lame man speechifying to those unlucky drum and fife boys," exclaimed Delia. "How tired they must be of it all! just when the cans of tea and the great trays of cake are ready. How I should hate that man if I were one of them!"

The mother shivered when she heard this. "How horrible that Delia should speak thus of her own father! and oh, what a hypocrite that father must be!" She could hide herself from him, but it was not perfectly impossible that he might come up with Mr. de Berenger and Amias, and hear the girls' names. She almost hated him herself when she thought of such a possibility, and yet she felt that, if only that happened, there was nothing in it. But she should have three days of dreadful anxiety, for she should hear nothing till her darlings came back to the rectory. She should be hidden herself in the inn till he was gone. She was to start at eight, and she bent all her attention towards doing the best for that one evening, and thought she would leave the future to take care of itself.

The girls now, by her suggestion, ordered some tea. "Something," she said, "must be done for the good of the house." When it came up, she asked for a placard setting forth what were to be the entertainments of the day. She had passed several of these on park palings and on the grand stand, and had not cared to look at them.

The placard set forth that Mr. Dill, sometimes called the "inspired cobbler," was in that neighbourhood, and had kindly promised to turn aside and deliver one of his thrilling addresses on the race-course; that it was hoped a good collection would be made, to pay his expenses on this gratifying occasion, when the *élite* of the neighbourhood would be present, to countenance the innocent pleasures, as well as to provide good cheer for some of their poorer friends. The inspired cobbler, as the placard informed those whom it might concern, was on his way to Southampton; any contributions intended for his benefit might be forwarded by stamps or post-office order to an address which was carefully given, and the donors might rely on their being thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

"If I can only keep my darlings up here till he is gone, poor man," thought the wife, "there is the best of hope that we shall all clean escape him."

"Ah, here comes the excursion train!" exclaimed Delia. "Look, Amabel! What a crowd of people running up! What bunches of heather! What baskets of flowers! How hot they all look! There are the drum and fife bands, and the lame man."

Mrs. Snaith sat absolutely still and listened. She was far enough from the window not to be seen from below.

"How those boys screech at their fifes!"



"With a start of irrepressible terror, she turned round and faced him."

said Amabel. "It almost splits my ears. There's Coz and the lame man helping them in. What a cram! Now the lame man gets in too."

"Gets in, miss?" exclaimed Mrs. Snaith. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. And now they are off, and there is our carriage."

Mrs. Snaith rose then, drew a long breath, and looked at Amabel.

"It's time for you to go down," she said. "Mr. de Berenger will be wondering what has become of you."

"Mamsey, how earnestly you look at me!" exclaimed Amabel.

"Well, we none of us know what may happen," said the poor mother. "Will you give me a kiss, my—dear."

Amabel kissed her almost carelessly. They were to meet in two days; why should she think anything of such a parting?

Mrs. Snaith preferred the same request to Delia, who hung about her neck with a certain wistfulness which could hardly be called presentiment, but yet that enabled her easily to recall this kiss ever after, and the look in her old nurse's eyes, and the beating of her heart as Delia leaned against her.

And then the two girls went down to join Mr. de Berenger and Amias. Mrs. Snaith sending a message down, "Her duty, and

she would stay there till the right train came up, for it was much cooler in the public-house than in the station." And then she drew close to the window, and saw her darlings put into the open carriage, saw it set off, saw them wave their hands to her, and saw them disappear among the trees and leave her.

"He's gone," she then thought; "he's away, poor man; and I did ought to feel easy, for I've escaped, and my dears have escaped. He's on his way to Southampton, as sure as can be. What is it, then, that make me so full of fears?"

She trembled and sat still on the bedside, holding her throbbing temples between her hands; but gradually as the evening drew on, and the low lights gave even the little shrubs of heather their lengthy shadows, she grew stronger, and some time after sundown, when all was peace in the deserted little station, she came down and sat on the bench outside it to wait for the train.

"Oh for the train!" she murmured—"oh to set forth, and have this over!"

It was very soon over. One man only was waiting in the bare little room behind; the window was open within a foot of her head, and he was leaning out. He coughed, and, with a start of irrepressible terror, she turned round and faced him. All was lost. Uzziah Dill recognised his wife, and Hannah Dill her husband.

## SUNDAYS IN MANY LANDS.

BY JAMES CAMERON LEES, D.D.

## III.—IN SWEDEN.

THE remembrance which the traveller has of Sweden is to a considerable extent of a morose character. As I sit by the fire and recall the days I wandered through that northern land, there rise before me, in a vague way, apparently endless miles of white rocky ground, and forests of dark pine-trees, varied only by great sheets of water—a fourth part of Sweden, be it observed, is under water. It is the most sombre portion of Scandinavia, wanting the grand mountain ranges of Norway and the open green fields of Denmark. But there are two things which stand out in recollection as bright and cheerful. The happy, lively peasantry, and beautiful Stockholm. The people are vivacious and pleasure-loving like the French. If they wore blue blouses and cut their hair short as a scrubbing brush, and drank red wine, they might pass for children of fair Provence. As it is, their locks are long, their dress rough home-spun, and their drink is of the strongest. But they are a joyous, kindly, courteous folk, fond of social gatherings, a dance round a May-pole, a marriage, or a market. They are hospitable to the stranger withal, and when he crosses the threshold of farm or cottage he is a stranger no longer; a people full of hilarity and good-humour whom it is pleasant to remember.

But it is worth while going all the way to that far-off corner of Europe just to see Stockholm, as one looks at it for the first time from the Baltic; worth all the tossing on the terrible North Sea, and the days pent up on shipboard in poky cabins, or on land in musty, fusty hotels. When the little asthmatic steamer that has carried you from Gottenborg through long canals and across broad lakes, and by narrow tortuous channels among wooded islands, turns a point, Stockholm comes suddenly into view: a bright, chaste, beautiful city, "kissed," to quote a rapturous guide book, "on one cheek by the ripples of a lake, on the other saluted by the billows of the sea." The lake being the Malar Lake and the sea the Baltic. Indeed, I don't know that any capital of Europe is more picturesque than this of Sweden: not "the grey metropolis of the North," nor Constantinople on the Golden Horn, nor Berne with her girdle of snow-clad mountains. Stockholm rises from the water embosomed in woods of pine and ash and birch, with a

background of grey hills. She sits on her seven islands like a queen.

Ding! dong! cling! clang! go the bells of the city as we stand this fine summer morning looking out on the blue water, and the little skiffs that skim like sea birds along it, and the steamers that puff about like animated onions, for they resemble in shape that excellent esculent. "Going to church, sir?" says a broad-browed, fair-haired Swede, whose acquaintance we had made in the Gottenborg boat. "There is plenty of room in the churches here for strangers; you can get a pew for your stick, and another for your hat, and another for yourself. People never go to church in this town except when there is a great preacher to hold forth. There is a smart man to-day in the Storkyrka. I'm going there, and will be glad to show you the way." Our friend was a Swede who had been for some time in America. Many of his countrymen cross the Atlantic, and from their skill in forestry make capital backwoods-men; but when they make a little money, back they come to settle in their native land. Various cute specimens of the American Swede are met by the traveller in Scandinavia—not always to the advantage of the latter. Our friend, however, was a right good, sound-hearted fellow.

The Storkyrka to which he conducted us is the cathedral church of Stockholm. It is a huge, ungraceful building, on which much whitewash has been spent, when a great deal less would have done. It has a vast interior, and the walls are decorated with large pictures by Ehrenstal. The Swedes are very proud of this artist, though his work does not seem to a foreigner in any way worthy of special commendation. He appears, however, to have had a grim humour of his own. In one of his pictures, representing the Last Judgment, the faces of the actors in the dread scene are those of the courtiers of his time, and the position of some of them in the great assize is by no means enviable. "I guess," says our Swede, "they wouldn't give him many dimes for putting them up there!" This is not the only touch of the grotesque in this old church. To the right of the altar is a huge brazen candelabrum, around the column of which is entwined an eel, with the legend underneath, "The eel is a strong fish, with the bare hand you can

catch him for sure. He who would keep him must spare neither sack nor coffin." The moral of this allegory, if allegory there be, we are unable to point. The suggestion that it is a hit at the clergy, sleek, slippery, able to elude the grasp of the strongest hand, we reject at once with indignation!

These little jocosities took place while the congregation were gathering themselves together. It was a high festival day, and the Stockholmites mustered strongly to what they term "High Mass." The service, though it bears this name, was Lutheran, for the Swedes are intensely Protestant and have little sympathy with Rome, though they retain many of the rites of the old faith. The clergyman was arrayed in vestments of a very pronounced Roman type: a white "mass shirt," a red velvet cope, a gold cross on his broad back, and deep lace trimmings sufficient plentifully to adorn a bride. This was a high day and his raiment was gorgeous; on ordinary days his garb is unostentatious as that of a Scotch preacher and very similar—large white bands and a black gown.

The Swedish Church has a liturgy of its own, and a very beautiful and impressive one it is. We made acquaintance with it afterwards through the medium of a translation. The ordinary Sunday service begins with a solemn invocation, then follows a confession of sin, a psalm, the Epistle for the day, and the Apostles' Creed. After this the minister ascends the pulpit, gives out his text from the Gospel, says the Lord's Prayer, reads the Gospel (all standing while this is done), and preaches his sermon. This is followed by an intercessory prayer and a psalm. The minister then descends to the altar and pronounces the blessing of Moses, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," &c. After which a psalm is sung and the people disperse. The priest attitudinised a good deal, and occasionally turned his back to the congregation, when his dorsal decoration was very effective. None of the Scriptures are read in the ordinary service except the Gospel and Epistle. The people, it seemed to me, did not take much interest in the prayers, and joined in a slow, dawdling way in the psalms, but they appeared to hitch themselves up when the sermon began, and continued wide-awake all through, at least so I was told afterwards. It was a long, long sermon. My eyes wandered from the altar-piece of marble and gold, and from one of Ehrenstål's courtiers to another. Then a most curious thing happened. The great picture seemed to expand like one of the lakes we had crossed

a few days before; the courtiers bobbed up and down in the water; saints and angels, sheep and goats, came together in a promiscuous and highly irregular manner, and finally—I fell asleep! Our Swede had great respect for the sermon and the preacher. A good man and a good sermon! He *was* long, and had several good chances to stop in his discourse, which he ought not to have let pass, but it was very eloquent. Then followed a story of a minister who made a call once on a friend of his, and seemed never likely to cease his conversation, when the dreadful child of the friend aforesaid stepped up to her father and whispered, quite loud enough to be heard by the visitor, "Papa, didn't the gentleman bring his 'Amen' with him to-day?" Sermons in Sweden are perhaps longer than in any part of Europe, not even excepting Scotland, where the interval between the text and the "Amen" is often considerable.

We lean over the parapet of a bridge that leads to the Riddarsholm or Knights' Island and talk of good things, especially of the creed, and ritual, and government of the Church at whose services we have just assisted. It is a curious Church in some respects this of Sweden, being probably the most thoroughgoing establishment in the world. Here Church and State are one. There is no dissent to speak of. All Swedes belong to the Church; they are baptized, confirmed, married, and buried by it; and though there is now toleration for other religions, the place is made pretty hot for them. All education is superintended by the clergy. All young people have to be confirmed by the parish priest after special instruction and examination, and no person can be married or get any civil appointment until they have been confirmed and taken the communion. If any criminal is found on his conviction to have been neglected as regards religious instruction the authorities are down at once upon the parson of his parish for an explanation. The clergy visit regularly all their parishioners, and catechize them to their hearts' content. The government of the Church seems a mixture of Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism. There is an archbishop and there are eleven bishops, but there is also a great synod or Church parliament (Kyrkmöte), and each parish has a local government of its own (Socken Stammer). There are thirteen hundred beneficed clergy. The Church is moderately well endowed. The archbishop has £1,200 a year, and the incomes of the clergy vary from £100 to £300. Their in-



come is derived chiefly from tithes. "They have a quiet, contented appearance," said our friend; "not like the parsons out West where I was, who have to work for their living, poor boys! and beg for it afterwards, and a mighty hard time many of them have of it, I can tell you." All the clergy are University men, educated at either of the two national universities of Upsala or Lund, and they must take their degree before they can be ordained. They are elected by the congregations over whom they are placed. Three candidates are appointed to preach by what is called the Consistory, and the one chosen is generally presented by the Crown. The clergy elect their bishop, or rather they send in three names to the King, who nominates one of them. The priests have to officiate for some years as curates, and must be each thirty years of age before they can take a living. Formerly the clergy formed one of the estates of Parliament, but now (as our friend put it) they have a "talking place" of their own. The doctrine of the Church is Lutheran.

All this and much more to the same purpose we were told regarding the National Church of Sweden, but so far as we could learn this great organization does not produce all the effect upon the morality of the people that might be expected. Not that there is no earnest spiritual life within the Church, but religion is looked upon by the people too much as a formality, and too little as a sacred obligation. A Swede graduates as a Christian by taking out his *schein* or confirmation certificate, and does not feel as if very much more is required of him. Notwithstanding the National Establishment, and the marvellously complete system of education, the state of the people is morally deplorable. Drunkenness is everywhere prevalent. The love of finkel, fahllun, and other strong drinks of a vitriolic character is very marked. Nearly half the births in Stockholm are illegitimate, and the state of country parishes is often not much better. Yet it was shown not long ago from undoubted statistics that one in every hundred and twenty-six of the population lives by teaching the Swedes their moral and religious duties. The outcome of all their endeavours is far from satisfactory.

One other church we visited that Sunday, where the sermon is preached in a language which every one can understand, and always from the same text. This is the Riddarholm Kyrkan, used as a Mausoleum for the kings and mighty men of Sweden. It is the Westminster Abbey of Scandinavia. There is little

noteworthy about the church itself. It is a long brick building with chapels on either side. The pavement from the great entrance to the altar is covered with the heraldic bearings of the nobles and men of valour who lie beneath. On the pillars are all sorts of hatchments and banners fast turning to dust. In the chapel on the right side of the altar is the sarcophagus of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, the hero of Dugald Dalgetty. His body lies in a vault below, and looking through a grating we get a glimpse of the end of his coffin and some of its shining ornaments. All round his chapel are hung the keys of the cities that he captured, the tattered banners, and the drums that he took in battle, and the blood-stained clothes which he wore on the fatal field of Lutzen. The whole arrangement looked like a pawnbroker's shop. Opposite this chapel is that of Charles XII., a hero well known to the schoolboy learning French. A cloak belonging to this sovereign hangs on the wall, also a hat with a bullet hole through it. The bullet also went, we are told, through his brain. There is another chapel dedicated to Bernadotte, the brave French marshal who founded the present royal dynasty of Sweden. He has a great sarcophagus of porphyry, than which it is impossible to conceive anything of the kind more hideous. There are other royal coffins in vaults beneath, would Herr Englishman like to see them? Never mind, old man, royal dust is like other dust, we believe! Didn't one of the mightiest of the Cæsars sum up the result of his life in the words, "I have been everything, and it has profited nothing"? And wasn't it the Empress Theodora that said, "The throne is a glorious sepulchre"? And didn't Abdalrahman the Magnificent close his career with the words, "O man, place not thy confidence in the present world"? And has it not been sung that

"Death lays his icy hand on kings;  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade?"

"Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!" Most excellent observations, "most true indeed." Yes, old man, we have had an admirable sermon, a very good sermon, a sound orthodox sermon indeed, no doubt about it whatever. "Wouldn't Herr Englishman like to see?" No, thank you, old man, not to-day—let us into the sunshine; the air of defunct royalty is not good. We give our ancient friend the mite our poverty allowed us to bestow, and as he shut the door of the royal sepulchre

with a clang he looked as if he could have done with more.

In the evening we made a pilgrimage to the house where the great mystic Emanuel Swedenborg used to live, and in our walk had abundant opportunity of observing how free and untrammelled from Sabbatic restrictions the Swedes are in their observance of Sunday. Crowds were pouring onward to the great pleasure gardens of the suburbs. The theatre was open, and a considerable amount of loudly-expressed jollity everywhere present. As we return the streets are thronged; the boats flash about from island to island; the great palace is lighted up, and there is the reflection of many lamps on the water. The people are gay as the Parisians. We did not find much to remind us of the seer in his old home. Its surroundings are of a very prosaic character. We were shown a kiosk where he had his visions—a shabby wooden shed, painted yellow and green, in a back yard, with a scrubby tree or two in the foreground. They tell, however, rather a good story of him here. He was once being ferried across the Malar Lake by two country girls; instead of giving them any of his conversation, he kept talking, so he told them, to spirits who were with him. "How many have you on board?" they asked. "Twelve," he replied angrily. On reaching the shore he offered coin in payment. "Thirteen marks, if you please, sir, not a stiver less." "And why, pray?" remonstrated he. "Did you not say, sir, you had twelve spirits on board? Are we poor girls to pull them over the lake for nothing?" The visionary, who feared neither ghost nor devil, paid down the fare demanded rather than encounter the clatter of two women's tongues.\* Sweden-

\* Marryatt, "A Year in Sweden"

borg, like some other great prophets, has not many followers in his own country. Any form of religious earnestness outside the national church is generally found in connection with the Laasare, or "readers," who occupy, in relation to the Establishment, much the same position as the Methodists in England in the time of Wesley. They expound the Bible in common colloquial language, and their preachers are full of fervour. They receive, as a rule, very little encouragement from the clergy; and until lately suffered a good deal of persecution.

Our friendly Swede meets us on one of the bridges, and escorts us to the hotel. He has had a "good time" in the Deer Park, a great garden with many cafés and restaurants, where the citizens love to congregate. He has been discussing politics with a Russian Finlander. "Sweden lost her chance when she remained neutral during the Crimean War. She should have joined the Allies, and annexed Finland, which was hers once, and should be hers again. The Russian bear is a beast that gobbles up everything, but he will have his claws cut yet, and Sweden will have her own again." He continues his conversation over a liquor called "Poonch Svenska," which is on many grounds worthy of approval; and though he had been in the United States, in Canada, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, there are no people so free, so brave, so honest, so well educated, so religious, as his countrymen. So he asserts; and, making every allowance for prejudice, we may admit there is some little truth in his statement, notwithstanding its seeming extravagance. But when he proceeded to depreciate Niagara as nothing compared with the waterfalls of Dalecarlia we considered it time to go to bed. And it was.

## FATHERLESS.

A VACANT chair;

No loving smile to greet me sitting there,  
No deep expressive eyes,  
My image I could trace in their clear gaze,  
No sympathizing breast to lean my head:  
All these surroundings echo, "Father's dead."

An aching heart,  
Bursting with grief, no one to heal the smart,  
No loving hands to press  
My fingers in a tight and fond caress;  
My life is crushed, the link that bound it fled:  
These feelings tell me that my father's dead.

A tear-filled eye,  
No father's hand to wipe those tears away;  
Ah, no! that hand is cold,  
And powerless those arms that did unfold;

My streaming tears, red eyes, and heavy lid  
Tell me too plainly that my father's dead.

A smother'd sigh

I try to stifle ere it should betray—  
So sensitive the heart,  
It cannot brook the cold world's cruel sport—  
I hide away, betrayal is my dread;  
No one will sympathize now father's dead.

An empty space,

A void in my rent heart my feelings trace,  
A yearning sympathy.  
Oh, Father God, fill Thou this void for me;  
With Thy pure love fill me, Thou living Bread,  
Be Father, God, my *all*, now father's dead.

ELLEN MILLER.

"DIANA SMITH."

PART I.

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH, the subject of this memoir, was a member of the medical profession; but the deeds of heroism which he performed were only partly connected with medicine. He was born at Coggeshall, in Essex, in the year 1837 (October 24th). His family are well known in that district, and belong to the denomination styled Friends, but more commonly known as Quakers. He inherited, as a consequence thereof, the splendid physique common to that body, and all the passive endurance of his sect; which was to stand him in such good stead in after years. He was a bright, quick-witted boy, and at a very early age he manifested a strong love for natural history, especially ornithology; and numerous are the beautiful, rare birds shot by his own gun, and then stuffed carefully by himself, to be found in the houses of his friends. His powers of original observation were conspicuous when a mere child. At nine he wrote "Natural History of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes;" and before he was twelve years of age he noted that the martins only worked at the building of their nests in the mornings, leaving their work to dry in the afternoons; while they spent that portion of the day in search of food. His statement being challenged, the little fellow spent the next morning in watchful observation; and when the time came that the martins left off building and started hunting for food, he ran home with breathless haste to assure his father of the correctness of his observation. He knew all the fauna of his county, and many of its flora. Further he wrote poetry, of a childish character true, at six; a power which remained with him into adult life, and many are his poetical creations remaining in the hands of his old friends. His early efforts manifest the sweet disposition of the child, and also his early industry. In course of time he went to the famous Friends' school at Ackworth, in Yorkshire, where he was afterwards apprenticed as a teacher. Here, when only a boy of fourteen, he delivered a lecture on "Insects," manifesting much shrewd observation as well as extensive reading on the subject. It is a quaint-looking little MS., illustrated on the front page by pen sketches of "The finished dwelling of the termites," of "The crane-fly laying its eggs," and "The larva in the earth eating the roots of grass," &c. He rebukes the cruelty

practised towards the cockchafer, and is deeply interested in the ants of South Africa, and the slave-catching marauds of the red ants upon the black ants; the manner in which wasps acquire the material for their paper nests, and other matters; concluding with very devout wishes.

But teaching was not to his mind, so he became a student at King's College Hospital, and afterwards pursued his studies at the University of Edinburgh. He was a fair-haired youth at this time, not much given to study; full of fun and frolic, light-hearted and genial. His mirth-inspiring capacities were generally recognised, and "Charlie" was a great favourite with his fellow-students. His natural amiability was furthered by his capacity to write verses; while his keen powers of observation enabled him to take off the salient points in the professors and their foibles in happy rhymes. As is common enough in youths brought up in austere religious families, there was a slight *souçon* of irreverence in his effusions. This was set off more conspicuously by his speech, which consisted much of scriptural phraseology, as does the language of the people of New England. This, though it suggests profanity to others, is not so in people thus brought up. A keen sense of humour made Charlie a great acquisition to a class, but rather from the student's than the professor's point of view. He would pounce instantly on any sentence which would admit of a double interpretation, and a merry ring of laughter, of the most contagious character, would tell the professor of his unfortunate mistake. With several of the professors consequently young Smith was classed among the "black sheep." Not that he was dissipated, as was only too common among the men of his time, but he was careless and negligent. If any one wanted to make a walking tour in the Highlands, Smith was at once ready to accompany him. For him to watch the flight of the falcon, the hover of the hawk, or the dive of the kingfisher, was far more congenial occupation than to attend an anatomical demonstration, or to hear Professor J. Hughes Bennet lecture on the functions of the nervous system. The knowledge that he was risking his certificate for class attendance for the session by so doing, sat lightly on his consciousness, and even on his conscience. If any practitioner near Edinburgh was ill or

hard pressed with work, Smith would forsake his proper studies and go to his aid; his kindly bearing making up to the patients for his limited professional knowledge. His power of self-sacrifice was a conspicuous element in his character; and once when a fellow-student could not command the amount of money to enable him to go in for an examination, Smith lent him his month's money, which enabled him to go in. He passed, and became a surgeon in Her Majesty's service; for which he ever held himself indebted to Smith's self-denial. For, too proud to appeal to his father, Smith balanced his accounts by an abstinence from all meat for two months. This was a severe trial for a young man endowed with an excellent appetite, as Smith most undoubtedly was; and it seems especially hard upon him that starvation was his bane in life, and ultimately killed him. His last shilling was at any one's disposal, without inquiry as to what would be its destiny, or the purpose for which the loan was sought. Light-hearted and free from care about the future, as happy when his money was gone as when pay-day arrived, Smith was loved by all who knew him.

His command of English was quite unusual, and his playful verses and off-hand compositions earned for him a distinct reputation among his fellow-students. During this time he was neither a model of propriety nor conspicuously vicious. He liked a glass of beer, and was always welcome among his fellow-students, for his conversation was ever brilliant with flashes of wit or humour, from happily turned sentences, and quick and apt repartee. His power with his pencil led to many a clever caricature, provoking mirth and eliciting fun. He was respected, too, among his companions, for his reputation bore no stain of mean or discreditable action, and was free from imputation of malice or uncharitableness. At this time few, if any, suspected that under this light and gay demeanour there lay those grand sterling qualities which in a short time Smith was to exhibit in so remarkable a degree. It is needless to say that his progress as a student was leisurely, to say the least of it. He liked the dispensary work of seeing poor persons at their homes, for which his kindly disposition fitted him well. His affection for animals was manifested by his one day bringing home a poor little kitten, which he rescued from a premature death. A little dirty, half-singed, unlovely-looking creature it was; but it soon picked up under his guardianship. Another time he was possessed of a disreputable-look-

ing dog acquired under the same circumstances, namely, in the hovel of some dispensary patient whom he attended, where it was perishing from starvation and neglect.

For many years it had been a common practice among Edinburgh students to go on a whaling voyage when they had failed to pass their examinations, or often, rather, when they had not tried to pass them, and their friends were growing angry.

Not wishing to apply further to his father for funds, Smith determined to do something for himself, and would go "whaling." Whaling vessels required a surgeon, but not necessarily a qualified one. The time was most convenient, as the engagement commenced just at the end of the winter session, and terminated in time for the next session. If the vessel was at all fortunate the surgeon drew enough money to pay for his classes and keep him going most of the ensuing winter; during which time usually he and his friends got on good terms again. So Smith decided to go whaling, little dreaming of the momentous issues involved in the decision. These whalers first go in the spring to Greenland, seal-fishing, returning with their capture, and then when the ice farther north has become cleared, they set off on their true whale-fishing in the Arctic seas. The vessel to which he became surgeon was the *Diana*, of Hull, commanded by Captain John Gravill, a man of great experience in Arctic voyaging. Under the heading of "A Good Friday in the Greenland seas (somewhere about lat. 72°, long. 9°)," Smith gives some account of this Greenland voyage. They were anticipating a successful voyage and a speedy return to Hull for a few days, whilst discharging cargo and taking in coals and water in readiness for the whaling voyage to Davis's Straits. "Little did we anticipate how near and terrible a fate was even then threatening us." The vessel was fixed in the ice motionless though a strong breeze was blowing. On Good Friday, March 30, 1866, at 2 A.M., the breeze became a violent gale, the ice, to which the ship had previously been fast, was breaking up; the ship was surrounded by immense masses of ice in violent motion. Each man prepared for the worst, as at any moment they might have to leave the ship and take to the ice. Then for the first time Smith realised what religious convictions were. He writes, "I had never, in the course of my life, felt the reality of these things as of moment to myself." He and the Captain communed gravely face to face with death, and then it was that he first saw his past life from a new

and serious point of view; the expressions which he used showing how vividly he realised its unfitness. Having made every preparation in case the ship should go down and they had to take to the ice, Smith went to help the crew to work the “fenders” (masses of knotted rope), so as to break the blow of the masses of ice, “as jagged and hard as rocks.” His analysis of his thoughts at this time, when death was imminent, deserves to be preserved. There was no fear of death. “It was only a few minutes in the water.” At first his mind was crowded with reminiscences of the most mingled kind. Student life, school life, child life, all came thrusting themselves upon his consciousness. Thus was his mind occupied whilst his body was actively engaged fighting each mass of ice, as in turn it was driven against the ship’s side. Daylight enabled them to carry on the struggle successfully, hour after hour. At 2 P.M., after twelve hours of fearful exertion, all hands that could be spared went down to the cabin, where the old captain addressed them, and then prayed fervently—his voice all but drowned by the noise of the storm. This seems to have calmed Smith’s mind, and after it, while working away, scraps of hymns and fragments of the Psalms were repeated over and over again. He writes, “And thus the afternoon wore slowly on, my mind intently on the stretch, and occupied at times with serious thought.” The faint hopes of escape they entertained were centered in their getting out of the ice before night fell. At 5 P.M. “the welcome news spread rapidly through the ship that the barometer was rising, then gradually the ice grew smaller in size and less numerous, then we passed through streams of young and broken ice (which betokened our approaching the edge of the pack), then crossed patches of open water.” Next day the storm raged more furiously than ever, but they were free from the danger of being stove in by ice masses. “The swell was fearful, and being unrestrained by the young ice, broke over our bows and windward quarter, and swept our decks in heavy seas. The cold was intense; everything, spars, rigging, boats, oars, covered with ice, our faces and beards hung with icicles, the decks one sheet of ice, the seas freezing as they came on board, the lee scuppers frozen up with ice, our drenched clothes frozen stiff upon us, the ship’s hull coated with solid ice from stem to stern of a thickness of two feet, the yards and rigging marked with ice; everything about us showed the terrible ordeal through which we had

passed. There lay our three poor bags of biscuit, there the axes for cutting away the masts, there the oars all frozen together, beside the boats which were to have borne us from the sinking ship to a still more awful, but none the less certain, death upon the ice.” The conviction of all was that they had been providentially rescued, nothing else could have saved them. Then he goes on—“Sunday: a most gloriously beautiful day, not a breath of air stirring, the ocean calm and tranquil as a mill-pond; the ship laid to whilst the crew were engaged in ridding her decks, hull, and rigging of the ice. The Island of Jan Mayen in sight at some forty miles north of us. We had drifted down past it in safety. A very numerous attended service in the cabin.” The captain never encountered the like of that storm in his fifty years’ experience. The mate had been wrecked several times, but he could not recall such a storm. When they got into Lerwick harbour on April 30th, they found that the other ships of the fleet had also been in the storm: he writes—“The terrible nature of the storm is fully corroborated by the officers and crews of all the whaling vessels; there is but one opinion expressed, which is, that such a storm and such a swell amongst heavy ice was never encountered before.”

On May the 9th the *Diana* left Lerwick on the true whaling voyage to encounter still more terrible adventures. It turned out, indeed, to be one of the most eventful and painfully interesting of Arctic voyages; the story of which has never been published in full—probably never will. An ordinary looking quarto is that log-book of the *Diana*, but it tells a wonderful story of privation, of suffering, and of endurance. The crew consisted of fifty-one men, of which about thirty were Shetland men. They proceeded to the north in pursuit of whales. The surgeon had apparently very little to do, so he kept a diary. He writes a preface in which, in strange contradiction to what did actually occur, stands the passage: “God grant the retrospect of the voyage may be a pleasant one.” When he wrote this he little thought of what was in store for them. He complains of the bad light given by his oil-lamp, and the difficulties under which he will labour in keeping this diary; yet all through there is the same bold, strong handwriting, as clearly written and as straight across the page as if written in a luxurious study. It tells of bird shooting, mainly, up to a certain point; and is illustrated by some very good pen-and-ink

sketches of birds, seals, Esquimaux, the ship amidst ice, a map, and many other objects, testifying to his command over his pencil as an artist. They were often in danger, but Smith seems to have become so inured to this that it elicits little remark from him. When his book was full, he continued his diary on some quarto sheets, and ultimately on ordinary note paper. And what a tale of suffering and endurance this diary tells of!

On August 22nd, Captain Gravill was in great doubt about the possibility of getting

out through the ice, and had almost decided to make for the Government depôts of provisions on Beechy Island, and winter in Lancaster Sound; and on the 26th they had all ready to leave the ship, and take their chance on the ice—and a poor chance they regarded it. On August 31st, Captain Deuchars, of the *Intrepid*, came on board, and he and Captain Gravill agreed that “the two ships will remain in company for mutual assistance, and if necessary for mutual preservation, as long as possible.”

On Saturday, September 1st, he writes :



Charles Edward Smith.

“About 11.30 the *Intrepid* got up steam, and while our boilers were heating, all hands were employed warping the ship along the edge of the floe towards the opening where we were foiled yesterday, and where the ice was beginning to slack off. Got up steam soon after 1 o'clock, but the ice began to run together again, so returned to our old quarters. In a short time the ice slackened once more, and again we attempted to force a passage, but without success. A third time we returned to the charge, but were com-

peiled to desist from the ice closing rapidly, and therefore returned to the edge of the land floe and made fast, shifting afterwards to our old berth in a small bight. The gallant and generous captain of the *Intrepid* was more fortunate, having forced his way through the loose floes and evidently got into clear water, for he was seen from the mast-head to steam away to the south with great rapidity, and by tea-time only his topsail yards could be distinguished with the long glass. Our last chance of succour or of safety was gone, and

we had nothing left to depend upon but the merciful providence of God."

Here follow some strong expressions of opinion as to the heartless character of the desertion; for the *Intrepid* had twice the horse-power of the *Diana* and had plenty of coals. Some six or seven miles of ice lay betwixt them, and open water to the southward. Once through this and all was easy; on the other side of it was the gloomy prospect of a winter in the ice far away from any other human being, of cold, starvation, and death, in all human probability. The ice closed upon them the next day, "heaps upon heaps, heaps upon heaps." He writes, "You may depend upon it many an earnest prayer ascended from that helpless and despairing ship's company." He gives a little sketch of the ice to convey some idea of the thickness of it. On the 3rd, the captain called all hands aft, and asked the men to bring in any bread they might have saved; this was done, and all the provisions put under lock and key, the key being given to the head harpooner. The officers to fare like the men. "All this ominous and discouraging, yet very necessary, business passed off satisfactorily."

A dead whale was seen, and a party sent off to bring back as much of the skin as they could, as addition to the small stock of provisions. They failed, and were nearly drowned in getting back to the ship from the newly-formed ice melting. He thought at

night of his escape, and wrote, "I don't think I ever felt myself so anxious, uneasy, and so entirely dependent on the mercy of God as I do this night." Next day they caught a few Fulmar petrels, "and are carefully preserving them for food; but ere long every bird, and beast, and living thing in the country will go south ere the winter overtakes them." They alone were to remain! On the 7th they saw, in the far distance, a ship sailing in open water. This was the last sight of anything human, but themselves, till next March.

The ship was fast in the ice, and they were face to face with hunger and cold. Week after week, without hope almost, they lived on; Smith working hard at his diary, apparently from want of anything to do. On the 1st of December the ship received a severe nip, and at midnight all hands took to the ice, on which a tent was rigged. The old captain slept in it one night, and then went back to the ship; it was so terribly cold that he could not stand it. He got gradually worse with dropsy, and the account of his last illness is told very affectively. On Christmas-day they were in terrible danger, and the poor old captain was dressed, as they might have to take to the ice at any moment. The nip was so severe that the very cabin floor was bending under their feet. Next day the captain died, and his loss was keenly felt by all; many of them had served under him for years.

J. MILNER FOTHERGILL.

## MUSIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MORALS."

### PART I.

TO discuss music without the aid of instruments, notes, or diagrams, is not an easy and would be an impossible thing, were I mainly dealing with its science, history, or performance. But it is with the general philosophy and *rationale* of the art that I am now concerned. Music has come in for its full share of science, history, and criticism; but how few have dived into its essence, and instead of seeking for the inevitable "how," asked after the eternal "why"!

I have always thought that music should be discussed and written about just like any other art. The musical criticisms of the day deal chiefly in technicality and personality; and it is unfortunate that the few writers who occasionally venture out into the deep, and

discourse on music *per se*, are deficient in the one thing needful—"musical perception;" in that ocean they cannot swim, and the sooner some of them get to shore the better. Music has its morals, its right and its wrong, its high and its low, like any other art; and until people can be got to understand how this can be, and why it must be, music will never assert its dignity among the arts and receive its dues. Before Mr. Ruskin wrote people thought that there was no right or wrong about painting, sculpture, and architecture, and musical criticism has been in the same Slough of Despond. And what is the consequence? Painting and sculpture rank above music, yet music, not painting, not sculpture, is *the* modern art. Yet no one has been found to do for the new art of

music what Mr. Ruskin has done for painting and architecture—to create for it a moral philosophy as well as a *rationale*. I need not say that in “Music and Morals” I have tried to show why this ought to be, and how it might be done for the art of music, and I repeated these opinions in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 131, No. xxxvi., and I have been much gratified to observe that writers who are apt to treat my opinions as common, when not wrong, and as wrong when not common, have not always been deterred from the not uncommon practice of appropriating them without reference.

I now glance briefly: I. At the development of music out of the rough elements of sound.

II. At its place amongst the sister arts and its peculiar functions.

III. At the obvious nature of its influence.

Music, its origin, function, and influence—that is my subject.

#### I.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC OUT OF SOUND.

We now enter at once into the world of mystery and imagination: of mystery because, though you know how a sound can be produced, you do not know why it produces its effect on you; of imagination, since I must ask you to recall as you read, by way of illustration, the most beautiful sounds you have ever heard. But sounds of less agreeable nature have first to be realised. Before we enter the temple of music or penetrate its inner shrine, we find ourselves distracted with the rough elements of sound, the rabble of noise outside—how out of such elements shall we ever collect the “choirs that chime after the chiming of the eternal spheres”?

We have sound in the world around us of every conceivable kind. Listen to the distant roar of a great populous city. Its cry goes up by day and night. Myriad voices ascend from sea and land. If you notice the waves as they drag down the shingles on the beach, in their retiring scream they give forth a series of semitones; and there is a rough and elemental sort of musical sound in the moaning of the wind, which has supplied poets with allusions more sentimental than accurate; still the wind’s harp does go up and down, like the mooing of a cow. And doubtless the rough inflexions of the human voice existed long before music became an art. As the voice rises and falls you have a scale of emotional inflexion which gives it full

force; for it is the sound quite as much as the words used which gives the impression of what is passing in your mind. But even here we have not arrived at musical sound, we have only touched some materials of it. How shall we get at musical sound? Or, in other words, what is the difference between a noise and a musical note? A noise is only understood when the nature of a musical note is understood. Roughly speaking, a musical note means a “clang,” to use Helmholtz’s word, in which there is one fundamental tone, and along with it the third, fifth, and octave as buried tones. When the fundamental is strong, and the hidden tones, the third, fifth, and octave, &c., very faint, you get the impression of one musical note which is invariably the fundamental tone. There are many hidden mysteries in a fundamental tone, a greater or less variety of overtones. I had occasion to dwell more scientifically upon this in my article on “Bells” in *GOOD WORDS*.

Now, what makes noise is just this. You get the third, fifth, and the octave, or some other overtones, louder than the fundamental note. To illustrate this summarily, we might compare the notes of a violin or a fine bell with a Chinese gong, or you may strike a coal-scuttle or a warning-pan, and produce an equally satisfactory result. A gong is, however, perhaps the best type of noise—not those smooth Japanese metal plates, or bars, which often give one or more very sweet tones, but those horrible gongs, dented all over, that you thump with a drum-stick, beginning *pp.* and ending with a purgatorial crescendo in *ff.* This, I say, is noise, and most of the sounds which fall upon the ear are noise, especially what we hear “when-e’er we take our walks abroad” in the streets of London.

When, then, we have found a clear fundamental tone, with its accompanying fainter overtones, we have found a musical note. Now analyze this musical note. It can vary in three ways, and in three ways only. When you know how it so varies you know all that can be known about it. A musical note, then, can vary in pitch, in intensity, and in quality or *timbre*.

1. What makes the pitch of a note? It depends upon the rapidity of the vibrations. Supposing you take as an illustration the sound given by a note of an harmonium, which is caused by the vibration of a metal tongue. When this tongue vibrates slowly, or only a few times backwards and forwards in a second, you get a note of a deep pitch;



but when it vibrates at the rate of 67,000 vibrations to the note, the pitch is so shrill that although some cats may hear it no human beings can. The ear of the cat is finer than ours. Cats and some birds are microphones compared to man; they see sights we cannot see, they smell smells we very fortunately cannot smell, and they hear sounds which we cannot hear. A note is high or low in pitch according as the number of vibrations which produce it are in a given time few or many, fast or slow.

2. What makes its intensity? It is the length of the vibration waves that determines their loudness or intensity. If the wave or the extent of "excursion" of vibrating molecules be large, the shape of the wave being the same, the sound is loud; if the reverse, the shape being the same, the sound is faint.

3. What determines the quality? The quality depends on the *mode* of vibration. It is, as Helmholtz has shown, the number, order, and intensity of the vibrations of the overtones in a "clang" which determines timbre or quality, and which makes the differences between the same note sounded on a violin, piano, harp, flute, &c.

But even now we have only arrived at the composition of musical notes, not at the composition of music. How then did music arise? Of course the human ear has always been open to sweet and disagreeable sounds, and has gradually been led to choose between them. I do not want to quarrel with the mythical notion that some pristine man or woman, wandering on the sea-shore, may have found a shell with seaweed stretched like strings across it, out of which the wind was making an Æolian harp, and so the first idea of the harp may have arisen. This may have happened for aught we know. The creating of artificial notes for mere pleasure seems to have been a custom from time immemorial.

Bones of extinct mammals have been found made into flutes. At least M. Lartét says so. What he found looked like a flute to him, and far be it from me to bring art into collision with science by saying it does not look like a flute. I think on the whole it does; and if so, this may be another proof that primitive man delighted in sweet sounds. But we are still far from the art of music. Here are witnesses to an ancient impulse in the direction of an art, but not the art itself.

We may as well skip Egypt and Assyria, and assume that the musical survival of the

finest remained, after the extinction of these empires, with Greece. However, we need not pause long even in Greece, for although the Greeks had many modes or scales, as they never discovered the natural advantages of the octave completed by the eighth note, their musical art could not progress.

It is useless for philosophers to prose about the emotional advantages and special musical character of the Dorian, Lydian, or Phrygian modes—as if we had lost, or could lose, anything by adopting our system of fixed tonality; for once get that and you can obviously write in any mode and give your key any special character you like; and the proof of this is that Berlioz has used the proud Hypodorian mode in the second part of "Christ's Infancy." Saint Saëns opens the "Noces de Prométhée" with it. Gounod uses it in *Faust* for the "Roi de Thule." The Hypophrygian mode colours the close of *William Tell*, act ii. (Rossini); and we might multiply instances—but the Greeks could never have written *Faust* or *William Tell*, as will presently appear.

The fact is, that in Greece musical sound was auxiliary to the exercise of the dance, the ceremony of the feast, the discipline of the arena, or the voice of the orator; it accompanied chanting, and most people are agreed that harmony, in our sense of the word, was unknown. The Greek system, like some others in the realms of theology, philosophy, and science, was elaborate but sterile, and so Greece handed her traditions on to Rome, and still no progress was made, because music, like all other arts, had to bide her time. Her Muse is essentially the dear possession of the modern world; she lives and moves and finds free development and expansion in our atmosphere alone; and this is what makes her so absorbing and fascinating, and *entitles* her, now that she has reached her glorious maturity, to rank above the other arts. I say that music is essentially the modern art, although her mystic treasures lay buried for centuries in the womb of Time.

So all things have their supreme moment; so electricity slept in the amber, and was known to the Greek six hundred years before Christ, but was only wedded to applied science in the laboratory of the nineteenth century. Every ancient who boiled a kettle must have observed the rush of steam from its spout, but it remained for Watt and Stephenson to adapt it to commerce, manufacture, and transport. And all arts have fared the same. Like spirits in the vasty deep they wait for

their special call. That call is always the same. *It is the deep need of an Age.*

What need has human life of art? What is art? Art is, like sensation, one and indivisible in its essence; but, like sensation, it is manifold in its channels of expression. It captures in different forms and runs through the five senses. Expression is the imperative mood of our nature: without it we wither and pine; with it we grow, we develop, we soar. Man is essentially a dramatic animal: he is ever seeking to make known what is in him; he aspires to the true possession of himself. Life becomes more rich when it passes into word and action. Every moment in proportion as we are truly alive we are longing to manifest ourselves as we can. We are not satisfied till some one else enjoys what we enjoy, knows what we know, feels what we feel, and the great burden-lifters of humanity are those who have told us the things we knew already, but which we could not express for ourselves. These are "the souls that have made our souls wiser." These are the prophets and the poets and the artists, dear kindred, world-embracing spirits that give humanity back to itself, and make it doubly worth having by bestowing upon it those memorable and entrancing gifts of expression that hang like suns in the firmament of Time.

And do you not feel this as you stand before any great work of art—the "Madonna di San Sisto" at Dresden, the "Transfiguration" at Rome? Do you not feel—"Here is one who has painted my inexpressible

thoughts—here before me are the Divine figures I have seen in my dreams?" When you hear the *Elijah* do you not stand in the cleft of the rock with the prophet, and veil your face as the whirlwind sweeps by, and amid the crash of the thunder and rending of the rocks, you perceive that the Lord is not in the tempest, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but at last in the still small voice? Yes, you are shaken, you are lifted up in this elemental catastrophe, purified in this majestic outer expression, and you feel how the storm has passed from your own heart, as the last wild and nearly distracted cry dies away, and there comes very softly one of those magic changes in which the whole of the emotional atmosphere shifts. The cry of the spirit is going to be answered with a gentleness and a power above all that it could ask or think. The melody flows on in the clear and silvery key of E major; it passes like the sweeping of a soft, balmy wind. "And in that still voice onward came the Lord, never rising, never pausing, but gentle and strong and pulseless, coming we know not whence, and passing, with 'the tides of music's golden sea, into eternity!'" (*vide* "Music and Morals"). And upon you has not this had a great and hallowing effect? Has not music taken your own turbulent emotions, and expressed them for you in the storm, leaving you sublimely elevated and yet sublimely calm at the close? Such will indeed appear to be the special function of musical art.

But I must not anticipate.

## THE AFTERMATH.

THE glamour of the after-light  
Lay clear and fair along the sky,  
And made the pathway eerie-bright  
As home we wandered—thou and I.

The meadow-mists were lying low;  
A shadow held the riverside;  
The water took the western glow,  
And peace, grey peace, spread far and wide.

A sober-heartedness was ours—  
So still the earth, the sky so strange;  
And we had given in sunny hours  
Our youthful hearts their widest range.

We lingered in the meadow-path  
Touched by the twilight's silent spell,  
While from the sun's fleet aftermath  
A subtle glory rose and fell.

Dim, wistful thoughts within us grew,  
Forebodings of the life to be,  
Till with a sudden thrill we knew  
Time's touch of immortality.

For all the wonder and the awe,  
Far-widening within the west,  
Seemed with a mystic power to draw  
Our hearts into its kindly rest.

Yet still it faded, faded fast,  
And night crept up the eastern slope;  
But o'er our lives a strength had passed,  
And left us with a larger hope.

So home we wandered—thou and I—  
That night, sweet wife, so long ago,  
And still we watch the western sky  
And strengthen in its mystic glow.

JAMES HENDRY.



At a Street Corner.

## FROM MOGADOR TO MOROCCO.

By RALLI STENNING.

PART II.

WE turn out for the city. How shall we convey our impression? Long stretches of parallel crumbling walls, crooked and fissured from top to bottom, in which are various-sized holes for doors; long covered passages, whose sudden darkness blinds you; alleys two feet wide; entrance to yards; open spaces, heaped up with rubbish, and littered with feathers, decaying flesh and rags; a putrid dog; a

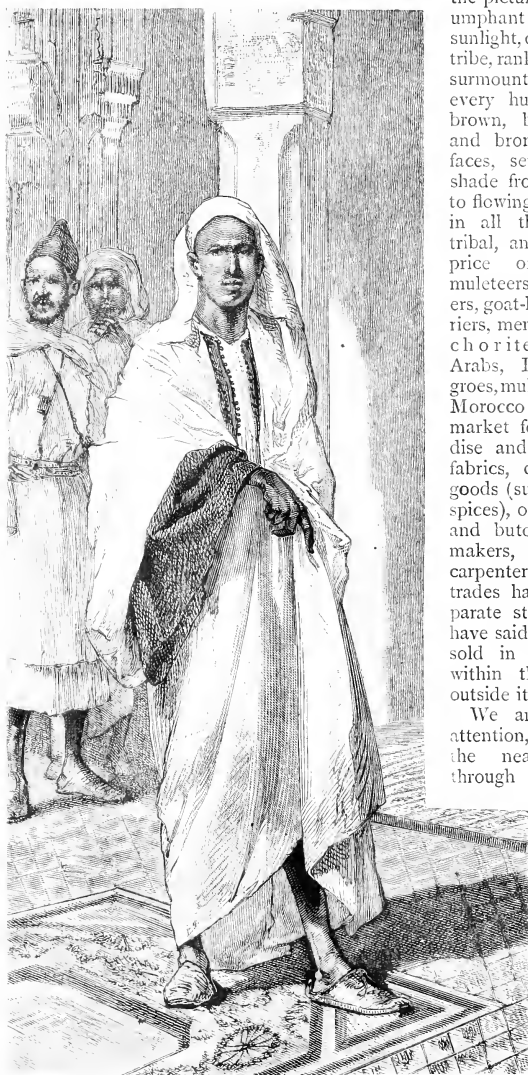
fountain with crumbling mosaic; an Arabesque door; a rickety Moorish window, propped up near the wall-top; all mixed and tumbled together—confusion and decay. Now and then we jam against the wall, that a laden camel may pass. How camels pass camels in the six-foot streets of Morocco remains a mystery, unless, like Luther's goats on the narrow bridge, the more obliging lies down while the less obliging passes over.

We stare into shops which are mere holes in the walls leading into dismal dens. A broad bench runs in front of the opening; articles spread on this and suspended on strings tied across the interior make the showman's show. The shoe customer sits down in the road to try on. Every trade has its street, the whole of them form a warren of blind and open alleys shaded by extemporised roofs of mats, skins, and branches of palm-trees. Our passage through them is more than usually difficult; we are Christian, and Christian means all evil. The very name is a scare and a bugbear. There are certain strange and terrible figures at every turn—men, old women, and big boys, who seem charged with the duty of representing this feeling, which they do most cordially by curse, fist, and face. Our guards clear the way with a stick, and we hurry on, and at length emerge into an open space used for a market. The effect is striking—indeed, charming: a square on a gala day—a managery! a gathering of nations! floating in the sunlight. Merchants obsequious, lithe, and majestic, in snow-white *caïc* of wool, of silk, of muslin, falling in severe and graceful simplicity, with drawers of crimson damask, slippers of embroidered gold, and ample airy turbans—lounging statuesque of barbaric splendour; simple householders with their white mantles floating in the wind;

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farmers from the provinces in strange and caparisoned mules. It is the cattle market.

grotesque costumes ; savage and turbulent warriors from the famous Rif, armed with long guns, whose red case is twisted round the head as a careless turban, with firm fearful faces, rendered horrible by yellow devices ; negroes with splendid naked limbs, betraying their owner's pride and care ; saints, emaciated and naked as born, grasping a curious staff, preaching with wildest gesture, before whom even the savage warrior of the Rif uncovers and seems reverent ; heaps of living rags asleep in the sun, propped against the wall and flattened on the ground ; caravans of camels, herds of goats and oxen, troops of beautiful horses and gaily



A High-class Moor.

triumphant in the bright sunlight, dress of every tribe, rank, and colour, surmounted by almost every hue of black, brown, brick, brass, and bronze-coloured faces, set in every shade from curly jet to flowing silver hair ; in all the personal, tribal, and social caprice of costume ; muleteers, camel-drivers, goat-herders, couriers, mendicants, anchorites, Moors, Arabs, Berbers, negroes, mulattoes, Jews. Morocco boasts a market for merchandise and for woven fabrics, one for dry goods (sugar, tea, and spices), one for slaves and butchers ; boot-makers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and other trades have each separate streets, as we have said. Cattle are sold in spaces both within the city and outside its walls.

We are attracting attention, so turn into the nearest street through a gateway, and at the other end we pass out by still another gateway. At length it strikes us that every street in Morocco has its defence. The town has

evidently to be defended against itself. In-

quiry confirms our explanation. Stormy and factious, safety is secured by gates at each end of every street, short and long alike—not mere garden gates, but solid wood-work set in massive archways. At sunset the outer gates of the walls of the city are closed, and when danger threatens, all the street gates are closed too, and strongly



A Bandit.

guarded. The people of each street are thus made prisoners on the spot, with no chance of communicating with those of their neighbouring street. By another labyrinth—along which we pass women who draw their veils more closely at the sight of us, and children who give us timid glances and then disappear—we reach the finest building of the city, the El-Koutoubia, or Mosque of the Bookseller. The mental effect is startling. Morocco's chief church dedicated to the bookseller! Where is enlightenment to match the Moors'? But there is another explanation. Perhaps the pious founder believed, as some one else is said to have done, that all other books were rendered superfluous by the one book, the Koran, and thus its principal church might be fairly known as the bookseller's substitute. Be this as it may, there are no booksellers in Morocco. The very name of the mosque must be satire. Little more can be said of the structure than that its tower is square, of stone, the same width to the top, which is two hundred and twenty feet from its base. It is divided into seven stories, and ascended by inclined planes, not stairs. The body of the spa-

cious building is of brick, and, like everything else we see, in an advanced stage of decay. Our profane eyes may not look upon its sacred interior, so we are left to imagine the effect of "its marble pillars from Spain," and its "curiously wrought roof." Its basement contains a vast bath for religious ablutions. Like some other spacious churches nearer home, El-Koutoubia seems little used. There are three other principal mosques, amongst which the first is Ben Youssef, with its lofty tower—some of the archways are of true Moorish beauty, said to have been brought from Granada and Algeiras. From the lantern of the Koutoubia tower, the eye takes in the position and proportions of the city. It appears somewhat pear-shaped, the point being towards the north. Ten thousand white flat roofs intersected by—as from this distance such six-foot streets must appear—narrow gutters, and dotted everywhere with small squares, through which is thrust up the tops of olives, figs, and diminutive palms, scarcely broken by dome or turret. Near the walls, and completely encircling them, as they encircle the town, is a wide band of enclosed gardens; and, beyond this, again another band of gigantic date-palms, and still farther away to the north-west lies undulating grounds, and illimitable plains, on which nothing can be distinguished; and to the south and east, wooded country rising gently towards the vast Atlas wall of the great desert of Sahara.

Near to one of these churches we pass the door of a prison; there are three in the city, and this is the largest. At the entrance gates sits the vice-governor of the city, a spare,



A Shluhi Woman.

tall, fine old man, trying causes. He sits on the bare ground, with his back to the wall, plaintiff, defendant, and witnesses crouching around him and looking pleadingly into his face. Imprisonment is here a serious affair. Moors even call their prisons horrible and foul; yet we cannot conceive anything more horrible and foul than many of their own streets after rain. It seems as though all the utterly abominable parts of Oriental cities had been collected here, surrounded with a wall, and called Morocco.

What, then, must be this criminal-house, filthy to a Moor? A pit, excavated from the earth to the depth of seven or eight feet, arched over with a roof supported on pillars, affording little light, less air, no food. Fetters are rivetted on every leg, iron collars and chains fixed on every neck. No fastidious distinctions are made between criminals great and small. Death from pestilence or hunger is the natural course of things. While we stand by, a dry, mummy-like form is carried out on a stretcher, partly covered with a sheet, on its way to burial, said to be a dead prisoner. Friends may provide food, but the unwhole-

someness of the place kills even men inured to stench. Friends, too, may redeem; for at every stage of justice money answereth all things. But before release, many capricious demands have to be satisfied, from the powerful caid down to the poor policeman; and if the demands leave money behind, the released may be imprisoned again until

avarice is satisfied. A demand is made for even loan of the fetter, collar, and chain. The city's four thousand prisoners are, for the most, defaulters in taxes. Such criminals are doggedly hunted, while the murderers may escape.

We make our way to one of the gates to take a turn in the gardens outside the walls — a privilege, by permission. We enter the garden, or plunge into what realises our idea of a jungle of olives,



By the Market Wall.

palms, figs, oranges, lemons, in wildest freedom, bound together and tangled with climbing ivy, weeds, and grape-vines. We push our way with difficulty through the narrow overgrown paths which here and there intersect the grounds. This wild, rank luxuriance is the Moor's idea of a first-class garden, for it is the garden of a governor,



Morocco Children at play.

caid, or sultan. There is cultivation, after a fashion. We hear the pleasant splash of the waters as they flow along wooden troughs and irrigating ditches; but as weeds and wild growths are up to one's shoulders, we see neither ditch nor well-house. Amongst this wild, splendid vegetation, we have a new sense of nature's productive powers. In fruitful years, the waste of fruit is enormous; oranges are utilised by Morocco boys, as English boys utilise snow, as balls for pelting, notably the unhappy Jews. So seriously inconvenient does orange-balling at times become that the authorities interfere.

Passing along the road, back towards the city, we overtake the ever-poetical camel with an immense load of hides, led by a man riding on an ass; and we are children again. We follow and admire, turning up a court not far beyond the gate, which proves to be an institution standing for our inn, known as a public *fondouk*. These places are houses and yards after the general types of Moorish dwellings, where the countryman, for a halfpenny a day, finds quarters for his beast, and for a penny a day a hovel for himself. The miserable place is full of imaginative interest. Hither come men from the markets of Timbuctoo and the forest of the

Soudan, from the snowy heights of the Atlas and the sandy plains of the Sahara; men who have sacked and burned negro villages, captured their youth and slain their age; ostrich and lion hunters, necromancers, astrologers, anchorites; bandits, and men who know no law but the gun, rebels against all authority; men, too, who have crossed the Great Desert, seen its mirages and sand-pillars, lain down under the lee of the camel before the simoon; to whom scenes which in books fired our childhood's imaginings to their highest pitch of wonder are actual events. While gazing down this gateway, life seems an illusion and a dream.

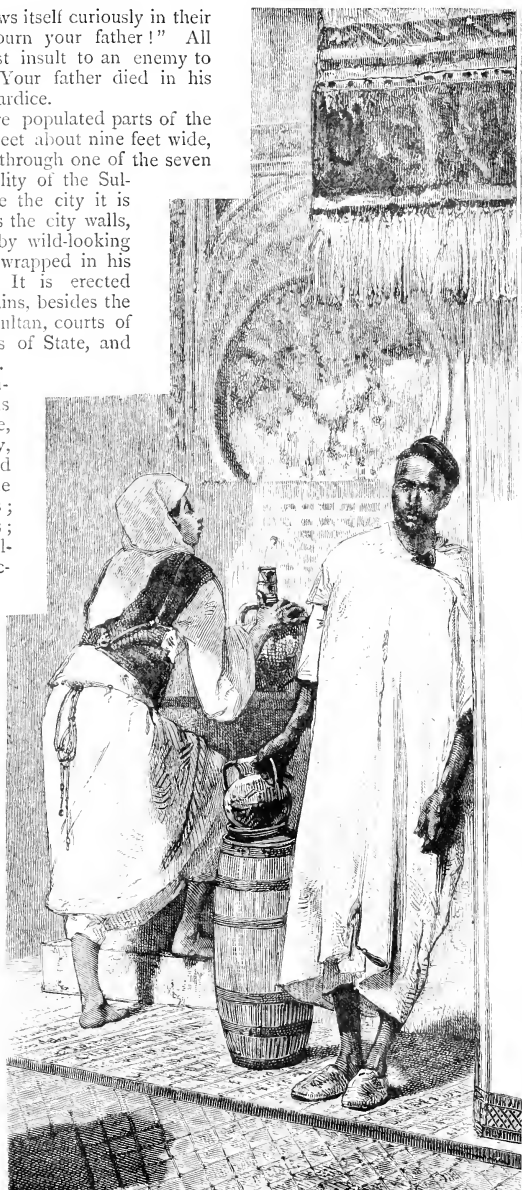
The average male Moor is well-made, and has the appearance of uncultivated ability; as women are seldom seen abroad—their exercises being confined to the house-tops and gardens of their harem—it is difficult to judge of them; but if the few seen flitting by us were specimens of the rest, they are not devoid of beauty, alike of figure and feature. Some of the female peasantry are especially fine; amongst these, the *Shluh* engages in war with ferocious courage—advanced pioneers of women's equal rights! Berber women, well-knit and active, are proverbial for love of their own home and children, and

hatred of strangers. This shows itself curiously in their popular curse, "May God burn your father!" All Moors consider it the greatest insult to an enemy to speak ill of his parents. "Your father died in his bed" is the last charge of cowardice.

Leaving the lower and more populated parts of the town, turning along a main street about nine feet wide, to the south-east, and passing through one of the seven city gates, we reach the locality of the Sultan's palace. Though outside the city it is within walls, high and thick as the city walls, in which are gates guarded by wild-looking native soldiers, one of whom wrapped in his mantle seems fast asleep. It is erected around two courts, and contains, besides the dwelling and harem of the Sultan, courts of audience, offices for ministers of State, and quarters for the Sultan's guard.

The Sultan's empire is composed of a most heterogeneous population, but all are warlike, ignorant, fanatical, cruel, lazy, restless—every class fearing and hating every other, and all the world. Sheiks oppress tribes; caids, territories and cities; pashas, provinces; and the Sultan, all. Agriculture, manufacture, wealth, freedom, life, are at the caprice of his personal will. Their end is his enjoyment. His person is the sea; national interests are the rivers to run into it, yet it is never full. One power, however, is *his* master—Mussulman fanaticism and its inflexible madness. While Christian peoples rise in the rank of being, that goads its victims to ruin.

But we are at the Sultan's palace. Its towers afford splendid views over country well wooded with date-palms, bounded by the Atlas range, lifting lustrous snow summits 10,000 feet into a deep-blue cloudless sky. From the magnificent prospect we turn to the city, to seek out its "Kat Ben Aid, Zaonia-el-Hadar," &c., where the houses of the wealthy are. We enter these "West-ends" by a narrow street of little shops and blank walls. The houses,



At an Inner-court Fountain.



however, with their bald cross-shaped loopholes and gateways, show few signs of their owners' wealth. No gardens, no windows, no balconies, no porches. Their "front" is within; there groves of oranges and lemons, tiled pathways, and fountains form courts, in which is frequently to be found a tame gazelle. Kitchens, reception rooms, accommodation for wives and children, sleeping apartments, and occasionally a stable, divide the ground floor. From somewhere near the gateway entering the court, a narrow staircase leads to the first floor, where are the rooms in which the owner lives and receives his friends. The sleeping rooms, generally long, narrow, and lofty, contain low beds, hung commonly with striped red and yellow drapery, with coverlets of the same, bordered by thick carpets, pegs for wardrobe, and mirrors for toilet. The dining-rooms are furnished with carpets and hangings, chandeliers standing on the floor, cushion, pillow, and mattress of silk, velvet, and woollen, striped and starred with silver and gold, in all the colours of the rainbow, spread against the walls. Tables, chairs, and other necessities of European furniture, in the city of Morocco there are none. Fountains flow here and there in the streets, which fairly lay claim to quaintness, occasionally to beauty. From these all the inhabitants fetch their drinking water, a well within the court generally supplying water for ordinary household use.

It is not uncommon to find a rough representation of a hand painted on the doors, or carved in the stucco over it, as a safeguard against witchcraft. All Moors believe in witchcraft; and, by the way, the wealthiest and the poorest wear charms as protection against disease and injury.

Breakfast, tea, and dinner, all of which are frequently taken on beautiful mats and carpets spread in the garden, form the meals of the "upper ten."

Breakfast consists of *cus-cus-su*—a cake of baked granules deftly made of flour, which eats crisp and sweet—milk, butter, omelets, pigeons cooked in oil, sweet potatoes, force-meats, and sweet tarts of honey, butter, and eggs. Tea, which is quite a "course" meal, is taken seated cross-legged on soft carpets spread on the floor, around a handsome and costly tray with dwarf feet raising it a few inches from the floor, furnished with drinking-glasses in place of china cups; the formidable meal—which is served by an upper man-servant—excites the European visitors' wonder and dismay. First, the tea-pot—or

kettle, if named after its shape—is filled with green tea, sugar, and water, in such proportions as to make a thick sweet syrup, which is drunk without milk or cream. Then follows an infusion of tea and spear mint. Yet another of tea and wormwood. Yet another of tea and lemon verbena. And yet another, of tea with citron. On great occasions, a sixth is added of tea and ambergris. Nothing is eaten. The "weed" usually follows; but the Moor, though a smoker, is not "an inveterate." Dinner consists of various dishes of mutton, fish, and fowl, ingeniously and artistically served in mixtures of pomades, soaps, spices, and cosmetics; so, at least, Englishmen declare who have had in courtesy to swallow the preparations. Knives, forks, and spoons are dispensed with, perhaps despised. Around a central dish gathers the company, as usual cross-legged on the floor. At "In the name of God," which is the brief grace pronounced by the master of the house, the slave removes the cover from the bowl; lifted hands are thrust into the smoking dish, and morsels of its contents, deftly rolled into convenient forms, are tossed, dripping, into the mouth with a neatness and precision truly wonderful. Exact portions are picked from fowl and fish and mutton bone without delay or effort. Sharp nails are said to act as knives. After the course, water and napkins are brought round. The wash over, another dish, and another plunging of the paws into the savoury mess. Incense is often burnt during dinner, which fills the apartment with delicate aroma. When a meal is served in the open court, the ladies of the house are permitted to gaze on their lords from the balcony which usually surrounds it.

With a sense of relief we take a turn in the Jews' quarters. In Morocco the Jew endures hatred, degradation, persecution, and untold insults, worries, and woes for a pecuniary consideration, which the city seems able and willing to give. So valuable is his monetary capacity, that he cannot get permission to go outside the walls without his wife and family remaining as the pledge of his return.

One of the most pleasing memories of the house in Morocco is the little friendly bird, not unlike our own house-sparrow, which stands on no ceremony, awaits no invitation to dinner, and soon learns to eat out of your hand. Amid such strangely uncongenial surroundings, an acquaintance like this is both human and Divine. Our civilised hearts find it more near to them than mankind, and still more suggestive of the largeness and care of the Father who is over all.

## SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

THERE are certain men whose names stand for great qualities. When these names are mentioned we think almost more readily of the quality than of the person. Sir James Outram is of this class. He is pre-eminently the modern knight; and Outram stands for chivalry. The tales of mediæval romance seem possible when we hear of his daring exploits, of his unselfish surrender and indifference to worldly profit. To read of them even in outline must be exhilarating and helpful, especially if we try to trace the process by which his character was formed and his great fame slowly grew. This we are now enabled to do here through the favour of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of early sheets of the admirable memoir by Major-General Sir F. Goldsmid.

James Outram was born at Butterley Hall, Derbyshire, on January 29, 1803. He came of a race which had given honourable names to literature and to the Church of England; but his father, who showed a distinct genius for mechanical pursuits, and has the honour of having been associated with Stephenson and other early railway magnates, was a civil engineer—so active, practical, and persevering that his Christian name of "Benjamin Franklin" did no discredit to the sponsorship implied by it. Some have even traced to the last syllable of his surname the word "Tram," now in common use. Just when he was securing a high rank in his profession he abandoned it to found the Butterley Iron Works Company, in which he was chief partner. His enterprise, tact, and determination would no doubt have fully justified the step had he not died at a comparatively early age, before he was able to realise his projects, leaving his affairs in such a position that a very inadequate result remained for his family. His wife, the daughter of a Scottish gentleman, was a woman of great independence, energy, reticence, and firmness, and at once, on being made aware of the circumstances in which she had been left, resolved, so far as she could, to help herself. Her father had done some service to Lord Melville and to the country, and had incurred loss by it; and her characteristic and independent appeal to his lordship for justice, and her frank statement of the circumstances in which she was placed, brought a small pension from Government. With this and the remnant saved from the wreck of her husband's estate, she devoted herself to

the rearing of her five young children, of whom the eldest was Francis, who became an officer in the Indian service, like his more celebrated brother James.

After a few years' residence at Worksop, and then at Barnby Moor (where for the sake of low rent Mrs. Outram bravely occupied a house that was popularly said to be haunted), she removed to Aberdeen. Her own early training and education, we are told, had been very incomplete, and this step was dictated in great part by the resolution that in this respect her children should not suffer. Living and schooling were cheap in Aberdeen; and it exhibits her foresight in the fairest light that she should have faced all the inconvenience and difficulty of removal—far greater at that time than now—for a prospective benefit for her children. At first she lived in a small cottage in the outskirts. When her daughters grew older we learn that she moved to an "upper flat" in Castle Street, that the best tuition available might be within their reach. She herself lost no opportunity of improvement, and when later in life she was free to travel abroad no one would have detected a trace of the early defects in her training. She was "exceedingly accurate and punctual." She boasted, and, it is believed, with accuracy, that she had never of her own fault kept a person waiting five minutes in her life. She was ready to admire excellence in many walks of life. She abhorred meanness; could express herself well, and even wrote verses. She abhorred debt; to avoid it and every form of dependence was her daily thought.

"Her intimate friends," says Miss Catherine Sinclair, who knew her well, "knowing that her income was straitened, made frequent offers of assistance, but all in vain. Her independent Scottish spirit recoiled from receiving an obligation, and she struggled successfully on through every difficulty or privation. Mrs. Outram was formed by nature to be the mother of a hero, and those among her friends who knew the gallant and chivalrous son might see that he had inherited his mother's generous sentiments, his bright talents, his inflexible integrity, and his indomitable energy from a parent of the old Scottish stamp, who has since her recent decease left few equals behind her."

For a short period Outram went to school at Udney, where he showed more skill in draughtsmanship than in grammar, and in manly exercises and field-sports than in Latin and Greek, and was more inclined to defend the little boys against the big bullies

than to ingratiate himself with his superiors. "He had the courage and fortitude of a giant," says his sister, "with the body of a pigmy, being very small for his age." His firmness and decision were extraordinary. Once on the seashore, when his hand had been caught by a crab, "he calmly held it up, the blood streaming down on the creature, which thus hung until of its own accord it relaxed its hold and fell to the ground. Not a cry had been heard from the sufferer, not even a wry face made. He wrapped his handkerchief round the wounded finger, coolly saying, 'I thought he'd get tired at last.'" He was so skilful in carving that his mother would have made him a sculptor could she have found a place for him. After four years at Udney School he was removed to that of the Rev. W. Esson, then thought to be the best in Aberdeen; and here he was prepared for Marischal College, which he entered for mathematics and natural philosophy in the Session 1818-19, making very satisfactory progress in these studies. While his mother was anxiously casting about among her friends for advice and aid as to starting him in a profession, James had quietly made up his mind about a career. When it was proposed that, through the patronage of his relative, Archdeacon Outram, he might make his way into the English Church, he said to his sister, "They mean to make me a parson. You see that window; rather than be a parson I'm out of it, and I'll 'list for a common soldier." That necessity was averted through Captain Gordon, member for Aberdeenshire, a friend of his mother's, who procured for him a military cadetship in India. His mother accompanied him to London and saw all the due preparations made; and he sailed in the good ship *York* on the 2nd May, 1819, being then only in his seventeenth year, but with more of stern manhood than most who undertake the same voyage, notwithstanding his puny height—five feet one inch—over which he is said to have mourned. Years afterwards he was described by his brother as the "smallest staff-officer in the army." Bombay was reached on the 16th August, and soon thereafter he was posted as Lieutenant of the First Grenadier Native Infantry, and speedily joined the 2nd battalion. India was then at peace, and it was natural enough that a lad with unbounded energy and high spirits should seek a sphere for the exercise of his energies in field-sports, which he did at the various points at which he was first stationed—Rajkot, and other places. Lieutenant Outram was soon known as an

expert pig-sticker, tiger, and lion-hunter. He ignored difficulties, and had no sense of danger. Many records of his daring doings in this department survive, and suffice to illustrate his character on this side; though, perhaps, that which best bespeaks the man is the resolution with which he hunted down and slew the tiger that had made an end of his much-loved Bheel chief and trusted companion—Khundoo.

His exploits in hunting were, however, wholly thrown into the shade very soon by performances in another and higher field. His indomitable character and his fine sympathy with his men speedily made his influence felt, and before long he was advanced to the post of adjutant, having been in the meantime transferred to another regiment. He was a strict disciplinarian, but mixed humanity with it. His biographer says:—

"His love of field-sports, in which he was ready to join those under him, so far from leading them to be lax in their duties, made every man try to do his best. Duty was always a labour of love with those under him, for he inspired all who were capable of any elevation of feeling with some portion of his own ardour, and made all such willing assistants rather than mere perfunctory subordinates. Thus early did he show that wonderful fact of commanding men which few have possessed in such a high degree."

At this time he was only twenty-one years of age, and his advancement was particularly welcomed, inasmuch as it enabled him to gratify his filial feelings, always strong, in joining his brother in remitting regularly sums to his mother in Scotland.

His physique was much tried by the climate; but he had made up his mind to fight it out with the climate or die. And he did fight it out; for, strange to say, illness after illness did not leave him worse permanently, but appeared only to have strengthened his constitution, till it seemed to be of iron. He was given up in cholera more than once, and experienced fevers and other diseases or complaints, which, humanly speaking, would have killed most men; but excitement and work soon became, and long remained, his best restoratives and tonics.

The first opportunity presented to him for really distinguishing himself was in repressing the rising in Kittur, brought about by the death of the Deshai, or native hereditary governor, and a conspiracy to palm off a pretended successor. James Outram was then in Bombay on sick leave. He volunteered for the service, and bore himself so well as to have received special mention. A more important service, and one

which was to have more permanent results, was ready for him soon after his return to Bombay. An outbreak occurred in Western Khandesh, in the Malair district, and Outram was sent to quell it. This he did with such decision and dispatch, as well as soldierly craft, that the insurgents were surprised and scattered before the main body of the troops sent forward for the work had reached the scene of action. This marked him out for superior work, and, as the able man is always in his place, Outram was not found wanting when, still a young man of twenty-three, he was relieved from regimental duty and sent forward on the arduous enterprise of raising a Bheel corps in that province for police duty. The Bheels were very unlikely material for this end. Held to be a wholly distinct people from those surrounding them, they stood, to the number of some fifty-five thousand, as hopeless irreconcilables, Indian Ishmaels, their hands against every man. They have been called the Rob Roys of India. Roving, restless, keen for plunder, and quick to find an advantage against those of more settled modes of life, they levied a heavy tax upon all within their reach. Skillful, indomitable, inured by ages to strife and foray, it seemed well-nigh a hopeless task to tame them to servitude and good citizenship. Outram set about the work in a decided way, though he fully appreciated the milder policy of conciliation favoured by the famous Mont Stuart Elphinstone. First of all he directed his force upon the main centres, persuaded that so long as the spirit of rebellion was fostered by the belief that our troops could not attack the evil at its source, by penetrating to the mountain retreats, nothing effective could be done. With immense difficulty he made his way, with thirty bayonets, to the almost inaccessible mountain head-centre, and surprised the rebels. The suddenness, the confusion, above all the sound of musketry, caused them to scatter in various directions. By a well-concerted plan, which had been entered into with his companions engaged in the work, the soldiers, who were soon reinforced, separated into small parties in pursuit. All the Bheel haunts and strongholds were speedily occupied, and many were taken prisoners. No sooner was their power broken than Outram set himself to conciliation and reconstruction. He urged on the Bheels with whom he came into contact the advantages that would arise to them from accepting regular service in the army, and enlistment forthwith began.

"It is not hard to understand," says his biographer, "the objection of the Bheels to enter on a new line of life on the representation of comparative strangers. They had had ample cause to mistrust authority under native governments, and insufficient experience of the British rule to accept it in a thoroughly trusting spirit. The fears of the men at some supposed lurking mischief were among the main obstacles to enlistment, and three or four of the first comers were frightened away by a report that they had been enticed with a view to eventual transportation beyond seas. At length five of the bolder, and it may be the more intelligent, of the number were persuaded to take the shilling in earnest, and on July 1 Outram had as many as twenty-five recruits. In August the number had increased to sixty-two, and a little later to ninety-two."

His constant endeavour was to remove their fears by free intercourse with them, by talking of the cruelties done to them under the Peishwa's government with marks of detestation and without reserve, by listening to their complaints and redressing real grievances, and by displaying a perfect confidence in them. This policy was highly successful. When some rumours arose of contemplated foul play on the part of the English, scaring the Bheels, he says: "I ordered the Bheels to assemble, and was promptly obeyed. I explained to them how much disappointed I had reason to be in men who, notwithstanding the confidence I placed in them, sleeping under their swords every night (having none but a Bheel guard at my residence), still continued to harbour suspicions of me. The feeling with which they answered me was so gratifying that I do not regret the cause which brought it forth. Others have given early proof of their fidelity." He begs for more latitude in dealing with the Bheels than would be allowed in less exceptional circumstances, and goes on: "Placing early trust in them will naturally be regarded as imprudent, and as placing temptation in their way—yet I am persuaded that this is the only way to make them trustworthy."

And he thus excuses himself to his mother and his friends for his temerity:—

"If I have been carried away by enthusiasm occasionally to expose myself unnecessarily, believe me I shall bear your advice and admonition in mind, and abstain for the future. In my situation a little daring was necessary to obtain the requisite influence over the minds of the raw, irregular people I command; and if ever you hear of any act of temerity I may hitherto have been guilty of, do not condemn me as unmindful of what I owe to you and our family, but attribute it to having been a part of my peculiar duty."

And well he knew his men. All outbreak, marauding, and disobedience were summarily and sternly dealt with; Outram would tole-

rate no license; he so arranged the pay of the Bheels as to induce temperance and economy, and soon he founded schools both for adults and children. In 1828, the Collector reported that, for the first time in more than twenty years, the country had enjoyed six months of uninterrupted repose. The keen interest and exceeding delight he took in the school for the Bheel children was such as to soften somewhat the blow which at this time fell upon him from the painful and untimely death of his brother Francis.

The complete success of his dealings with the Bheels of the north-east, suggested that the same thing might be done for the Bheels of the Dang, a tract of tangled forest on the west of Khandesh. Outram perceived how Bheels could be used to tame other Bheels. He undertook to march a body of troops into the heart of the fortresses of Dang; and did it with such success that within a fortnight after the commencement of proceedings the desired end was accomplished; the force returned, "with the principal chief our prisoner, and all the others in alliance, after having subdued and surveyed the whole country,"—which, be it remembered, had been hitherto unexplored, and had been deemed wholly impracticable; and all this, by virtue of skill and decision, was attained with the loss of only one life on our side. The thanks of the Bombay Government were sent to Outram for the "highly meritorious service of the detachment on the Dang. . . . Nothing could exceed the indefatigable efforts made by yourself and the officers and troops under your command, bringing this most harassing duty to a conclusion . . . which has now been most happily effected through the unyielding perseverance maintained, and the judicious measures you have pursued throughout."

But the real secret of his success lay in great insight into character and great firmness, combined with unselfish concern for the good of those he sought to subdue.

"He spared no pains to establish over his outlawed friends the power which springs from tested sympathy—not that inspired by awe alone. They found not only that he surpassed them in all they most admired, in all that was most manly, but that he thoroughly understood their ways—that he loved them—that he could and did enter thoroughly into their fears and difficulties, their joys and sorrows. . . . No wonder that we hear of his memory still lingering in Khandesh, shrouded by a semi-divine halo. We are told that a few years ago some of his old sepoy's happened to light upon an ugly little image. Tracing in it a fancied resemblance to their old commandant, they forthwith set it up and worshipped it as 'Outram Salib.'"

So he continued till 1835 among the Bheels, doing at several other points much the same work as we have noted in Khandesh and Dang; but, not unnaturally, a desire for a wider field uprose in his mind. After a time he was sent on a special mission to arrange some differences in the Mahi Kanta—a distant portion of Guzerat, far above the Khandesh and the Narbada, of which the Kolees form the most numerous inhabitants—a people nearly allied to the Bheels, and like them warlike and rebellious, though less tall and muscular. The Government proposed to survey the tract, and to conciliate the wild inhabitants in the same manner as had been done in Khandesh.

Outram went to Bombay, where he was married to his cousin, Miss Anderson, attended conferences, and was by-and-by appointed to this work. Sir Robert Grant's excessive desire for peace and conciliatory measures somewhat hampered him; for he knew well that with such people a stern front must be shown first; and we find him asking, in a very characteristic manner, how, after having pardoned and taken under protection the chiefs who shall submit to us, he was to deal with those whom they might have injured. "It will, I presume, be necessary to satisfy all well-founded claims against them, both in justice and to prevent retaliation"—a sentence which indicates not only Outram's political sagacity, but his full sense of justice and rectitude.

These circumstances of restraint on the side of mildness threatened to have led to some difficulty respecting the outlawry and treatment by Outram of one of the Kolee chiefs; but his conduct throughout the difficult work had been so conspicuously masterly that, in spite of the apparent departure from the governor's principles implied in this action, the outlawry of Suraj Mall was not only condoned, but admitted to have been successful in the result. In the same way he acted against Kolee disturbers of local authority at many points, putting them down, bringing harmony and order out of confusion and lawlessness; and there can be no doubt that his intrepidity and resolution did much to prevent a general rising, which there is ample proof was at one time threatened. It is very odd to read the mixed strain of protest and of admiration which runs through the dispatches to him as agent in this province, the one sometimes obtaining ascendancy, sometimes the other; but the worst that could be said was that the sphere was too limited for the worthy display of such remarkable

military talents, and his justifications of his policy, as being really the mildest, are as skillfully formed as were his military plans.

"Had any negotiations," he says in one dispatch, "with the Bharwatti been attempted, as suggested, I am convinced that the Thakeer would have continued 'out,' in the hope of ultimately gaining his ends; and had any modification in the terms finally decided on and publicly promulgated by Government have been allowed, it would have encouraged a continuance of the system of the Bharwittaism, which I am convinced it is in our power, as it is our duty, I conceive, to put an end to."

It scarcely needs to be said, however, that in view of the success attained, his sensitive mind chafed at the tone of reprimand which too often showed itself in Government orders.

In 1838 he was removed from this post, and attached to the staff of Sir John Keane, at Sind, as an extra aide-de-camp. Added to his cares in the midst of such a change, he had domestic trials: his wife was in ill-health, and had been compelled to leave India. He was solitary and depressed; he worked harder than ever, however—to such an extent as to forego all but enforced exercise. On the first hint of the Afghan war he was ready with his suggestions, remarking on the weakness of the cavalry in the army destined for Afghanistan, and proposing the enrolment of certain classes of natives, under English officers, for this work. Into the peculiar position of Sind at this time, and the circumstances that led to the Afghan war, it is impossible for us here to enter: but it must be said that Captain Outram and Lieutenant Eastwick were associated in a mission to the Court of Hyderabad in order to bring the Ameer to a clear understanding with reference to these among various other matters: the necessity of a British military cantonment at Thatta; the part payment by the Ameer of our troops quartered in Sind. On their way through the country, Outram's eyes were busy taking note of its military capabilities; and whilst he was engaged in a survey of the town he was presented with only too marked proofs that the cordiality of the princes in durbar was not shared by the people or by the Belooch soldiery. Demands for explanation were not met by satisfactory replies, and Outram and Eastwick had to embark without a second interview. Their small detachment of sixty-nine men would have been attacked had it not been that all were kept on the alert. War in this case also was only averted by decisive military demonstrations, by which the Ameer was brought to a better mind. On returning to Jerak, he found that matters were coming to a crisis in Afghanistan, and

he was dispatched on a mission to Macnaghten, then in the camp of Shah Shooja.

To Eastwick he wrote what seems to have some practical application even now:—

"Every day's experience confirms me in the opinion that we should have contented ourselves with securing the line of the Indus alone, without shackling ourselves with the support of an unpopular Emperor of Afghanistan, whom to maintain will cost us at least thirty lakhs annually, besides embroiling us hereafter with all the rude states beyond, which it must perpetually do. We have now stretched out our feelers too far to pull them back, however, and must and will carry our objects, for the present, triumphantly; but I cannot blind myself to the embarrassment we are storing up for the future."

And again, to Major Felix, about the same time:—

"For our own safety I think it better we should pass peaceably through Afghanistan and fulfil our mission without hostilities; because once involved in warfare, we should have to continue it under lamentable disadvantages in this country. A blow once struck by us at the Afghans will oblige us to become principals on every occasion hereafter, much to our cost and little to our credit. . . . You will be surprised that I should display so little desire for actual war; but I hope you will give me credit for some discretion, which is as necessary as bravery to a good soldier, and do me the justice to believe that I would weigh well the consequences before plunging into war when hostilities can honourably be avoided. I have well considered every side of this question, and am now satisfied that British bayonets need never be pushed beyond the Hala Mountains for the defence of India; that British armies of any strength could not be supplied or supported for a length of time on this, the Afghan, side of these mountains, and that the natural and impregnable boundary of our empire is the Indus."

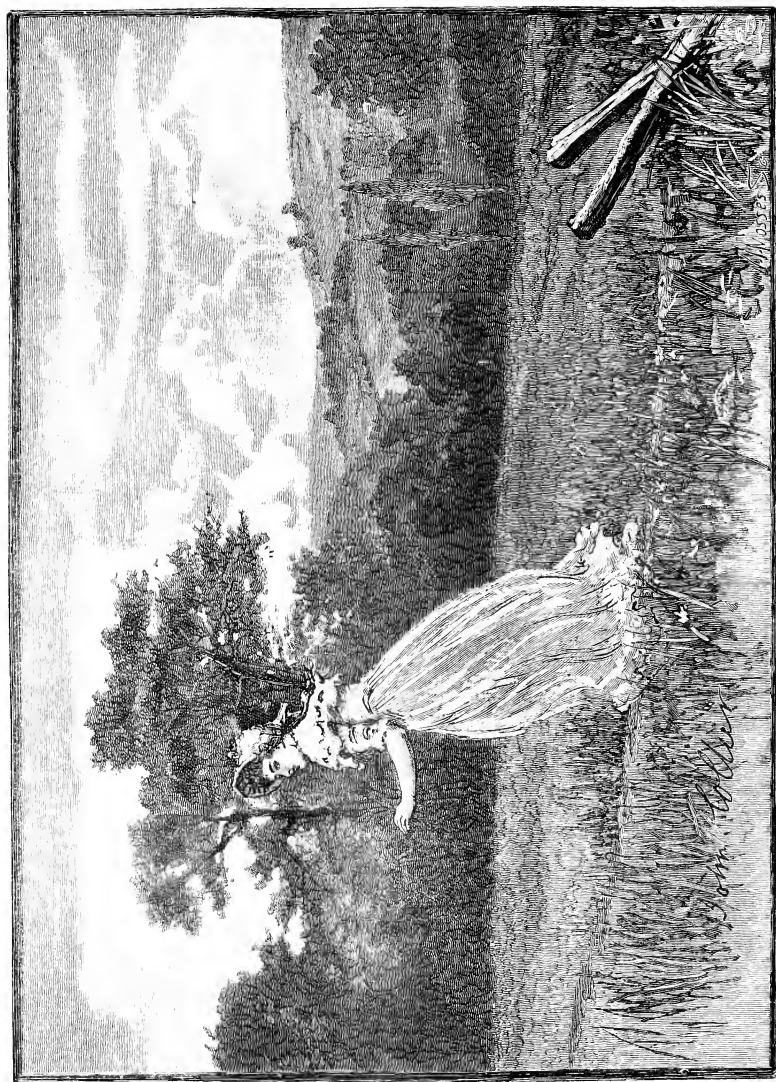
But the business of the true soldier is to act and not to argue. When war was entered on Outram was a tower of strength. His conduct at the siege of Ghuznee was heroic; he knew no fear; he faced death as if it had no terror. On the day of arrival before Ghuznee, he more than once conveyed his chief's orders to the troops engaged with, or threatened by, the enemy, after the fire had been opened on both sides. Under Sir J. Keane's instructions he placed guns at a point to the western face of the fortress, with the view to check the escape of the garrison; and he afterwards rode to the eastern wall to make arrangements to intercept the fugitives in that direction. And he led in a masterly manner that expedition through Haji Guk<sup>32</sup> and the Kalu Pass in pursuit of Dost Mahomed, which, though it failed by reason of the duplicity of native guides, was one of the most admirable achievements of the campaign.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

<sup>32</sup> A pass 12,000 feet above the ocean, whence they saw the snow 1,500 feet below them.

(To be concluded in next part.)





"With a desperate sigh she ran on again."



## THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.—FESTUS SHOWS HIS LOVE.

FESTUS DERRIMAN had remained in Weymouth all that day, his horse being sick at stables; but, wishing to coax or bully from his uncle a remount for the coming summer, he set off on foot for Overcombe early in the evening. When he drew near to the village, or rather to the Hall, which was



a mile from the village, he overtook a slim, quick-eyed woman, sauntering along at a leisurely pace. She was fashionably dressed in a green spencer, with "Mameluke" sleeves, and wore a velvet Spanish hat and feather.

"Good afternoon t'ye, ma'am," said Festus, throwing a sword-and-pistol air into his greeting. "You are out for a walk?"

"I *am* out for a walk, captain," said the lady, who had criticized him from the crevice of her eye, without seeming to do much more than continue her demure look forward, and gave the title as a sop to his apparent character.

"From Weymouth?—I'd swear it, ma'am; 'pon my honour I would!"

"Yes, I am from Weymouth, sir," said she.

"Ah, you are a visitor! I know every one of the regular inhabitants; we soldiers are in and out there continually. Festus

Derriman, Yeomanry Cavalry, you know. The fact is, the town is under our charge; the folks will be quite dependent upon us for their deliverance in the coming struggle. We hold our lives in our hands, and theirs, I may say, in our pockets. What made you come here, ma'am, at such a critical time?"

"I don't see that it is such a critical time."

"But it is, though; and so you'd say if you was as much mixed up with the military affairs of the nation as some of us."

The lady smiled. "The King is coming this year, anyhow," said she.

"Never!" said Festus firmly. "Ah, you are one of the attendants at court perhaps, come on ahead to get the King's chambers ready, in case Boney should not land?"

"No," she said; "I am connected with the theatre, though not just at the present moment. I have been out of luck for the last year or two; but I have fetched up again. I join the company when they arrive for the season."

Festus surveyed her with interest. "Faith! and is it so? Well, ma'am, what part do you play?"

"I am mostly the leading lady—the heroine," she said, drawing herself up with dignity.

"I'll come and have a look at ye, if all's well, and the landing is put off—hang me if I don't!—Hullo, hullo, what do I see?"

His eyes were stretched towards a distant field, which Anne Garland was at that moment hastily crossing, on her way from the Hall to the village.

"I must be off. Good-day to ye, dear creature!" he exclaimed, hurrying forward.

The lady said, "Oh, you droll monster!" as she smiled and watched him stride ahead.

Festus bounded on over the hedge, across the intervening patch of green, and into the field which Anne was still crossing. In a moment or two she looked back, and seeing who followed felt rather alarmed, though she determined to show no difference in her outward carriage. But to maintain her natural gait was beyond her powers. She spasmodically quickened her pace; fruitlessly, however, for he gained upon her, and when within a few strides of her exclaimed, "Well, my darling!" Anne started off at a run.

Festus was already out of breath, and soon

found that he was not likely to overtake her. On she went, without turning her head, till an unusual noise behind compelled her to look round. His face was in the act of falling back; he swerved on one side, and dropped like a log upon a convenient hedgerow-bank which bordered the path. There he lay quite still.

Anne was somewhat alarmed; and after standing at gaze for two or three minutes, drew nearer to him, a step and a half at a time, wondering and doubting, as a meek ewe draws near to some strolling vagabond who flings himself on the grass near the flock.

"He is in a swoon!" she murmured.

Her heart beat quickly, and she looked around. Nobody was in sight; she advanced a step nearer still and observed him again. Apparently his face was turning to a livid hue, and his breathing had become obstructed.

"'Tis not a swoon; 'tis apoplexy!" she said, in deep distress. "I ought to untie his neck." But she was afraid to do this, and only drew a little closer still.

Miss Garland was now within three feet of him, whereupon the senseless man, who could hold his breath no longer, sprang to his feet and darted at her, saying, "Ha ha! a scheme for a kiss!"

She felt his arm slipping round her neck; but, twirling about on her own axis with amazing dexterity, she wriggled from his embrace and ran away along the field. The force with which she had extricated herself was sufficient to throw Festus upon the grass, and by the time that he got upon his legs again she was many yards off. Uttering a word which was not a blessing, he immediately gave chase; and thus they ran till Anne entered a meadow divided down the middle by a brook about six feet wide. A narrow plank was thrown loosely across at the point where the path traversed this stream, and when Anne reached it she at once scampered over. At the other side she turned her head to gather the probabilities of the situation, which were that Festus Derriman would overtake her even now. By a sudden forethought she stooped, seized the end of the plank, and endeavoured to drag it away from the opposite bank. But the weight was too great for her to do more than slightly move it, and with a desperate sigh she ran on again, having lost many valuable seconds.

But her attempt, though ineffectual in dragging it down, had been enough to unsettle the little bridge; and when Derriman

reached the middle, which he did half a minute later, the plank turned over on its edge, tilting him bodily into the river. The water was not remarkably deep, but as the yeoman fell flat on his stomach he was completely immersed; and it was some time before he could drag himself out. When he arose, dripping on the bank, and looked round, Anne had vanished from the mead. Then Festus's eyes glowed like carbuncles and he gave voice to fearful imprecations, shaking his fist in the soft summer air towards Anne, in a way that was terrible for any maiden to behold. Wading back through the stream, he walked along its bank with a heavy tread, the water running from his coat-tails, wrists, and the tips of his ears, in silvery dribbles, that sparkled pleasantly in the sun. Thus he hastened away, and went round by a by-path to the Hall.

Meanwhile the author of his troubles was rapidly drawing nearer to the mill, and soon, to her inexpressible delight, she saw Bob coming to meet her. She had heard the flounce, and feeling more secure from her pursuer, had dropped her pace to a quick walk. No sooner did she reach Bob than, overcome by the excitement of the moment, she flung herself into his arms. Bob instantly enclosed her in an embrace so very thorough that there was no possible danger of her falling, whatever degree of exhaustion might have given rise to her somewhat unexpected action; and in this attitude they silently remained, till it was borne in upon Anne that the present was the first time in her life that she had ever been in such a position. Her face then burnt like a sunset, and she did not know how to look up at him. Feeling at length quite safe, she suddenly resolved not to give way to her first impulse to tell him the whole of what had happened, lest there should be a dreadful quarrel and fight between Bob and the yeoman, and great difficulties caused in the Loveday family on her account, the miller having important wheat transactions with the Derrimans.

"You seem frightened, dearest Anne," said Bob tenderly.

"Yes," she replied. "I saw a man I did not like the look of, and he was inclined to follow me. But, worse than that, I am troubled about the French. O Bob! I am afraid you will be killed, and my mother, and John, and your father, and all of us hunted down!"

"Now I have told you, dear little heart, that it cannot be. We shall drive 'em into the sea after a battle or two, even if they land,

which I don't believe they will. We've got ninety sail of the line, and though it is rather unfortunate that we should have declared war against Spain at this ticklish time, there's enough for all." And Bob went into elaborate statistics of the navy, army, militia, and volunteers, to prolong the time of holding her. When he had done speaking he drew rather a heavy sigh.

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"I haven't been yet to offer myself as a sea-fencible, and I ought to have done it long ago!"

"You are only one. Surely they can do without you?"

Bob shook his head. She arose from her restless position, her eye catching his with a shamefaced expression of having given way at last. Loveday drew from his pocket a paper, and said, as they slowly walked on, "Here's something to make us brave and patriotic. I bought it in Weymouth. Is it not a stirring picture?"

It was a hieroglyphic profile of Napoleon. The hat represented a maimed French eagle; the face was ingeniously made up of human carcasses, knotted and writhing together in such directions as to form a physiognomy; a band, or stock, shaped to resemble the English Channel, encircled his throat, and seemed to choke him; his epaulette was a hand tearing a cobweb that represented the treaty of peace with England; and his ear was a woman crouching over a dying child.

"It is dreadful!" said Anne. "I don't like to see it."

She had recovered from her emotion, and walked along beside him with a grave, subdued face. Bob did not like to assume the privileges of an accepted lover and draw her hand through his arm; for, conscious that she naturally belonged to a politer grade than his own, he feared lest her exhibition of tenderness were an impulse which cooler moments might regret. A perfect Paul-and-Virginia life had not absolutely set in for him as yet, and it was not to be hastened by force. When they had passed over the bridge into the mill-front they saw the miller standing at the door with a face of concern.

"Since you have been gone," he said, "a Government man has been here, and to all the houses, taking down the numbers of the women and children, and their ages, and the number of horses and waggons that can be mustered, in case they have to retreat inland, out of the way of the invading army."

The little family gathered themselves together, all feeling the crisis more seriously

than they liked to express. Mrs. Loveday thought how ridiculous a thing social ambition was in such a conjuncture as this, and vowed that she would leave Anne to love where she would. Anne, too, forgot the little peculiarities of speech and manner in Bob and his father, which sometimes jarred for a moment upon her more refined sense, and was thankful for their love and protection in this looming trouble.

On going up-stairs she remembered the paper which Farmer Derriman had given her, and searched in her bosom for it. She could not find it there. "I must have left it on the table," she said to herself. It did not matter; she remembered every word. She took a pen and wrote a duplicate, which she put safely away.

But it turned out that Anne was wrong in her supposition. She had, after all, placed the paper where she supposed, and there it ought to have been. But in escaping from Festus, when he feigned apoplexy, it had fallen out upon the grass. Five minutes after that event, when pursuer and pursued were two or three fields ahead, the gaily dressed woman whom the yeoman had overtaken peeped cautiously through the stile into the corner of the field which had been the scene of the scramble; and seeing the paper she climbed over, secured it, loosened the wafer without tearing the sheet, and read the memorandum within. Being unable to make anything of its meaning, the saunterer put it in her pocket, and, dismissing the matter from her mind, went on by the by-path which led to the back of the mill. Here, behind the hedge, she stood and surveyed the old building for some time, after which she meditatively turned and retraced her steps towards Weymouth.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—THE ALARM.

WE pass on to a historic and memorable May night in this year 1805, when Mrs. Loveday was awakened by the boom of a distant gun. She told the miller, and they listened awhile. The sound was not repeated, but such was the state of their feelings that Mr. Loveday went to Bob's room and asked if he had heard it. Bob was wide awake, looking out of the window; he had heard the ominous sound, and was inclined to investigate the matter. While the father and son were dressing they fancied that a glare seemed to be rising in the sky in the direction of the beacon hill. Not wishing to alarm Anne and her mother, the miller assured them that Bob and himself were merely

going out of doors to inquire into the cause of the report, after which they plunged into the gloom together. A few steps' progress opened up more of the sky, which, as they had thought, was indeed irradiated by a lurid light; but whether it came from the beacon or from a more distant point they were unable to clearly tell. They pushed on rapidly towards higher ground.

Their excitement was merely of a piece with that of all men at this critical juncture. Everywhere expectation was at fever heat. For the last year or two only five-and-twenty miles of shallow water had divided quiet English homesteads from an enemy's army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. We had taken the matter lightly enough, eating and drinking as in the days of Noe, and singing satires without end. We punned on Buonaparte and his gunboats, chalked his effigy on stage-coaches, and published the same in prints. Still, between these bursts of hilarity, it was sometimes recollected that England was the only European country which had not succumbed to the mighty little man who was less than human in feeling, and more than human in will; that our spirit for resistance was greater than our strength; and that the Channel was often calm. Boats built of wood which was greenly growing in its native forest three days before it was bent as wales to their sides, were ridiculous enough; but they might be, after all, sufficient for a single trip between two visible shores.

The English watched Buonaparte in these preparations, and Buonaparte watched the English. At the distance of Boulogne details were lost, but we were impressed on fine days by the novel sight of a huge army moving and twinkling like a school of mackerel under the rays of the sun. The regular way of passing an afternoon in the coast towns was to stroll up to the signal posts and chat with the lieutenant on duty there about the latest inimical object seen at sea. About once a week there appeared in the newspapers either a paragraph concerning some adventurous English gentleman who had sailed out in a pleasure-boat till he lay near enough to Boulogne to see Buonaparte standing on the heights among his marshals; or else some lines about a mysterious stranger with a foreign accent, who, after collecting a vast deal of information on our resources, had hired a boat at a southern port, and vanished with it towards France before his intention could be divined.

In forecasting his grand venture, Buona-

parte postulated the help of Providence to a remarkable degree. Just at the hour when his troops were on board the flat-bottomed boats and ready to sail, there was to be a great fog, that should spread a vast obscurity over the length and breadth of the Channel, and keep the English blind to events on the other side. The fog was to last twenty-four hours, after which it might clear away. A dead calm was to prevail simultaneously with the fog, with the twofold object of affording the boats easy transit and dooming our ships to lie motionless. Thirdly, there was to be a spring tide, which should combine its manœuvres with those of the fog and calm.

Among the many thousands of minor Englishmen whose lives were affected by these tremendous designs may be numbered our old acquaintance Corporal Tullidge, who sported the crushed arm, and poor old Simon Burden, the dazed veteran who had fought at Minden. Instead of sitting comfortably in the settle of The Duke of York, at Overcombe, they were obliged to keep watch on the hill. They made themselves as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, dwelling in a hut of clods and turf, with a brick chimney for cooking. Here they observed the nightly progress of the moon and stars, grew familiar with the heaving of moles, the dancing of rabbits on the hillocks, the distant hoot of owls, the bark of foxes from woods farther inland; but saw not a sign of the enemy. As, night after night, they walked round the two ricks which it was their duty to fire at a signal—one being of furze for a quick flame, the other of turf, for a long, slow radiance—they thought and talked of old times, and drank patriotically from a large wood flagon that was filled every day.

Bob and his father soon became aware that the light was from the beacon. By the time that they reached the top it was one mass of towering flame, from which the sparks fell on the green herbage like a fiery dew; the forms of the two old men being seen passing and repassing in the midst of it. The Lovedays, who came up on the smoky side, regarded the scene for a moment, and then emerged into the light.

"Who goes there?" said Corporal Tullidge, shouldering a pike with his sound arm. "Oh, 'tis neighbour Loveday!"

"Did you get your signal to fire it from the east?" said the miller hastily.

"No; from Abbotsbury Beach."

"But you are not to go by a coast signal!"

"Chok' it all, wasn't the Lord Lieutenant's

direction, whenever you see Reignbarrows Beacon burn to the nor'east'ard, or Eggerdon to the nor'west'ard, or the actual presence of the enemy on the shore?"

"But is he here?"

"No doubt o't! The beach light is only just gone down, and Simon heard the guns even better than I."

"Hark, hark! I hear 'em!" said Bob.

They listened with parted lips, the night wind blowing through Simon Burden's few teeth as through the ruins of Stonehenge. From far down on the lower levels came the noise of wheels and the tramp of horses upon the turnpike road.

"Well, there must be something in it," said Miller Loveday gravely. "Bob, we'll go home and make the women-folk safe, and then I'll don my soldier's clothes and be off. God knows where our company will assemble."

They hastened down the hill, and on getting into the road waited and listened again. Travellers began to come up and pass them in vehicles of all descriptions. It was difficult to attract their attention in the dim light, but by standing on the top of a wall which fenced the road Bob was at last seen.

"What's the matter?" he cried to a butcher who was flying past in his cart, his wife sitting behind him without a bonnet.

"The French have landed," said the man, without drawing rein.

"Where?" shouted Bob.

"In West Bay; and all Weymouth is in uproar," replied the voice, now faint in the distance.

Bob and his father hastened on till they reached their own house. As they had expected, Anne and her mother, in common with most of the people, were both dressed, and stood at the door bonneted and shawled, listening to the traffic on the neighbouring highway, Mrs. Loveday having secured what money and small valuables they possessed in a huge pocket which extended all round her waist, and added considerably to her weight and diameter.

"'Tis true enough," said the miller: "he's come. You and Anne and the maid must be off to Cousin Jim's at Bere, and when you get there you must do as they do. I must assemble with the company."

"And I?" said Bob.

"Thou'st better run to the church, and take a pike before they be all gone."

The horse was put into the gig, and Mrs. Loveday, Anne, and the servant-maid were hastily packed into the vehicle, the latter

taking the reins; David's duties as a fighting-man forbidding all thought of his domestic offices now. Then the silver tankard, tea-pot, pair of candlesticks like Ionic columns, and other articles too large to be pocketed were thrown into a basket and put up behind. Then came the leave-taking, which was as sad as it was hurried. Bob kissed Anne, and there was no affectation in her receiving that mark of affection as she said through her tears, "God bless you." At last they moved off in the dim light of dawn, neither of the three women knowing which road they were to take, but trusting to chance to find it.

As soon as they were out of sight Bob went off for a pike, and his father, first new-flinting his firelock, proceeded to don his uniform, pipe-claying his breeches with such cursory haste as to bespatter his black-gaiters with the same ornamental compound. Finding when he was ready that no bugle had as yet sounded, he went with David to the cart-house, dragged out the waggon, and put therein some of the most useful and easily-handled goods, in case there might be an opportunity for conveying them away. By the time this was done and the waggon pushed back and locked in, Bob had returned with his weapon, somewhat mortified at being doomed to this low form of defence. The miller gave his son a parting grasp of the hand, and arranged to meet him at Bere at the first opportunity if the news were true; if happily false, here at their own house.

"Bother it all!" he exclaimed, looking at his stock of flints.

"What?" said Bob.

"I have got no ammunition: not a round!"

"Then what's the use of going?" asked his son.

The miller paused. "Oh, I'll go," he said. "Perhaps somebody will lend me a little if I get into a hot corner."

The bugle had been blown ere this, and Loveday the father disappeared towards the place of assembly, his empty cartridge-box behind him. Bob seized a brace of loaded pistols which he had brought home from the ship, and, armed with these and the pike, he locked the door and sallied out again towards the turnpike road.

By this time the yeomanry of the district were also on the move, and among them Festus Derriman, who was sleeping at his uncle's, and had been awakened by Cripplestraw. About the time when Bob and his father were descending from the beacon the stalwart yeoman was standing in the stable-yard adjusting his straps, while Cripplestraw

saddled the horse. Festus clanked up and down, looked gloomily at the beacon, heard the retreating carts and carriages, and called Cripplestraw to him, who came from the stable leading the horse at the same moment that Uncle Benjy peeped unobserved from an oriel window above their heads, the light of the beacon fire touching up his features to the complexion of an old brass clock-face.

"I think that before I start, Cripplestraw," said Festus, whose lurid visage was undergoing a bleaching process curious to look upon, "you shall go on to Weymouth, and make a bold inquiry whether the cowardly enemy is on shore as yet, or only looming in the bay."

"I'd go in a moment, sir," said the other, "if I hadn't my bad leg again. I should have joined my company afore this; but they said at last drill that I was too old. So I shall wait up in the hay-loft for tidings as soon as I have packed you off, poor gentleman!"

"Do such alarms as these, Cripplestraw, ever happen without foundation? Buona-partè is a wretch, a miserable wretch, and this may only be a false alarm to disappoint such as me."

"Oh no, sir; oh no."

"But sometimes there are false alarms."

"Well, sir, yes. There was a pretended sally of gun-boats last year."

"And was there nothing else pretended—something more like this, for instance?"

Cripplestraw shook his head. "I notice yer modesty, Mr. Festus, in making light of things. But there never was, sir. You may depend upon it he's come. Thank God, my duty as a Local don't require me to go to the front, but only the valiant men like my master. Ah, if Boney could only see ye now, sir, he'd know too well that there is nothing to be got from such a determined, skilful officer but blows and musket-balls."

"Yes, yes—Cripplestraw, if I ride off to Weymouth and meet 'em, all my training will be lost. No skill is required as a forlorn hope."

"True; that's a point, sir. You would outshine 'em all, and be picked off at the very beginning as a too-dangerous brave man."

"But if I stay here and urge on the faint-hearted ones, or get up into the turret-stair by that gateway, and pop at the invaders through the loophole, I shouldn't be so completely wasted, should I?"

"You would not, Mr. Derriman. But, as you were going to say next, the fire in yer veins

won't let ye do that. You are valiant; very good: you don't want to husband yer valiance at home. The thing is plain."

"If my birth had been more obscure," murmured the yeoman, "and I had only been in the militia, for instance, or among the humble pikemen, so much wouldn't have been expected of me—of my fiery nature—Cripplestraw, is there a drop of brandy to be got at in the house? I don't feel very well."

"Dear nephew," said the old gentleman from above, whom neither of the others had as yet noticed, "I haven't any spirits opened—so unfortunate! But there's a beautiful barrel of crab-apple cider in draught; and there's some cold tea from last night."

"What, is he listening?" said Festus, staring up. "Now I warrant how glad he is to see me forced to go—called out of bed without breakfast, and he quite safe, and sure to escape because he's an old man!—Cripplestraw, I like being in the yeomanry cavalry; but I wish I hadn't been in the ranks; I wish I had been only the surgeon, to stay in the rear while the bodies are brought back to him—I mean, I should have thrown my heart at such a time as this more into the labour of restoring wounded men and joining their shattered limbs together—u-u-ugh!—more than I can into causing the wounds—I am too humane, Cripplestraw, for the ranks!"

"Yes, yes," said his companion, depressing his spirits to a kindred level. "And yet, such is fate, that, instead of joining men's limbs together, you'll have to get your own joined—poor young soldier!—all through having such a warlike soul."

"Yes," murmured Festus, and paused. "You can't think how strange I feel here, Cripplestraw," he continued, laying his hand upon the centre buttons of his waistcoat. "How I do wish I was only the surgeon!"

He slowly mounted, and Uncle Benjy, in the meantime, sang to himself as he looked on, "Twenty-three and half from N.W. Sixteen and three-quarters from N.E."

"What's that old mummy singing?" said Festus savagely.

"Only a hymn for preservation from our enemies, dear nephew," meekly replied the farmer, who had heard the remark. "Twenty-three and half from N.W."

Festus allowed his horse to move on a few paces, and then turned again, as if struck by a happy invention. "Cripplestraw," he began, with an artificial laugh, "I am obliged to confess, after all—I must see her! 'Tisn't

nature that makes me draw back—'tis love. I must go and look for her."

"A woman, sir?"

"I didn't want to confess it; but 'tis a woman. Strange that I should be drawn so entirely against my natural wish to rush at 'em!"

Cripplestraw, seeing which way the wind blew, found it advisable to blow in harmony. "Ah, now at last I see, sir! Spite that few men live that be worthy to command ye; spite that you could rush on, marshal the troops to victory, as I may say; but then—what of it?—there's the unhappy fate of being smit with the eyes of a woman, and you are unmanned—— Maister Derriman, who is himself when he's got a woman round his neck like a millstone?"

"It is something like that."

"I feel the case. Be you valiant?—I know, of course, the words being a matter of form—be you valiant, I ask? Yes, of course. Then don't you waste it in the open field. Hoard it up, I say, sir, for a higher class of war—the defence of yer adorable lady. Think what you owe her at this terrible time! Now, Maister Derriman, once more I ask ye to cast off that first haughty wish to rush to Weymouth, and to go where your mis'ess is defenceless and alone."

"I will, Cripplestraw, now you put it like that!"

"Thank ye, thank ye heartily, Maister Derriman. Go now, and hide with her."

"But can I? Now, hang flattery!—can a man hide without a stain? Of course I would not hide in any mean sense; no, not I!"

"If you be in love, 'tis plain you may, since it is not your own life, but another's, that you are concerned for, and you only save your own because it can't be helped."

"'Tis true, Cripplestraw, in a sense. But will it be understood that way? Will they see it as a brave hiding?"

"Now, sir, if you had not been in love I own to ye that hiding would look queer, but being to save the tears, groans, fits, swoonings, and perhaps death of a comely young woman, yer principle is good; you honourably retreat because you be too gallant to advance. This sounds strange, ye may say, sir; but it is plain enough to less fiery minds."

Festus did for a moment try to uncover his teeth in a natural smile, but it died away. "Cripplestraw, you flatter me; or do you mean it? Well, there's truth in it. I am more gallant in going to her than in march-

ing to the shore. But we cannot be too careful about our good names, we soldiers. I must not be seen. I'm off."

Cripplestraw opened the hurdle which closed the arch under the portico gateway, and Festus passed under, Uncle Benjamin singing, *Twenty-three and a half from N.W.* with a sort of sublime ecstasy, feeling, as Festus had observed, that his money was safe, and that the French would not personally molest an old man in such a ragged, mildewed coat as that he wore, which he had taken the precaution to borrow from a scarecrow in one of his fields for the purpose.

Festus rode on full of his intention to seek out Anne, and under cover of protecting her retreat accompany her to Bere, where he knew the Lovedays had relatives. In the lane he met Granny Seamore, who, having packed up all her possessions in a small basket, was placidly retreating to the mountains till all should be over.

"Well, Granny, have ye seen the French?" asked Festus.

"No," she said, looking up at him through her brazen spectacles. "If I had I shouldn't ha' seed thee!"

"Faugh!" replied the yeoman, and rode on. Just as he reached the old road, which he had intended merely to cross and avoid, his countenance fell. Some troops of regulars, who appeared to be dragoons, were rattling along the road. Festus hastened towards an opposite gate, so as to get within the field before they should see him; but, as ill-luck would have it, as soon as he got inside, a party of six or seven of his own yeomanry troop were straggling across the same field and making for the spot where he was. The dragoons passed without seeing him; but when he turned out into the road again it was impossible to retreat towards Overcombe village because of the yeomen. So he rode straight on, and heard them coming at his heels. There was no other gate, and the highway soon became as straight as a bow-string. Unable thus to turn without meeting them, and caught like an eel in a water-pipe, Festus drew nearer and nearer to the fateful shore. But he did not relinquish hope. Just ahead there were cross-roads, and he might have a chance of slipping down one of them without being seen. On reaching this spot he found that he was not alone. A horseman had come up the right-hand lane and drawn rein. It was an officer of the German legion, and seeing Festus he held up his hand. Festus rode up to him and saluted.

"It ist false report!" said the officer.

Festus was a man again. He felt that nothing was too much for him. The officer, after some explanation of the cause of alarm, said that he was going across to the road which led by Lodmoor, to stop the troops and volunteers converging from that direction, upon which Festus offered to give information along the Broadway road. The German crossed over, and was soon out of sight in the lane, while Festus turned back upon the way by which he had come. The party of yeomanry cavalry was rapidly drawing near, and he soon recognised among them the excited voices of Stubb of Duddle Hole, Noakes of Muckleford, and other comrades of his orgies at the Hall. It was a magnificent opportunity, and Festus drew his sword. When they were within speaking distance he reined round his charger's head to Weymouth and shouted, "On, comrades, on! I am waiting for you. You have been a long time getting up with me, seeing the glorious nature of our deeds to-day."

"Well said, Derriman, well said," replied the foremost of the riders. "Have you heard anything new?"

"Only that he's here with his tens of thousands, and that we are to ride to meet him sword in hand as soon as we have assembled in Weymouth."

"O Lord!" said Noakes, with a slight falling of the lower jaw.

"The man who quails now is unworthy of the name of yeoman," said Festus, still keeping ahead of the other troopers and holding up his sword to the sun. "Oh, Noakes, fye, fye! You begin to look pale, man."

"Faith, perhaps you'd look pale," said Noakes with an envious glance upon Festus's daring manner, "if you had a wife and family depending upon ye."

"I'll take three frog-eating Frenchmen single-handed!" rejoined Derriman, still flourishing his sword.

"They have as good swords as you; as you will soon find," said another of the yeomen.

"If they were three times armed," said Festus—"ay, thrice three times—I would attempt 'em three to one. How do you feel now, my old friend Stubb?" (turning to another of the warriors). "Oh, friend Stubb! no bouncing healths to our lady-loves in Overcombe Hall this summer as last. Eh, Brownjohn?"

"I am afraid not," said Brownjohn gloomily.

"No rattling dinners at Stacie's Hotel,

and the King below with his staff. No wrenching off door-knockers and sending 'em to the bakehouse in a pie that nobody calls for. Weeks of cut-and-thrust work rather!"

"I suppose so."

"Fight how we may we shan't get rid of the cursed tyrant before autumn, and many thousand brave men will lie low before it's done," remarked a young yeoman with a calm face, who meant to do his duty without much talking.

"No grinning matches at Maiden Castle this summer," Festus resumed; "no thread-the-needle at Greenhill Fair, and going into shows and driving the showman crazy with cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"I suppose not."

"Does it make you seem just a trifle uncomfortable, Noakes? Keep up your spirits, old comrade. Come, forward! we are only ambling on like so many donkey-women. We have to get into Weymouth, join the rest of the troop, and then march Abbotsbury way, as I imagine. At this rate we shan't be well into the thick of battle before twelve o'clock. Spur on, comrades. No dancing on the green, Lockham, this year in the moonlight! You was tender upon that girl; gad, what will become o' her in the struggle?"

"Come, come, Derriman," expostulated Lockham—"this is all very well, but I don't care for 't. I am as ready to fight as any man, but—"

"Perhaps when you get into battle, Derriman, and see what it's like, your courage will cool down a little," added Noakes on the same side, but with secret admiration of Festus's reckless bravery.

"I shall be bayoneted first," said Festus. "Now let's rally, and on."

Since Festus was determined to spur on wildly, the rest of the yeomen did not like to seem behindhand, and they rapidly approached the town. Had they been calm enough to reflect, they might have observed that for the last half hour no carts or carriages had met them on the way, as they had done farther back. It was not till the troopers reached the turnpike that they learnt what Festus had known a quarter of an hour before. At the intelligence Derriman sheathed his sword with a sigh; and the party soon fell in with comrades who had arrived there before them, whereupon the source and details of the alarm were boisterously discussed.

"What, didn't you know of the mistake





"Ha, young madam! Now you are caught!"

till now?" asked one of these of the newcomers. "Why, when I was dropping over the hill by the cross-roads I looked back and saw that man talking to the messenger, and he must have told him the truth." The speaker pointed to Festus. They turned their indignant eyes full upon him. That he had sported with their deepest feelings, while knowing the rumour to be baseless, was soon apparent to all.

"Beat him black and blue with the flat of our blades!" shouted two or three, turning their horses' heads to drop back upon Derriman, in which move they were followed by most of the party.

But Festus, foreseeing danger from the unexpected revelation, had already judiciously placed a few intervening yards between himself and his fellow yeomen, and now, clapping spurs to his horse, rattled like thunder

and lightning up the road homeward. His ready flight added hotness to their pursuit, and as he rode and looked fearfully over his shoulder he could see them following with enraged faces and drawn swords, a position which they kept up for a distance of more than a mile. Then he had the satisfaction of seeing them drop off one by one, and soon he and his panting charger remained alone on the highway.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—DANGER TO ANNE.

HE stopped and reflected how to turn this rebuff to advantage. Baulked in his project of entering Weymouth and enjoying congratulations upon his patriotic bearing during the advance, he sulkily considered that he might be able to make some use of his enforced retirement by riding to Overcombe and glorifying himself in the eyes of Miss Garland before the truth should have reached that hamlet. Having thus decided he spurred on in a better mood.

By this time the volunteers were on the march, and as Derriman ascended the road he met the Overcombe company, in which trudged Miller Loveday shoulder to shoulder with the other substantial householders of the place and its neighbourhood, duly equipped with pouches, cross-belts, firelocks, flint-boxes, pickers, worms, magazines, priming-horns, heel-ball, and pomatum. There was nothing to be gained by further suppression of the truth, and briefly informing them that the danger was not so immediate as had been supposed, Festus galloped on. At the end of another mile he met a large number of pikemen, including Bob Loveday, whom the yeoman resolved to sound upon the whereabouts of Anne. The circumstances were such as to lead Bob to speak more frankly than he might have done on reflection, and he told Festus the direction in which the women had been sent. Then Festus informed the group that the report of invasion was false, upon which they all turned to go homeward with greatly relieved spirits.

Bob walked beside Derriman's horse for some distance. Loveday had instantly made up his mind to go and look for the women, and ease their anxiety by letting them know the good news as soon as possible. But he said nothing of this to Festus during their return together; nor did Festus tell Bob that he also had resolved to seek them out, and by anticipating every one else in that enterprise, make of it a glorious opportunity for bringing Miss Garland to her senses about him. He still resented the ducking that he had

received at her hands, and was not disposed to let that insult pass without obtaining some sort of sweet revenge.

As soon as they had parted Festus cantered on over the hill, meeting on his way the Puddletown volunteers, sixty rank and file, under Captain Cunningham; the Dorchester company, ninety strong (known as the "Consideration Company" in those days), under Captain Strickland; and others—all with anxious faces and covered with dust. Just passing the word to them and leaving them at halt, he proceeded rapidly onward in the direction of Bere. Nobody appeared on the road for some time, till after a ride of several miles he met a stray corporal of volunteers, who told Festus in answer to his inquiry that he had certainly passed no gig full of women of the kind described. Believing that he had missed them by following the highway, Derriman turned back into a lane along which they might have chosen to journey for privacy's sake, notwithstanding the badness and uncertainty of its track. Arriving again within five miles of Overcombe, he at length heard tidings of the wandering vehicle and its precious burden, which, like the ark when sent away from the country of the Philistines, had apparently been left to the instincts of the beast that drew it. A labouring man, just at daybreak, had seen the helpless party going slowly up a distant drive, which he pointed out.

No sooner had Festus parted from this informant than he beheld Bob approaching, mounted on the miller's second and heavier horse. Bob looked rather surprised, and Festus felt his coming glory in danger.

"They went down that lane," he said, signifying precisely the opposite direction to the true one. "I, too, have been on the look out for missing friends."

As Festus was riding back there was no reason to doubt his information, and Loveday rode on as misdirected. Immediately that he was out of sight Festus reversed his course, and followed the track which Anne and her companions were last seen to pursue.

This road had been ascended by the gig in question nearly two hours before the present moment. Molly, the servant, held the reins, Mrs. Loveday sat beside her, and Anne behind. Their progress was but slow, owing partly to Molly's want of skill, and partly to the steepness of the road, which here passed over downs of some extent, and was rarely or never mended. It was an anxious morning for them all, and the beauties of the early summer day fell upon unheeding eyes. They were too anxious even for conjecture, and

each sat thinking her own thoughts, occasionally glancing westward, or stopping the horse to listen to sounds from more frequented roads along which other parties were retreating. Once, while they listened and gazed thus, they saw a glittering in the distance, and heard the tramp of many horses. It was a large body of cavalry going in the direction of Weymouth, the same regiment of dragoons, in fact, which Festus had seen farther on in its course. The women in the gig had no doubt that these men were marching in order to engage the enemy. By way of varying the monotony of the journey, Molly occasionally burst into tears of horror, believing Buonaparte to be in countenance and habits precisely what the caricatures represented him. Mrs. Loveday endeavoured to establish cheerfulness by assuring her companions of the natural civility of the French nation, with whom unprotected women were safe from injury, unless through the casual excesses of soldiery beyond control. This was poor consolation to Anne, whose mind was more occupied with Bob than with herself, and a miserable fear that she would never again see him alive so paled her face and saddened her gaze forward, that at last her mother said, "Who was you thinking of, my dear?" Anne's only reply was a look at her mother, with which a tear mingled.

Molly whipped the horse, by which she quickened his pace for five yards, when he again fell into the perverse slowness that showed how fully conscious he was of being the master-mind and head individual of the four. Whenever there was a pool of water by the road he turned aside to drink a mouthful, and remained there his own time in spite of Molly's tug at the reins and futile fly-flapping on his buttocks. They were now in the chalk district, where there were no hedges, and a rough attempt at mending the way had been made by throwing down huge lumps of that glaring material in heaps, without troubling to spread it or break them abroad. The jolting here was most distressing, and seemed about to snap the springs.

"How that wheel do waddle," said Molly at last. She had scarcely spoken when the wheel came off, and all three were precipitated over it into the road.

Fortunately the horse stood still, and they began to gather themselves up. The only one of the three who had suffered in the least from the fall was Anne, and she was only conscious of a severe shaking which had half stupefied her for the time. The wheel lay

flat in the road, so that there was no possibility of driving farther in their present plight. They looked around for help. The only friendly object near was a lonely cottage, from its situation evidently the home of a shepherd.

The horse was unharnessed and tied to the back of the gig, and the three women went across to the house. On getting close they found that the shutters of all the lower windows were closed, but on trying the door it opened to the hand. Nobody was within; the house appeared to have been abandoned in some confusion, and the probability was that the shepherd had fled on hearing the alarm. Anne now said that she felt the effects of her fall too severely to be able to go any farther just then, and it was agreed that she should be left there while Mrs. Loveday and Molly went on for assistance, the elder lady deeming Molly too young and vacant-minded to be trusted to go alone. Molly suggested taking the horse, as the distance might be great, each of them sitting alternately on his back while the other led him by the head. This they did, Anne watching them vanish down the white and lumpy road.

She then looked round the room, as well as she could do so by the light from the open door. It was plain, from the shutters being closed, that the shepherd had left his house before daylight, the candle and extinguisher on the table pointing to the same conclusion. Here she remained, her eyes occasionally sweeping the bare, sunny expanse of down, that was only relieved from absolute emptiness by the overturned gig hard by. The sheep seemed to have gone away, and scarcely a bird flew across to disturb the solitude. Anne had risen early that morning, and leaning back in the withy chair, which she had placed by the door, she soon fell into an uneasy doze, from which she was awakened by the distant tramp of a horse. Feeling much recovered from the effects of the overturn, she eagerly rose and looked out. The horse was not Miller Loveday's, but a powerful bay, bearing a man in full yeomanry uniform.

Anne did not wait to recognise further; instantly re-entering the house, she shut the door and bolted it. In the dark she sat and listened: not a sound. At the end of ten minutes, thinking that the rider if he were not Festus had carelessly passed by, or that if he were Festus he had not seen her, she crept softly up-stairs and peeped out of the window. Excepting the spot of shade, formed by the gig as before, the down was quite

bare. She then opened the casement and stretched out her neck.

"Ha, young madam! 'There you are! I knew ye! Now you are caught!' came like a clap of thunder from a point three or four feet beneath her, and turning down her frightened eyes she beheld Festus Derriman lurking close to the wall. His attention had first been attracted by her shutting the door of the cottage; then by the overturned gig; and after making sure, by examining the vehicle, that he was not mistaken in her identity, he had dismounted, led his horse round to the side, and crept up to entrap her.

Anne started back into the room, and remained still as a stone. Festus went on—"Come, you must trust to me. The French have landed. I have been trying to meet with you every hour since that confounded trick you played me. You threw me into the water. Faith, it was well for you I didn't catch ye then! I should have taken a revenge in a better way than I shall now. I mean to have that kiss only. Come, Miss Nancy; do you hear?—'Tis no use for you to lurk inside there. You'll have to turn out as soon as Boney comes over the hill.—Are you going to open the door, I say, and speak to me in a civil way? What do you think I am, then, that you should barricade yourself against me as if I was a wild beast or Frenchman? Open the door, or put out your head, or do something; or 'pon my soul I'll break in the door!"

It occurred to Anne at this point of the tirade that the best policy would be to temporise till somebody should return, and she put out her head and face, now grown somewhat pale.

"That's better," said Festus. "Now I can talk to you. Come, my dear, will you open the door? Why should you be afraid of me?"

"I am not altogether afraid of you; I am safe from the French here," said Anne, not very truthfully, and anxiously casting her eyes over the vacant down.

"Then let me tell you that the alarm is false, and that no landing has been attempted. Now will you open the door and let me in? I am tired. I have been on horseback ever since daylight, and have come to bring you the good tidings."

Anne looked as if she doubted the news.

"Come," said Festus.

"No, I cannot let you in," she murmured after a pause.

"Dash my wig, then," he cried, his face

flaming up, "I'll find a way to get in! Now, don't you provoke me! You don't know what I am capable of. I ask you again, will you open the door?"

"Why do you wish it," she said faintly.

"I have told you I want to sit down; and I want to ask you a question."

"You can ask me from where you are."

"I cannot ask you properly. It is about a serious matter: whether you will accept my heart and hand. I am not going to throw myself at your feet; but I ask you to do your duty as a woman, namely, give your solemn word to take my name as soon as the war is over and I have time to attend to you. I scorn to ask it of a haughty hussy who will only speak to me through a window; however, I put it to you for the last time, madam."

There was no sign on the down of anybody's return, and she said, "I'll think of it, sir."

"You have thought of it long enough; I want to know. Will you or won't you?"

"Very well; I think I will." And then she felt that she might be buying personal safety too dearly by shuffling thus, since he would spread the report that she had accepted him, and cause endless complication. "No," she said, "I have changed my mind. I cannot accept you, Mr. Derriman."

"That's how you play with me!" he exclaimed, stamping. "'Yes,' one moment; 'No,' the next. Come, you don't know what you refuse. That old Hall is my uncle's own, and he has nobody else to leave it to. As soon as he's dead I shall throw up farming and start as a squire. And now," he added with a bitter sneer, "what a fool you are to hang back from such a chance!"

"Thank you, I don't value it," said Anne.

"Because you hate him who would make it yours?"

"It may not lie in your power to do that."

"What—has the old fellow been telling you his affairs?"

"No."

"Then why do you mistrust me? Now, after this will you open the door, and show that you treat me as a friend if you won't accept me as a lover? I only want to sit and talk to you."

Anne thought she would trust him: it seemed almost impossible that he could harm her. She retired from the window and went down-stairs. When her hand was upon the bolt of the door her mind misgave her. Instead of withdrawing it she remained in silence where she was, and he began again—

"Are you going to unfasten it?"

Anne did not speak.

"Now, dash my wig, I will get at you! You've tried me beyond endurance. One kiss would have been enough that day in the mead; now I'll have it, whether you will or no, if only to humiliate you, and show that I won't be thwarted!"

He flung himself against the door; but as it was bolted, and had in addition a great wooden bar across it, this produced no effect. He was silent for a moment, and then the terrified girl heard him attempt the shuttered window. She ran up-stairs and again scanned the down. The yellow gig still lay in the blazing sunshine, and the horse of Festus stood by the corner of the garden nothing else was to be seen. At this moment there came to her ear the noise of a sword drawn from its scabbard; and, peeping over the window-sill, she saw her tormentor drive his

sword between the joints of the shutters, in an attempt to rip them open. The sword snapped off in his hand. With an imprecation he pulled out the piece, and returned the two halves to the scabbard.

"Ha ha!" he cried, catching sight of the top of her head. "'Tis only a joke, you know; but I'll get in all the same. All for a kiss! But never mind, we'll do it yet!" He spoke in an affectedly light tone, as if ashamed of his previous resentful temper; but she could see by the livid back of his neck that he was brimful of suppressed passion. "Only a jest, you know," he went on. "How are we going to do it now? Why, in this way. I go and get a ladder, and enter at the upper window where my love is. And there's the ladder lying under that corn-rick in the first enclosed field. Back in two minutes, dear!"

He ran off, and was lost to her view.



## A MAIDEN'S MESSAGE.

O WIND, that wanderest o'er hill, and vale, and sea,  
Blow round the home where he sleeps peacefully,  
And breathe upon his brow a loving kiss from me.

O golden "maiden moon," so calm and pure and bright,  
Shed round and o'er him thy soft, tender streams of light;  
Tell him how well I love him—tell him so to-night.

O stars all silvery-bright, set on that deep, still blue—  
Stars that are watching o'er us both the long night through,  
Tell him my love for him is pure like you—and true.

O great, grand, snow-white clouds—slow drifting o'er the sky—  
Bear to his heart a message as ye pass him by,  
Tell him my love would teach me how to do—or die.

O great, wide sea, on which the night-winds blow  
Sing in his ears thy music calm and slow,  
Sing to his heart I love him—sing it soft and low.

O tiny, laughing ripples, dancing on the shore—  
O mighty ocean waves, thundering your ceaseless roar—  
Tell him I love so well, I could not love him more!

O moon and stars—O clouds and deep, blue, sunny sea,  
And restless, wandering winds, bear him these words from me,  
"My own dear love, I love thee well—and constantly."

L. G. M



## A TRIP TO CYPRUS.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

ON board H.M.S. *Chimborazo*, in Portsmouth harbour, there is much apparent confusion and disorder. Men in all stages of uniform are busily engaged in operations which have for their ultimate object the preparation of the ship for sea. Boxes of cartridges, bundles of carrots, personal luggage of every description, four horses in boxes, eight dogs in collars and chains, a large cat in a basket, a rocking-horse and a child's wheelbarrow, a semi-grand piano, a tax-cart, many gun-cases, various kinds of deck chairs, square boxes bearing in large letters the names of well-known London tea-sellers, provisions in tins, in bags, in boxes, live stock and poultry, and many other articles and things impossible to mention, are put on board by slings and gangways. Some are passed from hand to hand, others carried in on heads and shoulders, and others again hoisted on board by steam winches and donkey engines, whose fizz and whistle and whirl, amid all the other sounds of toil and turmoil, are loud and ceaseless.

But, amid all this apparent confusion, there is much method and system. One peculiarity is especially observable: the various units of toil are all going straight to their peculiar labour without paying much heed to their neighbours. The human ants are carrying their burdens into separate cells in this great floating ant-nest; they are passing and repassing to different destinations, sorting out as they go all this vast collection of complicated human requirements from the seemingly hopeless confusion in which it lies piled upon the wharf.

At length, everything being on board, the *Chimborazo* surges out from the wharf and steams slowly on her way. It is a mid-winter morning. A watery sun glints from amid clouds that give but faint hope of fair weather outside, and, as the good ship bends her course by Sandown Bay, and plies along the villa-encrusted shore of Ventnor, there loom out to Channel dull patches of drifting fog, between whose rifts the chop of a short tumbling sea is visible, and above which grey leaden clouds are vaguely piled.

We go below, and, descending to the saloon, stoop to look at the barometer; it stands below 29°. That terrible weather-man in America, who is certainly a prophet in England, in whatever estimation he may be held

in his own country, has foretold a succession of storms along the British coasts. For three days we have fondly hoped that the fellow would be wrong; but barometer, fog, sea, and sky all proclaim him right.

And now the *Chimborazo*, holding steadily through mist and fog, steams on down Channel, and in due time rounds out into the Bay of Biscay. At any period of the year a nasty bit of water is this Bay of Biscay. Turbulent even in midsummer, sometimes given to strange moods of placidity, but ever waking up and working back into its almost chronic state of tempest howl and billow roll, intent on having a game of pitch and toss with every ship that sails its bosom. But if the Bay can show its rough ways when the sun hangs high in the summer heavens, what can it not also do in mid-winter's darkest hour!

Let us see if we can put even a faint glimpse of it before the reader.

It is the last day of the old year. Wild and rough the south-west wind has swept for three days and nights against us, knocking us down into hollows between waves, hitting us again and again as we come staggering up the slopes of high running seas, and spitting rain and spray at us as we reel over the trembling waters.

It has been three days and nights of such misery of brain and body, sense and soul, as only the sea-sick can ever know; and now the last night of the old year has come, and foodless and unrested, sleepless and weary, we stagger up on deck out of sheer weariness of cabin misery. How unutterably wretched it all is! The *Chimborazo* is a mighty machine to look at as she lies alongside a wharf or in a quiet harbour; but here she is the veriest shuttlecock of wind and sea. How easily these great waves roll her about! How she trembles as they hit her! How small her size in this black waste of waters! How feeble all her strength of crank and piston, shaft and boiler, to face the fury of this great wind king! Hold on by the rigging and look out on the Bay. Huge shaggy seas go roaring past into the void of the night; great gulfs tumble along in their wake; and between sea and sky there is nothing but grey, cold gloom. Ever and anon a huge sea breaks over the bows and splashes far down along the slippery decks. We have put one more misery to the catalogue already told. We had thought the cup had been

full; but to all the previous pangs of sickness there are added wet and cold. And yet, to-morrow or the day after it will be smooth sea and blue sky, and all the long list of wretchedness will be most mercifully forgotten.

#### MANSHIP THE MARINE.

He was called a Marine, and had doubtless been duly classed and registered as such, and "borne on the strength," as it is called, of the Marine force; but for all that he was no more a Marine than you are. If you ask me, then, what he was, I should say he was almost everything else in the boardship line except a Marine.

He cleaned your boots, got your bath, made your bed, brushed you, dressed you, waited upon you at dinner, brought you physic from the "sick bay," told you what the wind and the sea were doing outside, sympathized with you in the misery they were inflicting upon you inside, and generally played the part of servant, valet, nurse, guide, philosopher, and friend to a very large number of more or less helpless human units.

When Manship first volunteered his services as attendant during the voyage there were circumstances connected with his mode of utterance and general appearance that had induced me to respond guardedly to his overtures. Sorry indeed would I be to aver that Manship was drunk on that occasion. Drunkenness is evinced by staggering or unsteady gait, whereas Manship walked with undeviating precision. On the other hand, his articulation was peculiar. He was not a man of many words, as I afterwards learned—action was much more in his line; but as he presented himself in my cabin, on the night before we put to sea, he appeared to labour under such difficulty, I might indeed say such a total inability to make his meaning evident to me, that I deemed it better for all parties concerned to postpone any further communication or arrangement until the following morning. But as I proposed this course to Manship, I became struck by a singular coincidence in our respective cases. While my words were couched in the simplest examples of pure Saxon English that could convey to a man my wish to put off our conversation to the next morning, I was nevertheless aware that not one particle of my meaning had been taken up by Manship's mental consciousness, and that so far from betraying the smallest evidence of understanding my proposal, he continued to regard me

with an expression of eye such as a Bongo or a Nyam-Nyam might have regarded the enterprising author of the "Heart of Africa," had that traveller thought fit to address these interesting peoples upon the subject of German *Kulturkrauft* in the Greek language. Nay, no sooner had I finished my attempt at suggesting a postponement to the morning than he again began to place his services at my disposal with the same inarticulate manner of speech that had before alarmed me.

Bringing a light now to bear upon his countenance, I detected a vacuity of stare, added to a general tenacity of expression about the forehead, that made postponement more than ever desirable. I therefore put a summary end to the interview by ordering his immediate and unconditional withdrawal.

The following morning found Manship duly installed as my attendant during the voyage, inquiries as to his capabilities having resulted in satisfactory testimonials from many quarters. He at once entered upon his duties with a silent alacrity that showed a thorough knowledge of his profession. Boots became his speciality. In the grey light of the earliest dawn, my unrested eye, gazing vacuously out of the uneasy berth, would catch sight of a figure groping amid the wreck and ruin of the troubled night on the cabin floor. It was Manship seeking out the boots. When the four first terrible days had passed, and I had leisure to watch more closely the method of life pursued by Manship, I perceived daily some new trait in his character. It became possible to watch him at odd moments as he stood by pantry doors or at the foot of cabin stairs, or in those little nooks and corners where for a moment eddy together the momentarily unemployed working waifs of board-ship life.

In outward appearance Manship possessed few of the attributes supposed to be characteristic of the Marine. His face was never dirty, yet it would have been impossible to say when it had been washed. His hair showed no sign of brush or comb, yet to say that it was unbrushed or uncombed was to state more than appearance actually justified. He did not vary one whit in his general appearance as the day wore on. He did not become more soiled-looking as he cleaned the different articles that came in his way; nor did he grow more clean-looking when the hour of rest had come and he did his little bit of loafing around the pantry or bar-room doors. I believe that had he been followed into the recesses of his sleeping place he

would have been found in costume, cap, and semblance always and at all hours the same.

As I watched him day by day I found that he was the servant of many masters. The navigating lieutenant, the chaplain, the doctor, and two or three others—all were ministered to by him in the matter of boots, baths, and brushing; yet I could not detect that any delay or inconvenience had been experienced by any of his masters. His name Manship was a curious one, and I indulged in many speculations as to its origin, but, of course, none of them were more than conjectural. When he first told me his name on the occasion of our first memorable interview, I thought to myself, "Ah, I will easily recollect that name. It is so intimately connected with nautical life generally, that it will be impossible to forget it." In this, however, I was mistaken; for but only the next morning I found myself addressing him as Mainsail, Mainmast, Maintop, Maindeck, and many other terms more or less connected with the central portion of a ship.

It was a remarkable fact that you never could look long at any portion of the deck, saloon, or cabin, without seeing Manship. He came out of doors and up hatchways quite unexpectedly, and he always carried a supply of boots, buckets, or brushes prominently displayed; indeed, there is now a widely accepted anecdote in the ship which had reference to a visit of inspection made to the Mediterranean by the Lords of the Admiralty, the War Minister, and several other important functionaries. The *Chimborazo* had been specially selected for their lordships. It was said that on more than one occasion the solemnity of a very important "function" had been completely marred by the sudden appearance of Manship, pail in hand, in the midst of a press of ministers, secretaries, and heads of departments. It was also averred that on these high and mighty occasions Manship, although bundled aside in a most summary manner, when once out of the ministerial zone displayed a most unconcerned demeanour. Those, however, who were best acquainted with him were wont to declare that the evenings of such state receptions as we have mentioned were singularly coincident with the inarticulate phase of his speech which we have already alluded to—a circumstance which might lead to the supposition that Manship had been somewhat overcome by finding himself all at once face to face with the collective dignity of the two Services.

But some days had to elapse ere I be-

came cognisant of a curious "roster," or succession list which Manship kept. One evening I was standing in a group in the indistinct light of the quarter-deck, when I felt my sleeve pulled to attract attention. I turned to find Manship standing near. Stepping aside to ask what he wanted, I was met by a piece of blue paper and a short bit of lead pencil which he handed to me. I approached a lamp, and holding the paper near it I saw that it was the ordinary form upon which all orders for wine, spirits, or malt liquors had to be written. Opposite the printed word "Porter" I saw that some one had written, in a hand of surpassing illegibility, "One bottle," while higher up on the paper appeared, in the same writing, the words "Plese give barer"—no signature was appended.

I looked at Manship. Complete vacuity of countenance, coupled with evident inability to shut his mouth, told me that questions were useless. I have said that the paper was unsigned; to remedy that want had been the object of Manship's visit. I wrote my signature in the proper place, and, handing back the paper and pencil to him, watched his further movements. He disappeared down the stairs, but through an open skylight I was still able to trace his course. I saw him present his order and receive his bottle, and then I saw two tumblers filled, and while Manship took one of them another man, who had not previously appeared in the transaction, held the second. I noticed that there were not many words passing between them at the time. Both seemed to be deeply impressed with some mysterious solemnity connected with the occasion. Perhaps it was commemorating some great victory gained by the Marines, or drinking to the memory of some bygone naval hero. I could not tell, but I noticed that when Manship had finished the tumbler, which he did without any doubt or hesitation, he drew a long deep sigh, and laying down his glass disappeared into remote recesses of the ship.

This incident had been well-nigh forgotten, when, one evening about five days later, the same circumstances of paper, pencil, and petition were again exactly repeated. I then found that my position was fifth on the "roster," or list for porter, and that every five days I might expect to be called upon to sign my name.

But my second turn did not arrive until some time had elapsed, and to the wild grey seas of Biscay and the Atlantic had succeeded the moonlit ripple of the blue Mediterranean.





"Another hour and the Rock looms before us."

And now, all the storm, and sea roar, and whistle of wind through rigging have died away, and over the mountains of Morocco a glorious sunrise is flashing light upon the waveless waters that wash the rugged shores of the gate of the Mediterranean. Another hour and the Rock looms up before us; then the white houses of San Roque are seen above the blue bay of Gibraltar; and then, with Algesiras, the wide sweep of coast and the hills of Andalusia and the felucca-covered sea all come in sight, until, beneath the black muzzles of Gibraltar's thousand guns, the *Chimborazo* drops her anchor and is at rest.

And then there came two days on shore, with rambles in the long, cool, rock-hewn galleries, and drives to Spanish Lines, and along bastions and batteries, and glimpses, caught from port-hole and embrasure, of blue sea, and far-away Spanish hill-top, and piles of shot and shell and long sixty-eights and thirty-twos and short carronades, and huge mortars and "Woolwich infants," all spread from sea-edge to rock-summit; so thick, that a single combined discharge of all this mighty ordnance might well blow the whole of Spain forward into the Bay of Biscay, or send the Rock itself backward into the Mediterranean.

Relics of the great siege, too, are plenty. These old giants, how close they came to each other in those days, spluttering away at one another with smooth bores and blunderbusses! You could have told the colour of the man's beard who was blazing at you if you had been inquisitive on the point. No wonder their accounts have been graphic ones. They could see as much of the enemy's side as of their own. No wonder that that grim old fire-eater, Drinkwater (singularly inappropriate name), should have told us all about it so clearly and so vividly.

Half-way up the steep rock wall of the North Fort there opens from the dark gallery a dizzy ledge, from whose sunlit platform the eye marks, at one sweep, the neutral ground, the two seas, and the far-off sheen of snow upon the Sierra Nevadas. Right below, in the midst of the level "lines," is the cemetery; around it stretches a circle marked by posts and rails. It is the race-course. Grim satire! the "finish" is along the graveyard wall. The distance-post of the race of life and the winning-post of the "Rock Stakes" stand cheek by jowl; and as the members of the Gibraltar Ring lay the odds and book their wagers, over the fence, half a stone's throw distant, Death on his pale horse has been busy for a century laying evenly the odds and ends of many a life-race.

But meantime the *Chimborazo* has taken in all her coal, and is ready again to put to sea. This time, however, it is all sunshine and calm waters, and at daybreak on the fourth morning after quitting Gibraltar we are in sight of Malta.

The English traveller, or tourist of to-day, as he climbs the feet-worn stairs of Valetta, is face to face with one of history's strangest perceptions, yet how little does he think about it!

Ricasoli, St. Elmo, St. Antonio, Florian—all these vast forts and bastions, all these lines, lunettes, ditches and ramparts, were drawn, traced, hewn, built, and fashioned with one sole aim and object—to resist the Turk. For this end Europe sent its most skilful engineers, spent its money, shed its blood.

Here, when Constantinople was gone, when Cyprus, Candia, and Rhodes had fallen, Civilisation planted the mailed foot of its choicest knighthood, and cried to the advancing tide of Tartar savagery, "No farther!"

How well that last challenge was understood by the Turk the epitaph over the grave of a great sultan best testifies: "He meant to take Malta and conquer Italy."

The armies of the Sultan had touched Moscow on the one hand and reached Tunis on the other. From Athens to Astrachan, from Pesth to the Persian Gulf, the Crescent knew no rival. Into a Christendom rent by the Reformation, shattered by schism, the Asian hordes moved from victory to victory. This rock, these stones, and the knights who sleep beneath yonder dome, then saved all Europe.

Let us go up the long, hot street stairs and look around.

How grand is all this work of the old knights! How nobly the Latin cross—a sword and a cross together—has graven its mark upon church and palace, auberge and council hall—Provence, Castile, Aragon, France, Italy, Bavaria, and Germany. Alas! no England here; for the Eighth Harry was too intent upon playing the part of Sultan Blue Beard in Greenwich to think of resisting his brothers Selim or Solyman in the Mediterranean.

Of all that long list of knights—French, Spanish, Italian, and German—who reckoned with their lives the vows they had sworn, falling in the great siege of Malta, there is not a single English name. Not that English chivalry was then extinct. English knights and English lords were dying fast enough in the cause of duty on

English soil. Thomas More and John Fisher, mitred abbot and sandalled friar, and many a noble Englishman, were freely yielding life on Tower Hill and at Smithfield, in resistance to a Sultan not so brave and quite as savage as Selim or Solymán.

Pass by the grand palace of Castile, whose arched ceilings once rung to the mailed footsteps of the chivalry of old Spain; go out on the terrace of the Barraca, and look down upon that wondrous scene—forts, guns, ships, munitions of war, strength and power; listen to the hum that floats up from these huge ironclads lying so motionless beneath; mark the innumerable muzzles that lie looking grimly out of dark recesses to the harbour mouth; and then carry your minds a thousand miles away to where, along the shores of the Golden Horn, the great queen city of the East sits crownless and defiled. How long is her shame to continue? So long as these ships, forts, arsenals, and guns are here as the advanced post of Mohammedanism in Europe. Here is the Turks' real rampart, here his strongest bulwark against the Cross. Above the Union Jack an unseen Crescent floats over St. Elmo; and all this mighty array, which confederated Christianity planted here as its rampart against the Moslem, is to-day a loaded gun primed and pointed at the throat of him who would tear the crescent from St. Sophia's long-desecrated shrine.

Of course this is sentiment. Perhaps it must be called that name to-day, and nowhere more than in Malta. Still, somehow, the truth that is in a thing, be it sentiment or not, does in the long run manage to prevail; and although to-day the auberge of Castile is a barrack, and that of Provence echoes with the brandy and soda and sherry and bitters criticism of certain worthy graduates of Sandhurst and the *Britannia* training-ship, nevertheless, even the history which is made at their hands will ultimately bear right.

Five miles from Valetta, and a short distance to the right of the road which leads to Citta Vecchia, a large dome of yellowish white colour attracts the eye. It is the dome of Moustá church. We will go to it. As we approach we become conscious that it is very large. A friend who is acquainted with statistics informs us that it is either the second largest or the third largest dome in the world, he is not sure which. "But it is unknown to the outer world," we reply. "Moustá, Moustá! who ever heard of Moustá?" Very few, probably; but that does not matter, it is a big dome all the same.

It is Sunday afternoon, and many people are thronging the piazza in front of the church. Three great doors lead from a portico of columns into the interior. We go in. The first step across the threshold is enough to tell us that this dome is indeed a large one. It is something more; it is magnificent! The church is, in fact, one vast circle, 440 feet in circumference, above whose marble pavement a colossal dome is sole and solid roof, all built by peasant labour, freely given "for the love of God." Architect, mason, stone-cutters, common labourers reared this glorious temple, painted, carved, and gilded it, and charged no man anything for the value of one hour's work.

These be freemasons indeed!

Ah! you poor, aproned, gauntleted, pinch-beck-jewelled humbugs, who go about destroying your digestive organs and spending a pound in tomfoolery for every shilling you spend in charity, here is something for you to copy. Go to Moustá and look at this church, "built for the love of God." Look up at its vast height. Mark these massive walls slowly closing in ever so far above. No wood here, all solid stone. Walk round it, measure it, and then come into the centre and go down on your knees, if you are able, and pray that you may be permitted to give up your folly, to become a "freemason" such as these builders, and to do something in the world "for the love of God."

When this grand temple was slowly lifting up its head over the roofs of Moustá, an eminent English engineer came to see it. He had built a great railway bridge over a river, or an arm of the sea, at a cost of only a couple of millions sterling. "Poor people!" he said, looking with pity at the toiling peasants, "they never can put the roof on that span; it is too large. It is impossible." The eminent man had done many things in his life, but there was one thing he had not done, and that was attempting the apparently impossible for the love of God. For the love of man and for the love of fame he had doubtless achieved great things and reached the margin of the possible; but so far as the idea of giving his time or his genius "for the love of God" was beneath, above him, or incomprehensible to him, just so far was the possibility of the impossible beyond him too.

And now the *Chimborazo*, having embarked a regiment of infantry for a far-off Chinese station, has hoisted her blue peter at the fore, and it is time to go on board her crowded decks and settle down again into

the dreary routine of sea-life for a few days longer. So once more we sail away, men in forts cheering, bands playing on deck, and all the poor Hong Kong lads doing their best to look jolly.

Two days pass, and then at the sunset hour Crete is in sight. No lower shore-line visible, but, white and lofty, Olympus thrusts aside the envious clouds, and "takes the salute" of the sunset ere the day is done.

Next morning the *Chimborazo* is steaming through a lonely sea, and when a second

sunrise has come we are again in sight of land—white chalky hills that glare at one even from beneath the canopy of clouds that to-day hangs over their summits. A wide curve of shore-line lies in front. Glasses and telescopes are levelled upon the land. It looks dry, desolate, and barren. A few tall, dark trees are seen at long intervals. Wherever the glass rests on a bit of ground we see that the colour of the soil is that of sun-baked brick.

We are looking at Cyprus.

## YESTERDAY.

IT only seems like yesterday :  
     Why beats this heart? 'tis over now ;  
 And those bright dreams of love and hope  
     Are in the far-off long ago ;  
 Yet time hath wrought no change in me,  
 My love is linked to yesterday.

It only seems but yesterday :  
     How happily those days sped by !  
 At evening I was sure to meet  
     A sunset smile and starlit eye ;  
 All those sweet smiles died out from me,  
 With that sweet far-off yesterday.

I sometimes meet a smiling face,  
     A kindly word of sympathy ;  
 But what are they to my crushed heart ?  
     They only chain my memory  
 To those fond smiles that cheered my way  
 In that sweet far-off yesterday.

I wander back to those bright days,  
     When all was one untroubled sea—  
 My life a happy golden dream,  
     No mazes of perplexity :  
 Those golden dreams have died away,  
 With that sweet far-off yesterday.

Ah, well ! the past is over now ;  
     And what there is in store for me  
 I do not, dare not wish to know,  
     Nor penetrate futurity.  
 I know that all things work for good  
 To those who put their trust in God ;  
 And when I reach yon star-paved sky,  
 The yesterday will be to-day.

ELLEN MILLER.



## SOCIAL PLAGUES.

II.—NOISE. *Section I.*

"GIVE me health and a day," cries Mr. Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." It is well for you, philosopher, in your sheltered haven, with portals opening on a vista of old trees and garden sloping downward to the glade where the Assabeth, most taciturn of streams, joins the Muskataquid to creep towards the sea—it is well for you, in that temple and palace of rest, to make your mind a kingdom to itself, where your thoughts range serenely from Zoroaster to Thoreau, and from "Oman's dark water" to the cañons of the Rocky Hills, polishing your stanzas and letting your sentences ripen like your apples. But take my sunniest and least dyspeptic day in this suburb of Ironstoneville or Mammonopolis, and you will echo my demand for a third requisite—a moderate amount of Quietude. This has been called a critical age, a democratic age, a philanthropic age, a lyrical age, a ranting age, a canting age, an age of association, of examination, of expedition, over-worked, over-heated, over-mobbed, an age of steam and telegram, of science and incredulity. Above all, it is an age of hubbub and sound and fury, at enmity with quiet, if not with joy, when it seems as if nothing that does not roar can be regarded or permitted to exist. In civilised communities it is at least nominally forbidden to pollute the air with lethal smoke or pestilential gases. Why should the paternal protection of the State be confined to our lungs and noses? Has not an ear nerves, has not an ear susceptibilities? If you enchant it, will it not respond? If you pierce it, will it not wince? Is not the ear the nearest avenue to the brain? Is it not capable of touches of sweet harmony? May it not be driven distracted by harsh and crabbed sounds?

Let our poets leave off inditing their ditties to red-haired damsels and betake themselves to composing odes to Peace; let our reformers abandon their hoarse platforms for the organization of silent clubs. An obscure sufferer and analyst, I confine myself to a few hints towards an anatomy of noise, to me the chief cause of melancholy, black-bile, incapacity for work, and concord with all honest misanthropes—with Timon or Apemantus, with Marius among the tombs of Carthage, or Swift in his Irish hole. The noises that, rushing over the earth daily and hourly, assail the calm of heaven, may be variously classi-

fied—as into the better and worse, the evitable and inevitable, the continuous and intermittent, &c., &c. I find it most in accord with Cartesian method to arrange them in the main according to their sources.

They fall under three great heads:—

A. Noises of Nature.

B. Noises of Animals.

C. Noises of Instruments, Machines, or Implements.

A. Discerning readers will anticipate the remark that the sounds under the first head are, for the most part, either pleasant or endurable: in this they are like the regular cadences of steady human work. The elements, when not angry, are on the whole gracious to our ears. The rushing of great rivers, the fall of waters—from Niagara to our own mill-dam—soothes us, if not to sleep, at least to restfulness. The wind—save the malignant east—makes melody among the pines, and is only a disturber when it rages at night, and whistles, whines, roars, howls, and groans like a host of perturbed spirits. A brave heart with a good conscience, or a Byron with more of the one than of the other, may set strophes to peals of thunder; though it would be hard to do the same for a hailstorm. The sea is an inspirer or consoler; unless, about to make a personal trial of the Bay of Biscay, we are a prey to horrible imaginings while—

"Es walle, und siedet, und brauset, und zischt."

Of this class comparatively few are plagues, and none can properly be called social; they may, therefore, be dismissed.

B. The etymological paradox, *lucus a non lucendo*, is capped by the familiar phrase, "the dumb animals." Would nine-tenths of them were dumb! This globe would be comparatively pacific, and "Oh, the difference to me!" Of the vibrations for which they are directly responsible, some are of a collective or congregational character. These are akin to the elemental sounds, and the same remark may be made of both. At the "doves in immemorial elms," at the "innumerable bees," I neither moan nor murmur. I exempt from censure, nay, almost welcome, the cawing of rooks when they are, as Mr. Lowell politically remarks, "settlin' things in windy congresses;" though on some great question of foreign policy the debate threatens to grow keen, there is generally more par-

pose in it than, for instance, in the baa-ing of sheep. This, too, is inoffensive, except where it is painfully accentuated during the weaning of the lambs. Bird-voices are tunable, unless they are pent in cages, even when they most violently disagree "in their little nests." But I have been kept awake half the night by an incessant jug-jug-jug till I could exclaim with Mrs. Browning's Bianca, "The nightingales, the nightingales." The exuberance of a canary may be in excess, but we feel for the inevitable fate that sooner or later waits him from the claws of a cat. A parrot, however, is a fatal thing, his shriek being worse than that of an enraged lunatic, and his remarks in perpetual danger of betraying your domestic secrets. He brings us to our second subdivision under this head, that of sounds which are comparatively isolated, that rend and tear the atmosphere instead of merely setting it in motion. It is these that are the bugbears of a country life. If you are a Quietist, in a more sublunary sense than that of Fénelon or Madame Guyon, do not be seduced by the advertisement of "a quiet farm," by its visions of curds and cream and pastoral repose. First, and inevitably, it has a poultry yard, and you will be roused from the sweet sleep of morn by the defiance of a triumphant and active cock. I believe the noise of this animal to be deliberately malignant. He crows over the restless misery which he creates, lapsing into silence with a profligate pretence of lassitude, and breaking out again with all the energy of a retired statesman returning to power. I can imagine a cock at the entrance not of the celestial but of the other gate uttering his exultant cry at each new arrival. France in particular is becoming almost uninhabitable by reason of cocks, who seem perpetually, like Gambetta during the war, refusing to surrender one barley-corn of their yards. All the hens' flesh and eggs in Christendom are insufficient amends for the irrepressible insolence of this *miles gloriosus*. Chaucer is of course, as Campbell, long before Tennyson, told us, "our morning star of song;" but his praises of Chanticleer must have cost him a spell of purgatory; while Beattie has earned a right to sit in the Muses' shrine by his sympathetic stanza:—

"O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,  
Let harmony ave shut her gentle ear;  
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,  
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,  
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear."

"O Reynard, Reynard, O mon roy," I have often exclaimed in the neighbourhood of "a quiet farm." In the intervals of the egotism

of the "grand monarque," you will be distracted by the idiotic chuckling of his silly wives, the cackling of preposterous geese, the gabbling of pompous turkeys, more rarely by the inhuman shrieks of a delirious peacock, the bellowing of a blatant bull that you cannot take by the horns, the mooing of an impatient cow which you cannot milk, or the yelping of curs whose self-assertion is in inverse proportion to their size. The last are the most constant and inevitable pests of town and country in both continents; nor street, nor lane, nor lawn, nor cot, nor castle is free from them. Feline duets are disconcerting, but it is possible to take a humorous view of the wild vehemence of pussy's agitated heart. Cats make night hideous, but spare the poor day-labourer. The heehaw of an excited ass is the most hideous of uproars, but it is a rare agony; four-footed donkeys are not found at every corner, and they are generally oppressed and long-suffering. When a mastiff next door obstinately howls at the moon and all remonstrance fails, you may take down your gun and stand the consequences: the provocation, however, must be extreme, for a great hound, with all his faults, is a great creature. But bastard spaniels, poodles, pugs, King Charles's balls of wool, spoilt mongrels, terriers, and other rat-like mockeries of the true canine race, loved of misses, hated of "honourable men," are in

"England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain"

our constant neighbours, and will not permit us to call an hour our own. In season and out of season, at everything and at nothing, they snarl and shriek and brag and skirl. "Darling Dizzy's" yelp insults my best couplet, Flossy's squeal upsets my profoundest problem, and "pretty little Zulu's" howl dislocates a period of which Ruskin might have been jealous. "Love me, love my dog; he won't bite!" "If you love me, you will hang your dog. I have in vain endeavoured to provoke the cowardly wretch to an assault which would in the eyes of the law justify my calling in the aid of the druggist," would be an appropriate fragment of a dialogue between a typical modern Juliet and an honest Romeo. Let us relieve India and pay the expenses of the Afghan war by an enormous tax on puppies. With sacrilegious impropriety they make most merry when families go to church and leave their curs free to run and revel in chorus. The Sundays of all the year round are pre-eminently the dog-days.

Confined to the summer months, but doing much to make us wish for winter back again, is the "infinite torment of flies." How marvellously little has human ingenuity done to suppress our animal scourges. These often mainly affect the sense of touch, but the misery is magnified when they also scarify the ear. I would not grudge even the mosquito his little drop of my blood if he would not make such a fuss about it. His approaches, the dull, incessant threat, making sleep impossible and contemplation a mockery, his trumpet drawing nearer, nearer, shriller than before, and his final yell of malice, convince us, more than the severity of his bite, that his body is inhabited by the spirit of a theological controversialist. In the insect world there is infinite variety of character, indicated as frequently by voice and demeanour as by outward form. The bumble-bee, which gets into our rooms in August, is distinctly a gentleman; his hum may be monotonous, he may make mistakes, but he means well; we may show him out, but would not hurt a hair of his head. The blue-bottle fly, on the other hand, is an insufferable cad. His vulgar buzz and bloated body are those of an offensive costermonger or fraudulent bank director or blustering railway Bounderby. Blue-bottles are the master-pests of every season of fine weather. Morning on morning they swarm on our panes, and there is no prospect of peace or possibility of a sentence till the last of their clamours has been hushed in the death which is their due, the accomplishment of which is generally my first hour's work. The cry is, Still they come; troops of reinforcements are squatted like toads on the sill, waiting to rush in with the breath of air to which you hardly dare to treat yourself. The state of mind of a man who will let one of those creatures escape him is incomprehensible. The proper feeling towards them is not vague annoyance but personal hatred; the pleasure of killing them is a partial but inadequate recompense for the disgust they inspire. The brute whom Uncle Toby, with hare-brained sentimentality, dismissed, certainly on the first chance returned with seven others worse than himself. Specifics for toothache are well, but when all fails there is the *ultima ratio* of the dentist. A panacea for blue-bottles is more urgent, for we cannot cut off our ears, and the man who supplies it will have a claim on his race equal to that of Watt or Stephenson. But how few of the inventions of the century have made life happier; how many of them, adding

to its noise and hurry and struggle for existence, merely multiply our chances of going rapidly mad!

Of the noises made by the human animal, those of the infant come under somewhat the same category as those of the pet dog; in both cases you are expected to admire and bemoan your aversion. But the nuisance, "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," is less frequently in the open air, and you can choose your indoor company. Persecuted by idolaters, your only course is the bold one: say you "hate babies and do not share the prejudice against Swift's proposal," or that they always scream when you touch them, or that you let them fall and break them. The next stage of torment is represented by "girls and boys gone out to play." I don't care how much they whine or how unwillingly they creep to school, and only wish they were never out of it, for a playground is a Pandemonium. No one objects to their exercising their limbs in Spartan silence, but there seems no rhyme nor reason in their incoherent shrieks. In this regard girls are the worst, and by the law of cross-purposes they select the portions of the lawn opposite my study window for their *palestra*. I drive them away for the benefit of my neighbours, and, such is the baseness of human ingratitude, the parents complain!

Full-grown human animals are in this country, for the most part, only clamorous under conditions of excitement or in the way of business. We need not attend mass meetings, and other riots may, with the aid of the police, be suppressed; but when the world is half civilised *street cries* will be penal offences. Many of them are scarcely human, and cannot be put on paper—as "China to mend;" "Co, co, coal;" "Fresh strawberries," in London—except with notes indicating discord that only Wagner could supply. Under this head we must record a censure on the bad, often profane, language that carters address to their horses. It must hurt the feelings of the superior beings, and should be brought before the Anti-Cruelty and Anti-Vivisection Societies.

Street singers profess to use their voices as instruments of pleasure. These I reserve, as also my memories of a Pyrenean market, where every yell, howl, jabber, and peal of which lungs are capable is combined with a chaos of horns and hounds, over the price of a few beans. Meanwhile here is a milk cart; I must bow to my readers and "silence that dreadful bell."

W. ROSS BROWNE.



SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

## PART II.

ON his return from the Kalu Pass, Outram was dispatched to tranquillise the disturbed Ghilzai tribes, between Kabul and Kandahar, which, in face of the greatest difficulties, he accomplished, by a series of the most original and best-planned surprises; surrounding and capturing the chiefs of the tribes, who, if they had escaped to their stronghold, might have "held out successfully against all the material with which the Bombay Division is provided."

No sooner was Shah Shuja on the Afghan throne than Outram was dispatched to Kelat as a volunteer; soon, however, finding a regular position under General Willshire, who knew his value. The same tale in main essentials has to be retold. Outram's bravery at the siege was thus recognised by the general in his dispatch: "From Captain Outram, who volunteered his services on my personal staff, I received the utmost assistance, and to him I feel greatly indebted for the zeal and ability with which he has

performed the various duties that I have required of him." And Outram himself was the bearer of this dispatch, deputed to survey the direct route from Kelat by Sonmiani Bandar, and to report its practicability or otherwise as a passage for troops, which the general considered an object of the first importance. The fulfilment of this duty led Outram into passages of adventure that read like a romance.

The step to major, which he ought to have had for Ghuznee, he now received for Kelat, which should have brought a colonelcy and C.B. The Court of Directors in London actually thought that he had attained the two steps, and he was congratulated by Lord Auckland on the supposed well-won promotion. Hostile influences must have been at work. "No explanation has ever been given why this particular promotion, officially announced to Lieut.-Colonel Outram by the Governor of Bombay, did not have effect; but no remonstrance on the subject was ever



submitted by the officer concerned, who considered that 'honours *sought* are not to be esteemed.'

"He also received the thanks of both the Bombay and supreme Governments for the 'very interesting and valuable documents' relating to the Kalât-Sonmiâna route. The perusal of these had afforded the Governor-General 'much satisfaction.' Prior to this, moreover, the envoy and minister with Shah Shuja had conveyed his Majesty's bestowal of the second class order of the Durrâni Empire, in 'acknowledgment of the zeal, gallantry, and judgment' which he had displayed in several instances during the past year, whilst employed on the king's immediate behalf. Three of the instances in which his 'merit and exertions' were 'particularly conspicuous,' are specially cited:—

"First, on the occasion of his gallantly placing himself 'at the head of His Majesty's troops engaged in dispersing a large body of rebels, who had taken up a threatening position immediately above His Majesty's encampment on the day previous to the storm of Ghazni.'

"Secondly, on the occasion of his 'commanding the party sent in pursuit of Dost Mahomed Khan,' when his 'zealous exertions would in all probability have been crowned with success, but for the treachery of his Afghan associates.

"Thirdly, for 'the series of able and successful operations' conducted under his superintendence, 'which ended in the subjection or dispersion of certain rebel Ghilzai and other tribes, and which have had the effect of tranquillising the whole line of country between Kabul and Kandahar, where plunder and anarchy had before prevailed.'"

He was well received at the Presidency, and was offered the appointment of Political Agent in Lower Sind. Scarcely, however, had he settled down to work in Sind when war in the North-West again began to threaten. At once he put himself at the disposal of the Government, writing thus to Mr. Macnaghten in the course of a long letter:—

"Most gladly shall I obey the summons; for in addition to zeal for the public service, I have now the impulse of personal gratitude to the Governor-General, to you, and to the Shah. Pray remember also that I require no pecuniary advantage, and would accept of none; for the moiety of my salary in Sind, which I would still receive while absent on duty, is most handsome and far above my deserts. I look upon it not only to more than compensate for any services I may have to perform in that country, but also as the purchase in advance of all that I could ever do hereafter in the public service. My wife will arrive in Bombay about May, but I would not wait on that account. As a soldier's wife, she knows and will admit my first duty to be to the public, to which all private and personal considerations should be sacrificed. . . . Please order me when and where to go and what to do; you will find me punctual to my post, and ready to perform whatever is expected of me in any quarter. At the same time pray write for the Governor-General's sanction to my temporary absence from Sind, the duties of which could, I hope, be fulfilled for the present by my assistants, as no great steps for the improvement of our relations in that quarter can be entered upon until everything has been effectually settled in the North-West."

He had, however, in the meantime, to abide at his political post. The work in Lower Sind was hard, but more locally important than generally interesting; the two main features of the first period were the reduction of taxes on inland produce brought to Kurachee and the relief of the Indian traffic from tolls, and the transfer of Shikarpur to the British Government. By-and-by, through changes that had been long contemplated, he was placed in charge of Upper Sind as well as Lower. This additional work had its disadvantages as well as advantages. For one thing it practically broke up the domestic life which had just been taken up afresh with the arrival of Mrs. Outram from England. In spite of all this he intimated himself ready to assume a third charge still more remote in the event of the death of Mr. Rose Bell, who was in seriously bad health. With such responsibilities, he remodelled completely the administration of Lower and Upper Sind, and in such a manner as made him loved and trusted both by the people and the native princes.

When that old Ameer died, he took farewell of Outram as of a brother—a scene which Outram has thus affectingly described:

"The Ameer, evidently feeling that we could not meet again, embraced me most fervently, and spoke distinctly to the following purport, in the presence of Dr. Owen and the other Ameer: 'You are to me as my brother Nusseer Khan, and the grief of this sickness is equally felt by you and Nusseer Khan; from the days of Adam no one has known so great truth and friendship as I have found in you.' I replied, 'Your Highness has proved your friendship to my Government and myself by your daily acts. You have considered me as a brother, and as a brother I feel for your Highness, and night and day I grieve for your sickness.' To which he added, 'My friendship for the British is known to God. My conscience is clear before God.' The Ameer still retained me in his feeble embrace for a few moments, and, after taking some medicine from my hand, again embraced me as if with the conviction that we could not meet again."

In view of the reversed policy which, in opposition to all the wishes and feelings of Outram, came to be pursued towards Sind shortly afterwards, there is something touching as well as slightly humorous in his apology to the Governor-General for the premature enthusiasm of Ameer and people, to which his lordship thus replies:—

"You need not have made any apology for the salute which was prematurely fired by the Ameer of Sind upon the rumour of your promotion. I must feel that goodwill exhibited . . . whilst it is an evidence of kind personal feeling towards you, is an exhibition also of goodwill towards the Government which you represent, and I readily therefore admit of such a compliment being paid you."

Whilst he was thus busy, and moving rapidly from one point of his large territory to another, negotiating new treaties and revising taxation, disastrous tidings from Afghanistan called him to fresh interests. The envoy and his people were shut up in Kabul. His one aim was to prepare support for Kandahar, from whence, he felt, we must look for the retrieval of affairs should we be driven to extremities at Kabul. The line of forts by the Khybur were more complete than by either of the other routes. There was suspense for a time, and then came the worst of news! Outram at once set his whole mind and energies to the task of retrieving the honour of his country, and it should never be forgotten how nobly and eloquently he protested against the suggestion of retiring from Kabul, leaving the prisoners in the hands of the Afghans. He was as nobly consistent in this as he had been in his protests against the war at first, and he did not rest till all that human skill and bravery could do had been done to retrieve that humiliation, supplying the most practical aid and ministering counsel and heartening everywhere by word or by letter; while he sped from place to place and kept in good order the discontented and unruly tribes on the border of his own territory, who might at any moment have risen and caused a new disaster. It is painful to read that his plain and outspoken expression on all these matters only had the effect of bringing on him the displeasure of the higher authorities.

His life indeed became now so thickly sown with incidents, that it is impossible even to outline them. After all his labours for Sinde, and the place he had made for himself in the hearts of princes and people, it was hard to be subordinated and relegated to subaltern duty. He had resolved, however, to do the work as faithfully for General Nott as though he were acting wholly on his own responsibility; and to make his way through Cutchee to Quetta at the most trying time of year and at great risks. He had written to one of his friends, Mr. Wiloughby—

"Unless the Court of Directors are pleased to order that on the termination of his stipend in Afghanistan General Nott's political powers over me are withdrawn, I must assuredly most respectfully resign the line in which I have so long endeavoured to serve them and join my regiment, a poorer man than when I left it nearly twenty years ago. It is in no bitter spirit that I write this; these are simply the words of an honourable man willing to do his duty as long as he can do so without dishonour, but not grovelling enough to submit to the least degree of disgrace."

Immediately Outram proceeded by the

frontier posts of Khangarh, Chatar, and Sibi, which he subjected to minute inspection, then on by Dadar, through the Bolan Pass to Quetta. Every step was at the risk of his life; but he attained his end of conveying all needful stores to the general, and by the exercise of his usual energy and decision, he contributed materially to the final settlement of the Afghan problem. He was thanked by the Governor-General, and a promise was actually made that in a scheme of the settlement of the Lower Indus being effected, he should be named Envoy; "His lordship being perfectly satisfied with the zeal and ability you manifest in the discharge of your duty." But the promise was not fulfilled. Outram now went to the Residency of Sukkur, from which he put forth many valuable schemes. Unfortunately very shortly a difference arose with regard to some circumstances in the transference to Kelat of the districts of Shawl and Sibi, which had been promised by Lord Auckland as good policy so soon as the difficulties in Afghanistan were brought to a close. This Outram felt was due the more that the young Khan had throughout acted so loyally; but remarks were made at head-quarters which deeply wounded Outram—an error, if error it were, being by the Governor-General substantially spoken of as a fiction in political transactions to which it was not justifiable to resort. Outram on this subject wrote to a friend—

"From the above you will observe that I have incurred his lordship's displeasure, and that I have been ill. The first was caused by my taking on myself to restore the province of Shawl to Kelat, after in vain seeking instructions for two months (having stated that its immediate restoration was essential to preserve the Brahoes faithful)—*which restoration had previously been pledged by Lord Auckland!* Notwithstanding which, and our treaty with the Khan of Kelat, Lord Ellenborough was for leaving him and the Afghans to scramble for what we ourselves had robbed Kelat of in the first instance! My having taken this . . . on my own responsibility caused the extreme wrath of his lordship. . . . So much for my own affairs. Oh, by-the-bye, I forgot the allusion to my late illness. It was a serious bout of brain fever, of which I thought little and the doctors thought serious. Now to turn to the satisfactory fact that our troops *are* on the march (though at the eleventh hour, and doing what ought to have been done two months ago) to Ghazni and Kabul."

Receiving but the most formal recognition for great and unwearied services at the greatest personal risks in effecting means of transport to Afghanistan in a country where transport is the chief difficulty in military movements, Outram, after a short time, returned to Bombay, where he was worthily entertained and

his work recognised for what it was. Sir Charles Napier had been appointed commander of the troops in Sind, with entire control over the political agents and civil officers. Outram determined to aid Sir Charles in every way, and a meeting at Sukkur showed the utmost harmony between the two. It certainly surprised Outram and his friends, when very shortly after this, and in face of Sir Charles Napier's reiterated expression of the value to him of Outram's advice and aid, Outram was remanded to his regiment. The reason, as assigned by Outram himself, was his advocacy of the cause of a fellow-officer, Captain Hammersley, against the decision of head-quarters. It was on the occasion of Outram now leaving Sind that Sir Charles Napier, at a public dinner given to him, used the now famous phrase, "the Bayard of India,"—which becomes charged with a certain irony in the light of some of the later relations of these two great and distinguished men.

To the surprise of all, and most of all, perhaps, to the surprise of Outram, while he was in Bombay, preparing to sail for England, he was directed by the Governor-General to hold himself in readiness for Sir Charles Napier's order to be a commissioner for the arrangement of a revised treaty to the Ameers of Sind. The order was summary and even peremptory, but Outram wrote:—

"The principle which has ever guided me throughout my career of service—implicit obedience to the orders of Government (and when, as in this case, orders were conveyed, and no option was left to me)—I had no hesitation in following on this occasion, and accordingly replied as follows:—'Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated 24th ultimo, and to forward, for the information of the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India, the copy of a letter I addressed in consequence to the Political Secretary to the Government of Bombay, with that gentleman's reply, and of my letter to the Adjutant-General of the Bombay Army, in accordance with which I purpose embarking in a steamer which proceeds to Sind to-morrow. I expect to arrive at Sukkur about the 30th instant. Dated Bombay, December 13.'"

Great work might these two men have done in Sind, for Outram's devotion to Sir Charles Napier was great; but they differed widely in their views with respect to political changes necessary, and on points regarding which Outram had thought much, and had cherished convictions. Napier wished to overturn the patriarchal system of Government in Sind, and Outram was opposed to that. These differences so grew that it became difficult for them to work together.

Very soon, as every one knows, Sir Charles Napier, by persistence in his policy, had so

far alienated the Sind princes that they were compelled to regard themselves as likely to meet force, and to prepare for it. It is almost demonstrable that Sir Charles allowed himself to become the tool of a wily Asiatic, Ali Morad, who was plotting to deprive his relative of the turban in order to place it upon his own head. Outram had to become the supporter of such a policy as made him rejoice that "he was only a subaltern." He exhausted all his resources in trying to preserve peace, warning the princes to wait patiently; but without success. When the appeal to arms at last was made against all his representations, he fought, as of old, for his country, but he never ceased to feel friendly to the Ameer and princes.

The attack on the Residency was repelled after a very skilful defence—and with but slight loss, that of two men, due chiefly to Outram's being forearmed. This accomplished, he retired to join Sir Charles Napier at Matari, a town some sixteen miles north of Hyderabad, and from that point a successful effort was made to dislodge the enemy from Miani, where they had concentrated all their available force. The result placed at the disposal of the British Government the country on both sides of the Indus from Sukkur to the sea. It is pathetically told that when the Ameers saw the battle going against them they tried by their spy-glasses to detect Major Outram, that they might surrender to a personal friend. He had procured Sir Charles Napier's leave to embark for Bombay, and left at such a time as to render impossible a personal leave-taking of the princes, which must have been painful; but he wrote to his friend, Lieutenant Brown, to whose custody they were intrusted—

"As you are the custodian of the captive princes, let me entreat of you, as a kindness to myself, to pay every regard to their comfort and dignity. I do assure you my heart bleeds for them, and it was in the fear that I might betray my feelings that I declined the last interview they yesterday sought of me. Pray say how sorry I was I could not call upon them before leaving; that, could I have done them any good, I would not have grudged . . . any expenditure of time or labour on their behalf; but that, alas! they have placed it out of my power to do aught, by acting contrary to my advice, and having recourse to the fatal step of appeal to arms against the British Power."

Though he had parted from Sir Charles Napier with the feeling that it was most improbable they could act together well, yet, hearing that Sir Charles expressed regret at his loss, he offered to return should this be deemed desirable. Fortunately, perhaps, it was not, and he returned to England, where

he was active in representing the case of the Sinde princes—a self-imposed duty which led him to be so seriously misunderstood by Sir Charles Napier that interruption of their friendship was the consequence: a sorrowful circumstance to Outram.

He returned to India as Lieutenant-Colonel Outram, C.B., somewhat suddenly, prompted by the hope of finding active service on the outbreak of the Sikh war. There was still too much opposition to him in high quarters, and he was disappointed. He made for Sir Hugh Gough's head-quarters, to be depressed by the tone that obtained there, particularly at the indifference expressed by so many of his brother officers on the annexation of Sinde—a proceeding which he looked upon in the light of usurpation. It appeared somewhat like an insult when he was offered the inferior post of political revenue officer of Nimar, an appendage to Indore, yielding less than he had had ten years before, and annulling practically his services in Mahi Kanta and in Sinde; but he had the good sense to accept the post, and patiently and ably discharged its duties, though he admitted himself dispirited and depressed. On Lord Ellenborough's recall in May he resigned, and after six months occupancy returned to Bombay. He intended to proceed to England, but before he had taken ship war broke out in the Maratta country, for which he volunteered, and in which he rendered such service as called forth the special praise and thanks of the general. This led to his appointment of joint-commissioner of the Maratta country, which he held till another appointment was made. His defence of the policy of Mr. Reeve and himself did not serve to regain him favour at head-quarters. Then he was offered the post of political agent in the South Maratta country. This he declined. He had some service to do, however, in the storming of the forts of Páwargarh and Panala, before taking leave, being among the foremost who entered the latter fort. Then he was employed in quelling the uprising in Sawant-Wari, a country to the south of that he had just quitted, where he had a very narrow escape, and afterwards in the proceedings against Goa.

It was during a short period now spent as Resident at Sattara that he so significantly showed what manner of man he was in his disposal of that "prize money of Sinde." His portion amounted to some £3,000. At first he intended to intimate to Government that he did not wish to receive it, and would

not receive it, but, under good advice, he finally concluded at once to turn it over to philanthropic institutions—one of Dr. Duff's schools and Lady Lawrence's Hill Asylum receiving the larger share. His biographer has followed his own example; and we hear more of this "blood-money" and its disposal in other memoirs than in that of Sir James Outram. Dr. George Smith has a good deal to say of it in his "Life of Dr. Duff;" for Outram, on consenting to receive the money, at once consulted Dr. Duff respecting its disposal, to find that the great Free Church Missionary was then casting about anxiously for means to found and to build a new boys' school, which was much needed, and which has done in every respect a great work. This and Lady Lawrence's Asylum exhausted the bulk of it; and surely seldom has money so obtained been better or more fitly disposed of—one good result, at least, that may be said to have flowed from Sir Charles Napier's Sinde wars. One can hardly help thinking here of Wordsworth's lines in "The Happy Warrior,"—

"Who, doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and bloodshed—miserable train—  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

But the matter did not end here, as it ought to have done for the credit of all parties. Some little time afterwards the Pay Department made a grand discovery—almost worthy of a genius like that of Swift; and it applied the knowledge in a manner that would probably have put Machiavelli to the blush. We may well assume that the Pay Department, because of Outram's principle of doing his good works in secret, did not know how the prize money had been bestowed. At any rate, a claim was made on Outram to refund it, on the ground that he had only held a civil appointment when certain actions were fought; which certainly adds a touch of irony to the whole affair, notwithstanding that this tantalising procedure of the Pay Office was stopped by a hint from higher quarters. It is depressing to learn that after twenty-six years of service Outram held only the regimental grade of captain.

From Sattara he passed to Baroda, and his stay there was made memorable by his efforts against what was called *khutput*, or bribery, by which a premium was put upon bad government; in fact, the corruption that existed, if we may credit good authorities, penetrated into every department. We can easily imagine how such a state of things would affect a mind like that of Outram. He was kept in an atti-

tude of constant protest, and the worry, more than the work, brought on ill-health.

In 1849 he was compelled to leave Baroda and go on sick-leave to Egypt. This was not wholly to rest, however. Mr. Stuart Poole, who saw much of him then, tells us that he fancied Colonel Outram lost mental strength from the power that an *idée fixe* had over him; the wrongs of the Amers of Sinde and Baroda bribery being constantly on his mind. When in 1850 he returned to his post, he was ceaseless in his efforts to make an end of this and of other evils. At length he was asked to report, and he did so in a manner so efficient and plainspoken that he received the frowns of Government instead of its encouragement. He was actually told to resign. Writing to his family, he says: "Do not fancy that I am at all cast down by this. I fully expected it, and am not sorry to get away from this 'sink of iniquity,' though, of course, I should have preferred a more honourable retreat." But *khutput* and Outram's report did not end here. It was not possible to shelve either the one or the other in this way. The Court of Directors at Leadenhall Street at last took up the affair, sifted it to the bottom, and demanded Outram's restoration to the very office from which he had been dismissed. Outram, the Court of Directors declared, had done a great and difficult service in a masterly manner.

His final stay at Baroda, however, was not prolonged. From it he went to Aden as Commissioner, and after that he became Chief Commissioner in Oude. He who had in Sinde so upheld the native princes had now to condemn those in Oude as effete and helpless. It was to the interests of the people that he looked, and native princes were to be respected only as far as they held the respect and affection of the people, and ruled for their benefit. On the whole he recommended annexation in Oude, because "in upholding the sovereign power of this effete and incapable dynasty, we do so at the cost of five millions of people."

Outram liked this appointment, and did heroic work in it. Those who knew Oude best wondered at the reforms so quietly and thoroughly effected. Ill health compelled a visit to England in 1856. On Outram's return to India, he took the command of the Persian Expedition, which did the most brilliant service. For this he was thanked by the Government, the approval of the authorities being intimated in unqualified terms, and her Majesty conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Bath.

Outram was still at Bushire when the following message was addressed by Lord Canning to Lord Elphinstone, and speedily re-dispatched to its destination: "Write to Sir James Outram that I wish him to return to India immediately. . . . We want all our best men here." Outram at once posted to Calcutta, and thence to Benares by river. It was a crisis that brooked no delay. Before he had reached Benares, the mutiny had spread through Oude. Sir Henry Lawrence had been killed at Lucknow. Outram was appointed to the post which he had surrendered to Sir Henry's hands eighteen months before, and with this was joined the military control. He chose his staff with rare insight, Robert Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdala, being his military secretary and chief of the Adjutant-General's department. The masterly dispatch of his forced marches from Benares to Allahabad, and then from Allahabad to Lucknow, in spite of sickness and exhaustion among the troops, as well as the bravery and decisive sagacity which he exhibited in the actual relief operations, are known to every one; but it may not be so clearly remembered how he could not support the idea of superseding Havelock before the great work was done, at last resolving, as he told Colonel Napier, to go "in my political capacity." He had accordingly written thus to Havelock, in a tone which proves the true Bayard: "I shall join you with the reinforcements, but to you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already so nobly struggled. I shall accompany you only in my civil capacity as Commissioner, placing my military services at your disposal, should you please to make use of me, serving under you as a volunteer." The account of the seven troublous weeks during which Outram skilfully maintained the position taken up both within and without the still besieged Residency is one of the most exciting, and yet one of the most perfectly satisfying on record, while the plan and execution of the evacuation of the Residency ranks among the most complete and successful of modern military achievements. He died on the 11th March, 1863.

His indomitable courage never faltered; to his fine sense of justice and of honour he was ever faithful. His duty to the Government he served was brought into harmony with his duty to himself, through many sacrifices; and at length his nobility of nature convinced even those whose plans and prospects he seemed to have hindered, that he had been wisest.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

## THE HEBREW MAID AND NAAMAN'S WIFE.

BY JOHN S. HOWSON, D.D., DEAN OF CHESTER.

MANY sermons are preached every year concerning Naaman; but comparatively few, I imagine, concerning the Hebrew maid, to whom in truth he owed the cure of his leprosy. Yet for two reasons it is well worth while to attend to this subordinate part (if so we choose to call it) of the narrative, and to take under our notice this little servant-maid—for the sake of quickening our sympathy with the class which, more or less accurately, she represents; and secondly, for the example which she furnishes to all of that class, and in fact to all of every class.

In one respect, indeed, her lot was very different from anything of which we have experience in the social life of modern times. She was a slave, absolutely taken away from her own old home, and absolutely at the disposal of her new master and mistress, with no power of leaving them if she chose, and no remedy against ill-treatment.

It happened that, during the war which then prevailed between the Syrians and Israel, "the Syrians had gone out by companies," had crossed the border, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel "a little maid," and she became the slave of the wife of Naaman, who was "captain of the host of the king of Syria." There is no proof that she was ill-treated. Still she was a slave, and this is what I meant by saying that her lot was a hard one.

But though in one respect her position could find no counterpart amongst us at present, in another respect she may be taken as a representative of a very large class, and a class to whom we are under great obligations. She was removed from her own natural home, and planted in another which might be termed an artificial home; and on this mere statement hang some considerations of great moment in reference to part of our own social arrangements.

We sometimes forget that our servants are taken from their own homes and placed in ours, and that on this ground (to mention nothing else) they have a strong claim to sympathy, consideration, and forbearance. From this circumstance alone they are liable to certain faults, to which otherwise they might not be tempted. Thus we are sometimes, for instance, surprised that servants in a large household quarrel with one another. Now certainly they ought not to quarrel. With proper religious feeling towards Him

which "maketh men to be of one mind in a house," they would be withheld from this fault. Still it must be recollected that they are brought away from very different households to live together in one household. They are brothers and sisters living together under their own father and mother. Even brothers and sisters are not always harmonious. We ought not to wonder, human nature being what it is, that there shall sometimes be want of concord among strangers whom the force of circumstances brings into close relations with each other under one roof.

But if any member of this aggrieved class has special claim to sympathy, consideration, or forbearance, it is the young servant-girl in a small household. Young men go out into the world, and battle in the conflict of life; and in this very conflict they often find a safeguard against temptation. But in the other case, unless great kindness is shown (and great kindness is by no means always shown), there is peculiar isolation, with many risks. Such a case presents the nearest resemblance which modern society furnishes to that of the Hebrew captive girl in the family of Naaman. She was solitary in a home which was not her own. There is no reason, as I have said, to believe that she was treated with any special cruelty. The history, indeed, would rather give us a contrary impression; and perhaps this kindness that had been shown to her cheered and encouraged her in her attempt to do good service to her master. At all events this is certain, that in such instances as those to which I refer among ourselves, kind treatment brings many good qualities to view, opens the heart, breaks down reserve, and trains those who might otherwise go far astray, so as to become very useful and helpful members of society.

To turn now from the duties suggested by the hard condition of this young Israelitish captive, to the suggestions which her example supplies, we appear to see very clearly that, though surrounded by idolaters, she retained her own religious feelings and convictions. It is the Lord's prophet of whom she speaks to her mistress. "She had learnt in her youth to know the God whose eye, though specially over Israel, was still over all the nations;" and thus it was that the great benefit came to Naaman. If we call to remembrance also a certain passage, wherein

this history is referred to in the New Testament, we seem to gain a further insight into this girl's religious character. Our Lord said on one occasion to the Jews: "Many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet: and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian." Thus this Hebrew girl had never known a case of leprosy cured by Elisha; but she knew that he had been enabled to work other miracles; and she inferred that the same Divine power and goodness, acting through the prophet, could deal with this calamity also. It is an instance of the correct reasoning of a simple and devout heart: while it is a proof of the strong hold which her early religious training kept upon her mind.

And does not this remind us, brethren, of the importance of the early religious instruction of the young, and of the blessing which we may expect to follow such instructions? And here comes out into distinct view the great usefulness of our Sunday Schools, and the high reward which may be expected by those who work in such schools lovingly and faithfully.

There must be many Sunday School Teachers among those who read these words. Certainly there are many who ought to be Sunday School Teachers. The recollection of what this captive Hebrew girl did in the court of Naaman should lead the thoughts of all such persons to dwell on the happiness of preparing children now within reach, for duties which they may discharge afterwards elsewhere. In our country more especially such thoughts ought to be natural. When we look upon the young people around us, we feel that a large number of them may in a few years be dispersed all over this world. The circumstances of our commerce, the spirit of enterprise, the shifting of our population, are like the Syrians that "went out by companies," and are continually taking away the young out of the land of their fathers. How essential it is that these inexperienced travellers, these youthful emigrants, shall take with them a good knowledge of true religion, and firm resolutions for the resistance of temptation; and hearts made more ready through Christ and His Grace for the using of the new opportunities that may be put within their reach.

And now, to turn to another point. We observe that this "little maid," who was taken "captive" out of the land of Israel, while true to her religious convictions, was faithful to her new master, and did her best to render him useful service. She did not

suppose that because Naaman belonged to an alien country—no, nor because he was the enemy of her own country—that therefore she had no duties to perform on his behalf. She did not suppose that, because her lot was hard, and caused her, no doubt, to shed many a tear, when she thought of her own home in the land of Israel, that therefore God's providence had given her no opportunities to use. She saw that her master, in the midst of all his greatness, was afflicted with a distressing and humiliating disease—she knew where the best hope of recovery was to be found—and the good, kind-hearted girl obeyed the impulse of her heart. She adopted, too, the wisest and the most sensible course. "She spoke to her mistress." And the result completes the argument derivable from this history to servants, for the discharge of their duties in an affectionate, generous, and faithful spirit. The deliverance of Naaman from that illness which made him a miserable object to all who saw him—every hour of health and comfort which he enjoyed afterwards, as resulting from that recovery—was due to the religious principle, kind feeling, and good sense of this Hebrew maid.

There could not be a better illustration, to those who are engaged in domestic service, of the great principle which ought to guide them in their discharge of duty towards their masters and mistresses. The great principle is this: that they ought to make common cause with those under whom they are placed, and consider their interest to be in fact their own. The way of the world is to adopt a totally different principle, and to assume that interests are conflicting. Thus it comes to pass that servants, instead of saving the money of their masters and mistresses, too often waste it; instead of using time diligently, they trifle; instead of being orderly, they cause confusion. There are many precepts in the New Testament which bear upon this point. Even if masters and mistresses are not what they should be (and all masters and mistresses are not what they ought to be), the duty is the same, though it is not so pleasant. Servants are to be subject "not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward." All is to be done by them, "in singleness of heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service as to the Lord, and not to men." And these precepts were given, we must remember, not to servants in the modern sense, but to

slaves ; and this circumstance infinitely increases their force. It is partly because this little Hebrew maid was a "captive" and a slave that her example tells upon us with so much weight.

As we part from her now, let us think of her, and of such as her, with sympathy. Her lot was a very hard one. She was taken away by force from her own home. She was among people whose customs were different from her customs, and their religion different from her religion ; and she was very young. There is a most pathetic African proverb which says that "every slave had once a mother." What an infinite blessing it is to this country that slavery is unknown to us ! Let such thoughtful and sympathetic thoughts quicken our desires to study and to profit by this modest example. This young captive maid is most truly a pattern to us all. We

are sure to be placed in circumstances when we shall be tested, whether we can be true to our religious convictions among those who deny God. We are almost sure, more or less, to be cut off from old habits and old associations ; and then it will be seen whether we can carry on with us into the new period of life what we have learnt in the old. Opportunities will certainly be given us for doing good ; and our heavenly Father will put us to the test, whether we use these opportunities, while we have them, or let them pass away ; and if we say that such chances of being useful will, in our case, be very scanty and that we ourselves feel very insignificant, we cannot be of less importance than that young Hebrew servant. It was not much that she could do ; but her praise was precisely that of which we read in the Gospels : "She did what she could."

## FANCIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL."

### I.—EILY.

WHEN the stars sing lullabies,  
Eily may lie down to rest ;  
Not more innocent the skies,  
Than the heart within her breast.

Balmy breeze and dropping dew  
Are not fresher than is she ;  
All the earth, and heaven too,  
Are not dearer unto me.

Slumber is death's counterfeit :  
When the spell is o'er her laid,  
Looks she so divinely sweet,  
That of death I am afraid.

If she dies, I'll bury her  
Where the whitest blossoms grow ;  
Or, perchance, she would prefer  
For her grave, a mound of snow.

Waiting for a solemn hush,  
Bursting into sudden song,  
I will tame the sweetest thrush  
Singing for her, loud and long.

But the bird will only sing  
Over a deserted mound,  
And my flowers I shall fling  
Only on an empty ground.

For my Eily will have flown  
To the land I cannot see,  
And the heart that is mine own  
Will be beating there for me.

If she dies, a dull despair  
Will eclipse the green and blue ;  
But for me, I shall not care—  
If she dies, I shall die too !

### II.—AWAKE.

The sun gets up in the morning  
And lifts his stately head ;  
Open your eyes, my sleepy skies,  
The sun is out of bed !  
The moon is very timid,  
She dare not meet the sun,  
With a heigh-ho ! the stars must go,  
And hide themselves one by one.

The sun gets up in the morning,  
The world is all alight ;  
Every tree is full of glee,  
Every blossom bright ;  
Every bird is singing  
A welcome to his King,  
With a Well done, beautiful sun !  
You glorify every thing.

The sun gets up in the morning,  
And so must children too ;  
How dare you keep fast asleep,  
The sun is calling you !  
Mid all the birds and blossoms  
Your merry voices raise :  
With a Hurrah ! How glad we are  
We have got a sun to praise !



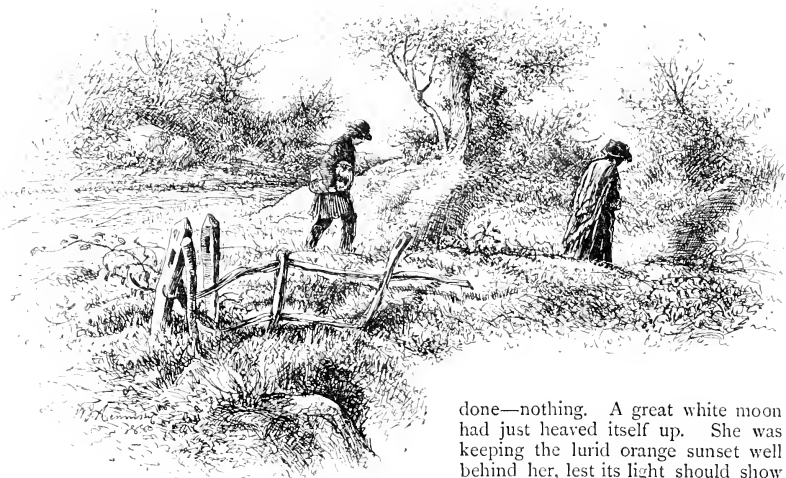


• THE STOCKING-KNITTER.

A SKETCH.

BY BRENDA N. MELLADEW.





## SARAH DE BERENGER.

By JEAN INGELow.

### CHAPTER XXII.

THE husband and wife gazed at one another for a moment without speaking; both seemed to be subdued into stillness by wonder, and one added terror to this feeling.

As Uziah did not speak, his poor wife felt the slender ghost of a hope that her husband might not be certain of her identity, and she turned as quietly as she could, and had risen and moved towards the station door, when he cried out after her sharply and loudly, "Hannah!"

She still advanced, taking no notice of him. She did not dare to make haste, but with a certain calmness of manner she passed out and walked slowly upon the grass, and went behind a bank among the heather. She was thinking whether she could throw herself down with any hope of hiding, when the fatal sound of the lame foot was behind her, and with a feeling of desolation indescribable she walked on and on, just keeping out of Uziah's reach, but only just. She knew not what to do, and all her senses were sharpened. It seemed that they had come to her aid; but she questioned them, and it was only to find that nothing could be

done—nothing. A great white moon had just heaved itself up. She was keeping the lurid orange sunset well behind her, lest its light should show her face, but now the light was purer in front, and she turned down a little decline and still walked slowly on.

Oh the bitterness of that hour! She still walked on, and the lame man toiled after her, and said not a word. She had come into a desolate cart track which was grassy, between the heath-covered banks that rose high on either side. What good to go on any more? All was lost. He had power over her to prevent her escape. She had felt that it was no use to run wildly away, for she knew that in such a case he had but to call and cry out after her, and she must, she should, return. She gave up hope and sat down on the bank, dropped her hands on her knees, and awaited him without looking up.

The low moon was full on her face; the west had faded, and all was cool and dim. When Uziah saw her sit down he stood still for a moment, as if not wishing to startle her; then he slowly advanced, wiping his forehead, for the exertion of the walk had been great to him, though she had been little more than two miles.

The place was perfectly desolate and still—a good way from that portion of the great common which had been set apart as a race-course, and far from any road or field or farm.

If Hannah Dill had meant to deny her identity to her husband (but it did not appear that she had), her act in retreating thus

must have made denial useless. Uzziah Dill did not appear to intend entering on that question. He came near and sat down on the grassy bank, about two feet from her. Her silence, her evident despair, awed him, and he let her alone, as if he meant to wait till she should speak. And yet his whole soul was shaken by surprise. That if they met she would claim him, hang about him, and sorely interfere with what he called his evangelistic work, had been his fear ever since he had found himself at liberty. She had loved him deeply and faithfully; it had not entered into his calculations that such a state of things could cease.

He took out his handkerchief and again wiped his brow; then the urgent thought found utterance. "I'm afraid, my poor wife, you've acted very bad by me, else you wouldn't be so fearful of seeing my face."

She had taken the money, and concealed his children; she felt for the moment that this was "acting bad" by him. She did not repent, of course, but she had nothing to say for herself.

"If you've not been true to me——" he exclaimed almost passionately, and then seemed to give himself a sudden check.

"True to you!" she answered, turning slowly towards him and quietly looking at him from head to foot. "I never gave it a thought once, all these years, that I had to be true to *you*, but I thank my God He has always helped me to be true to myself."

The astonishment with which Uzziah Dill heard these words came not merely to contradict every recollection he had of his wife, but to produce some few reflections on his own past conduct; yet he presently put these back, and in a characteristic fashion still pressed his point.

"We're all on us poor, vile sinners, and have nothing to boast of."

"Yes," she answered, "I see what you are at. Through the blessing of God it is that I'm able to hold up my head with the best of good wives, that are happy, as I have never been. I have no goodness of my own before God, but I look to be respected by men, because it's my due; and I don't answer like this because you were my husband, but because, let him be high or low, I should answer so to any man."

And then she broke down and burst into heart-sick tears—remembered how she had seen her darlings drive away, and wrung her hands and sobbed. It was not from any sense of consolation in his words, but rather from revulsion of feeling, that she checked

herself when he said, "Hannah, this is a very quiet hour, and I feel solemn and nearer to our heavenly Father for it. If I was to relate my experience to you, and how God has dealt with me, it might be blessed to you, my poor wife, as it has been to some others; for though I may say with the Apostle Paul, 'With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment——'"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the poor wife, interrupting him vehemently, and shuddering with repulsion. "You're never going to compare yourself, Uzziah, to the Apostle Paul?"

"Why not?" he answered humbly, but without hesitation. "I bless the Lord that I am a sinner saved by grace, and what else was St. Paul?"

She was so shocked at this speech that she broke forth into tears again, with "Oh, I'm a miserable creature! I can't bear it! This is worse—worse than the loss of my dears!"

"Hannah," he answered kindly, and with something like authority in his manner, "I know you've had misfortunes, and that I've been the cause of some. I know I've many times drank myself mad, and then abused you shameful, and I know (and for all you may think I did not care to hear it, I did care) I was truly sorry when Mr. Gordon told me you had lost your babes. I wish to speak like a Christian man, that I could not call up such love for them as a father ought to feel, but I was sorry for you. I know right well that, when you buried them, it was a very bitter parting to you. Now, don't rend yourself so with sobbing; let the past be, and, with the blessing of God, let us live together in a better union for the future; and," he added, like a man who had never known any keen affection all his life, "it's a sad thing you should lament over them still. Forget them—they're well off; and they were but little ones." He took off his hat when he said "they're well off," and looked up reverently.

Though his speech had been so cold, it was an advance on the past. Hannah Dill acknowledged its moderation, saw some contrition in it, and felt its truth; but the real parting had been so recent, and so different from what he supposed, that its bitterness overcame her again, and the tears ran down her cheeks. "Oh, my children, my dears, my only ones!" she sobbed out, "what is there for your mother to remember but you?"

And he thought they were dead. This was eventually to prove a great help to her, but at the moment it gave her a strange dread for them, an almost superstitious fear; as if, indeed, they *were* dead.

Her husband at this moment drew himself a little nearer to her as he sat on the bank, and she started away with instinctive repulsion, whereupon, with a slightly offended air, he retreated to his former position, while she slowly, and without making any effort one way or the other, exhausted her emotion; and the moon, now dimmed by slightly veiling clouds, showed her black figure to her husband as she sat at the top of the bank, looking out over the wide expanse of blossoming heather, and sometimes claspng her hands as if she was in prayer. He also sat perfectly still, and in absolute silence. The balmy air that had been so sultry was now cool and refreshing, a few stars were out, owls were skimming the tops of the heather, and some rabbits dancing and darting about on a dry green knoll. It was long before he spoke, and then it was with suddenness and decision.

"Well, Hannah, it's past eleven o'clock. We had better go to the inn, my dear."

An unwonted termination, this "my dear."

"Do as you please," she answered. "But, Uzziah, we are not going together."

"Not together?" he exclaimed. "You've lost that money over the shoe business, and you've hid yourself from me, and never wrote to me once for years; and I've met you and not said one word; and if you'd have come back and done your duty by me, I never would have done, the Lord helping me,—I never would have reproached you at all, but taken you back and made the best of you, as I believe is right; and now, Hannah——"

"Yes, and now," she repeated, "I tell *you* that I forgive the past. And this is true, and so I'll say it, that if I chose this moment to set off and get clean away from you, I could, as you know well; and if you won't give me time to think out my miserable duty, and consider whether I may not truly have the blessed lot of leaving you, or whether I must stay because God wills it, I'll take the thing into my own hands. I'll get away from you this night, and risk the repenting of it afterwards."

He sat silent for several minutes; then he answered, almost with gentleness, "Your words cut me very sharp, Hannah; but I don't see what I have to answer before either God or you, but that I forgive them."

Hannah Dill here felt an instinctive consciousness of a change. When she moved a very little farther off, it was not from any fear lest he should strike her. And she did not strive to hide her feeling of repulsion towards him when she replied, "I fare to think you cannot know, Uzziah, that I had the reading of that letter you sent through Jacob from your prison to Rosa Stock."

"Rosa Stock?" he repeated faintly. "That was a long time ago."

"Not so long but what I have got a copy of the letter."

"I loved that woman," he exclaimed passionately. "I had been her ruin, but she never seemed to think of that; and she had been my ruin, but that did not seem to make it right I should leave her without any comfort from me." Then his voice sank, and he went on, "Oh, I have been a miserable sinner!"

"Ay," answered his wife, with pitiless coldness; "but there's many a miserable sinner that's no hypocrite. It's because you're such a hypocrite that I fare to shiver so while you're near me. I got your letter to me after I had the money, and you'd heard of it, and I've got every word of it cut deep into my heart. You never asked whether *my* child was born, nor how *I* had fared after you turned me out of doors; but you wrote to say (God forgive you!) that you was a reformed character, and you wanted me to keep myself right for your sake."

"Ay, I was a hypocrite," he answered—"I was." He flung up his hands as he spoke, and she shrank hastily from him; but he clasped them upon his forehead and groaned, "Did you think I would *strike* you, Hannah?" he exclaimed, as if such a thought on her part was a most unnatural and cruel one.

She was silent.

"You have no cause to be afraid of me," he continued. "And now I see how it is that I cannot make the sweet offers of the Gospel to you as I can to others. It's because I have been so bad to you. My poor wife, I humbly ask your pardon!"

"No; it's because you make such high talk of religion," she replied, "that I feel as if I could not bear with you. It fared to shock me so, to see you standing up—you that used to get so drunk—and preach to better folks that they were not to drink at all. It fares to turn my blood cold to hear you talk now of doing folks good with your religious experience, and how the blessed God deals with you, when the last I knew of you showed

that, if you dealt with aught out of this world, it must have been with the evil one."

"Hannah, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Yes, I read it every day, and pray to God that I may understand it, and live by it."

"There's a thief you read of there that mocked at our Lord while he hung a-dying. He got forgiveness, didn't he?"

"Ay, but he died, Uzziah."

"But, if he had lived, do you think he would have gone back to his wickedness?"

"No, I don't."

"But you think there's no forgiveness for a wretched thief now—you think God cannot forgive a miserable drunkard now?"

"No, I don't think that, my poor husband; God forbid!"

"You think it possible that the blessed God might forgive—even me?"

"Yes, I do."

"But what if He did, Hannah? How should I order myself, if my sins were forgiven?"

"I expect you'd be very humble and very broken-hearted, and quiet about it."

"And not tell other poor wretches that were in the same misery and bondage that there was forgiveness for them too; that Jesus Christ could save them too, and would save them, if they would have Him?"

It was past midnight now, and this last appeal, which had been meant to be so comforting and so convincing, was too much for poor Hannah Dill. "O God, forgive me if I want to do amiss!" she cried, and gave way to an agony of tears. "It does seem as if I couldn't stop with you—I couldn't—I couldn't."

"Well, then," he answered, and rose and took off his hat, "let us pray."

She looked at him and trembled; but she sat still, and the lame man knelt down. His wife could but just make out his figure, for a small dark cloud had come over the moon. She saw that he lifted up his hand, and then she, trembling yet, listened, and he began to pray, beginning with the beautiful and pathetic collect—

"O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright, grant to us such strength and protection as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

And then, after a pause, he went on—the sometime drunken cobbler, the hypocritical convict, and bigamist, went on, with all

reverence and solemnity—"It is a strange thing, good Lord, that we have to say to thee. We are a miserable wife and husband that did not wish to meet—neither of us—and that was, maybe, wrong in thy sight. I did try to find her at first, good Lord, and when I could not, I thought thou hadst answered me, and I might serve thee as a man free from her. I could live on so little, and her money I willingly gave up. And how could she follow me, often in hardship and hunger, when I go to speak well of thee and of thy loving-kindness?"

"And she, good Lord, she has lost that love she had for me, and that I did not care for, and she would fain go her ways. Shall I let her go, Lord—may I let her go in peace?—for thou seest it is left to thee. We met by thy will, and we durstn't part without thy blessing. Oh, give us that, and give it now!"

"So many times thou hast answered me; but since the day when my sins were forgiven, I have never been in such a strait as I am now, and I want to talk with thee of her side of this matter. Look on her. How hard it seems to come back! Ay, it would be a vast sight harder still, if she could know all. Thou knowest all; I poured it out to thee. It was a base thing to put into words. Maybe it went nigh to break thy heart when thou wert here, that men should have such deeds to confess. Maybe thou knowest what it is to rue, even in thy Father's bosom, the ways and the wants of us that are to thee so near of kin. O Lord Christ Jesus, that we thy brothers may be no more a disgrace to thee, pray to thy Father to make us pure, for thy sake."

"I beseech thee, be content to have the guiding of us, for we cannot guide ourselves. We have great searchings of heart, but come thou and sit between us in this desolate place. Thou knowest what we want, thy blessing on our parting in peace. But if we may not part thus, thy blessing that we may live together in peace. Give it, O most pitiful Master! and give it by the dawning of the day."

When he had got thus far, the lame man arose and went a little farther, and again knelt down, holding up his hands and still praying aloud, but far enough off to plead with God inaudibly, as far as his one human listener was concerned; and Hannah Dill felt then a little comfort in her misery: he was not praying for effect, and that she might hear him—at least, he was not a hypocrite here.

The moon came out—she was near her southing—and as she went down, Hannah Dill saw her husband's face, and knew that it was changed. A soft waft of summer air came about her now and again, dropping as if from the stars; her husband's voice came upon it, and died as it fell, and that was changed; no such tones in it had reached her ears of old. It went on and on, and still it went on. At first it had been almost a cry, a low, pleading cry; but afterwards, as she recalled the beginning, she wondered at its gradual change. No words to reach her, but yet now it was calm, and almost satisfied. This long prayer was more awful to her, in the solemn night, than any of his speeches had been.

It frightened and subdued her, but she would not speak, for while he was so occupied she was left to herself. She leaned her elbows on her knees and propped her face on her hands—her poor face, stained with tears, and pale with long distress—but just as her lulled emotion and fatigue between them had brought her such quietness as might have been succeeded by a doze, the distant voice stopped, and she, missing its monotonous murmur, started and was distressfully awake again. It might be about three o'clock, she thought; the moon was gone, and though two or three stars were quivering in the sky, the restfulness of night was almost over. The hills, she thought, had taken rather a clearer outline towards the east, and there was more air stirring over the heads of the heather.

She saw her husband rise, and a thrill of joy ran through her veins when she observed that he did not mean to approach her. She made out, in the dimness that comes just before dawn, that he went slowly to a little rise where the heather was thickest, and that he laid himself down in it. She knew he was a heavy sleeper, and that in a few minutes he would sleep. Was she not alone? Could she not now steal away from him? No. Before the thought was fully formed, she knew she could not. The sleeping man's prayer had power over her; it seemed to wake yet while he slept. And now that she could feel herself retired from all human eyes, she also arose and kneeled down, and spread out her hands as if she would lay her case before the Lord.

Not a word to say, not one word; but a thought in her mind like this: "It is not because I cannot make my statement clear, that God does not see and pity my case. Let my God look upon me and decide; for what-

ever it is to be, I consent." A long time silent thus, even till the grass turned green about her, and the birds began to wake—even till the first streak of gold was lying along the brink of the hill, and till the utter peacefulness of the new dawn seemed to make her aware that in her own mind was also dawning a resignation that was almost like peace. If all joy was gone, and all comfort given up, at least they had been stolen away gently, and, as it were, almost with her own consent. "Thou knowest that I cannot bear it," she said quietly. "Oh, bear it for me; take my burden on thyself!"

And almost as she spoke, she felt aware that she had been helped—that all should be right, and was right. Then she too rose from her knees, and heard the lame man approaching; she sat down on the bank, and he sat beside her.

All the east was taking on its waxing flush. She and her husband looked at it together as they sat side by side. She sighed twice; its solemn splendour was so great, and her heart had sunk so low, she could hardly bear to look at it; but at last he spoke.

"Well, Hannah," he said, "there's words to be spoke now; and, my poor wife, it's right you should begin."

"Ay," she answered, faltering, and faint from long emotion and want of rest, "I've a right to say that you must tell me what has become of Rosa and her babe."

"Rosa Stock?" he replied solemnly. "She's dead, Hannah—dead this seven years; and her babe's dead too."

Naturally this information made a difference. The poor wife sighed again. "But I cannot live with him," she thought, "if I'm to be always living a lie.—You said to God in the night," she went on, "that I didn't know all."

"It's true, Hannah," he replied.

"And no more can you know all," she replied. "What's done, was done for the best. As for me, I want to know no more. I'll ask no questions about anything, nor never reproach you; and these words are my vow and bond that I won't. But in return, you're never to ask me—never—how I came to lose the money, and——"

She paused so long, that he at last said, "If it's clean gone, and nothing I could do could by possibility get it back, promise I do."

"And my children," she began, melting again into heart-sick tears. "If I go along with you, you must promise me, on your solemn word before God this hour, that you'll

never, never mention them to me—never, never let their names pass your lips to me more.”

He turned to her with a look of surprise. She was quietly wiping away her tears. He would have liked to comfort her; he even began to reason with her. “I should have thought it might be a comfort to you to talk about their pretty ways, and their deaths likewise.”

“It is not,” she answered. “I fare to believe that it’s my duty to stay with you, if you’ll consider over this one thing that I demand so solemnly, and promise it with all your heart; but if you won’t do that, then let me go my ways.”

After a short pause he answered, “Hannah, I promise.” And then she gave him her hand, and he helped her to rise. And they walked together in the early sunshine, to get the refreshment they sorely needed at the little inn. Not a word or a look passed between them; one went with silent exultation, and the other with silent tears.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

UZZIAH DILL and his wife were both sorely fatigued when, in the rosy flush of a summer morning, they reached the little inn. Its windows were not yet opened, and they sat on a bench outside, under a thickly branched maple-tree. Uzziah Dill was able to observe and reflect. He noticed the neatness and cleanliness of his wife’s array. She was one of those women who are far more attractive in early middle life than in youth. The lanky, gaunt figure had a fuller and more gracious outline now; the sometime thin features and great, hungering eyes were softer. It was a long time since any man had struck her, or insulted her, or scowled at her, and even after that night of misery, her expression of countenance bore witness to this fact. She was languid, very weary, and very full of sorrow, but her fear of him, as he had sense to see, was no fear of a blow.

He thought she would soon “come round.” She had loved him when he had ill-treated her; surely her very jealousy was a proof that, whatever she might say, she had not utterly ceased to love him even now. And he meant to be so good to her, so—yes, even so loving to her. He had not wished to meet with her—very far from it—but here she was, and he found himself exulting.

There was a pump close at hand, and some sparkling, clear water lying under it, in a wooden trough. Hannah Dill went to it, and, taking off her bonnet, bathed her aching

eyes and brow. He watched her; approved in his very heart the semi-methodistic plainness of her dress; saw her twist up her long hair with interest, put on her bonnet and shawl again, and come slowly back.

He thought he would say something encouraging and affectionate to her. He would let her know that she had happiness before her, and not misery; but when she came and sat down near him again, her gentle patience, her hopeless eyes, that did not look at him, seemed to steal his words out of his mouth.

“Hannah,” was all he managed to say, “they are astir in the inn now; I’d better go in and tell them to get us some breakfast.”

He seemed to wait her reply, and she said listlessly, “As you will.”

It had pleased God already to discipline his base nature; he had endured great fear, had found himself to be vile. It had seemed to himself, as he lay once in the prison in solitary confinement, on account of his bad language and coarse insubordination—it had seemed all on a sudden as if some evil spirit drew near him in the dark and took his sins by armsful and heaped them over him, and he saw them as if they had bodily substance, and there were so many that they crushed him down. His first sensation was more astonishment than even fear. All these hateful things, excepting one or two that always haunted him, had seemed to be dead and gone, and now they were alive—not put away, but his, swarming about him, part of himself. He struggled, he trembled, he cried out. Then he thought he would act a more manful part; he tried to fling them off, he would not be so cowed. What could he do by way of occupation? He would recall all the songs he had been used to sing, and sing them now. So he wiped his forehead and began. But lo! it was a quavering, craven voice that sang; it moaned over the wicked words, it sank and choked over the impure ones. There was no comfort here. But something he must and would do, or this stifling weight on his soul would kill him. It was not that he repented, it was hardly remorse that he felt; it was the mere presence always over and about him of this load of wickedness, that he knew to be his own wickedness, that daunted him and made him so wretched. Well, he would say over so many of his school lessons as he could remember, he would set himself sums in his own mind, he would go over the multiplication table.



The chaplain found him one day at this weary work, trying to find some occupation and some thoughts to stand between him and his crimes. His sleep had departed, his mind was clouded, he was willing for once to speak, and seemed to think that no man had ever suffered so before. "I can't get them away!" he exclaimed, tearing at his breast. "How should I?—they are myself. I shall die if they press me down so."

The chaplain had always felt a sort of horror of him, he had been such a hypocrite, he had done so much to corrupt some of the other prisoners. He looked at him attentively, supposing that this was only some new piece of hypocrisy.

"The Almighty has been hard upon me," he continued; "I am cast into hell before my death."

"No," answered the chaplain. "The Almighty has been merciful to you, and given you still your life to repent in."

"I have tried to repent, and I cannot. How should I get to repent?" he answered.

"God, and God only, can give true repentance. You must humbly ask Him to give it to you." And then he looked doubtfully at the prisoner, who seemed so restless and so defiant, and so enraged. "Like a wild bull in a net," he thought within himself.

"I've tried as hard as ever I can to do what you call repent," continued the prisoner. "But even if I could be sorry all my days, here they are, these sins; I could not get away from them."

"No," answered the chaplain; "but you have leave to take them and lay them at the foot of the cross, the cross of Christ."

The prisoner answered, but not irreverently, only with the dulness of despair, "He would have nothing to do with such as I am. And why should He?"

"Why, indeed!" answered the chaplain; "that is more than we know. But if you can believe that God gave Him, and that He was willing to be given, to take away the sins of the world, you know enough."

"Well, I've heard say so all my life," said the prisoner, "but that don't seem to bring me any help. I'm down, that's what I am—sunk in the pit—and I don't see any hope, nor ease, nor daylight, nor way of getting out."

"And I cannot say so much as 'God help you,'" answered the chaplain; "for God offers you help only in that one way, and if you will not have it, there is no help for you in heaven or earth."

"I've done a good many black deeds," reasoned the prisoner, "as the good Lord knows better than you do. If I could only get them down and trample them under my feet, I would kneel then and cry for mercy."

"I tell you that trying to trample down your crimes is of no use. Your character is a part of yourself; you cannot get away from it, nor do away with them; but the Saviour of mankind, if you will go to Him, will not only forgive, but will release you and relieve you of them, and take them on Himself."

"Then let Him," cried the prisoner, flinging himself on the ground—"let Him!" he cried with vehemence, and almost with rage. "Let the good Lord have mercy on my miserable soul! I'm spent with misery, I can do nothing in the world; but if He did die to save such black sinners, and if He can bear with those that cannot even bear with themselves, and can get them free of their sins, and make men of them again, He never had a better chance than He has now. I say it humbly to him, let the good Lord try His hand on me."

In the choking accents both of rage and despair, Uziah Dill cried out thus as he lay grovelling on the ground, and the young chaplain, starting up, looked at him with something like fear. The coarse nature and the ungoverned passions of the man had been taken hold of by a power too strong for him to cope with, but his own words rang in his ears now, and he lay on the floor silently, as if a great awe was upon him.

The chaplain had nothing to say. A great many convicts had professed repentance, and most of them on release had fallen away. He was about to kneel and offer prayer, when the convict sat up, and said in a scared voice, as if for the first time conscious of that great Presence in which we always dwell, "Those I shouted up were impudent words. I had no call to shout at all," he continued, looking round. "But I say again, the Lord, for Christ's sake, have mercy on my sinful soul!" Then—strange comment indeed on his own prayer—"Now," he continued, still with that look of awe, "now I've played my last card."

The chaplain, feeling shocked both at the wicked fellow's prayer and the violent way in which he had acted, was soon out of his cell. Uziah Dill was asleep the next time he came to visit him, and the second time was so peaceful and quiet, as to appear more than ever a hypocrite to those about him; but he used no bad language, and was never insubordinate any more.

So, it had pleased God already to discipline his coarse nature. He had been cast into prison for his crimes, and there they had been shown to him as if pointed at by a finger from above; and then they had fallen from him, had been sunk, as it were, in the depths of the sea. And after that had come the discipline of contempt and long suspicion. These lasted almost till the time of his release—during all those years when he had been earnestly trying to improve himself, his intellect and all his powers becoming stronger through long protection from the constant tempting to drink, which had been too much for his feeble nature and weak constitution.

And now another discipline was preparing for him, woven out of circumstances, and from one of the commonest contradictions that prevailed in this contrary world.

He was not so obtuse that he did not perceive his wife's misery, her almost loathing of him. The love she had borne him and which he had never cared for, and long forgotten, flashed back on his remembrance now. He seemed to have a right to it now, and every half-hour assured him that to be a good and loving husband to her would be an easy task now. And he could not have it.

If God had forgiven him, why could not she? He longed to assure her how different he now was, but his tongue was tied; she would not believe him. He remembered with a pang the many good women that had kindly and even proudly entertained him after his temperance lectures, "for his works' sake;" but the deep humility of dawning love made him all too certain that they did not know him as his wife did, they did not know his past.

They ate and they drank together almost in silence; then, to the astonishment of Hannah Dill, her husband talked humbly and most piously to the landlady while she cleared away. It was very early; and if she and her family were not in the usual habit of having family prayers, he would be very glad to conduct them, for, with apologetic gentleness, "it was indeed so bright and early, that no interruption of business was likely."

The landlady took the proposal well. The poor wife felt that she could hardly bear to hear him "show off" before her; but when Uzziah Dill was told that the inn kitchen was ready for him, and that, beside the household, two carriers, "very quiet men," would be glad to join, he said, so as not to be overheard, "Hannah, I seem to feel as you would

liefer stay here; and I've nothing to say against it."

"No, Uzziah," she answered, instantly changing her mind, "I fare to think I had better go in;" and she sighed and followed him.

The poor ex-convict had a ready tongue, and he already knew his one Book well. He read a psalm, and made a few devout comments on it. His wife, in spite of herself, thought his remarks almost as scholarly and fine as Mr. de Berenger's; and when he began to pray, and faltered a good deal for all his earnestness, she knew as well as if she had been told that it was her presence which took away his self-possession. He desired her approval; he wondered what she would think.

So, when they were alone in the little parlour—for the parliamentary train was not to pass till noon—she said to him, "Uzziah, it is but right I should tell you I'll never breathe to any soul your having been in prison. I'll not interfere with your speeches in that way."

"Thank you heartily," he answered; "but, Hannah, where I think it will do good to tell it, I often have told it myself."

"Do good?" she exclaimed. "How should it do good? Who is to listen if you tell such a thing as that?"

"Many a drunkard will listen," he answered, "if he finds that, through the drink, I have been in a worse case than he has. It's all the drink, Hannah, that does for us. I never wished to do a thing against the law till I was under the temptation of it. When I had once done wrong, I sneaked and was wishful to do better and keep right till I was half drunk again; then the old wicked daring came, and made a wild beast of me. It gave me courage, and cunning too. I saw how to do the bad thing, when my pulse was all alive with that stimulus. But it was my natural way, before I was a converted man, to be a hypocrite. So I must watch most against that sin, and not make out that I've always had a good character."

"Then how do you get a living? Who employs you?" she inquired.

"Well, first place, I'm never called an impostor, for I acknowledge that I'm low down. In general, after I've spoke, there's a little collection made for me; and I have my tools, so if a brother or sister has any shoes to mend, I mend them. Though I say it, they're well done, and through that I often get more custom. Or, so long as I seem to be doing any good in a town, I take



"It was spanned by a wooden bridge."

a little journeyman's work, and so, what with one thing and another, I bless the Lord I have not wanted yet."

If there was anything ludicrous in this speech, that was not the quality in it which most struck his wife.

"You live from hand to mouth, then?" she observed.

"I did ought to do," he answered; "but I went to Mr. Gordon to look after you, and he told me there was fifteen pound in hand, and that I was to have thirty pound a year so soon as I could claim it."

"Yes," she replied; "it were but right."

"Well, I took the fifteen, and it seemed as if I was distrusting the Lord, and I could not spend it, Hannah; let alone your uncle never meant his earnings to come into my grip. I have given three pound of it away to some of the Lord's poor, and to a man that I got to take the pledge, and here is the rest in my pocket. We shall go about so cheap, Hannah—sometimes in a smack, and sometimes in an excursion train or a carrier's cart. That thirty pound a year will keep you, with what little extra I can earn."

*He?* Then he expected to have her always with him!

"But why should you feel any call to go moving about?" she repeated.

"Because I'm a temperance lecturer. But I have not the impudence to offer myself to be paid by any society—none of them would employ a man that had not a good character. I do not preach. I seem to think you'll be glad to hear that."

"You're not a dissenter, Uzziah?"

"No; so I don't interfere with the work

of the ministry. But I make the offer of the gospel wherever I can privately, and I go and see poor folks in prisons and work-houses, when I can get leave." He paused, then added, with a sigh, "It cuts me very deep, Hannah, to see you look so miserable, and hardly seem to care about anything. If you knew more about this temperance question, and how drink is the one cause of the ruin of nineteen out of twenty that go to the bad——"

She interrupted. "I know all about temperance—all," she said listlessly.

He looked surprised, then, as if her weary indifference goaded him into making a complaint, he continued—"And if you knew how pleased I am to find you again, and how it cuts me to see that—well, I mean, you used to be fond of me, Hannah."

"Yes."

"And if I'd been so blessed as to have found salvation then, and taken to sober ways, you'd have been a happy woman."

"Yes."

She sighed bitterly, as she uttered that one syllable of reply; she evidently could not rouse herself to care what he thought of her. He went to the window and looked out, trying to find something to say that would please her. The time was getting on, and he had certainly made no way at present. When he looked round, she had slipped out of the room. She had resolved to ask for the bill and pay it herself, that, if any allusion was made to her having been there the evening before with young ladies, she might be the only person to hear it.

"I have no luggage, Uzziah," she said,

when she returned ; "and if you ask me why, I cannot tell you, nor which of the four towns I came from, that met here yesterday. But I have paid the reckoning, and I've money in my hand that will buy me clothes for a good while to come." She had, in fact, been paid her quarter's wages a few days previously.

Uzziah Dill seemed to understand that he was to ask no questions, or perhaps he perceived that it would only be a waste of words if he did ; so he proceeded to show, as he thought, a great proof of confidence. He laid about two pounds on the table, in silver and copper, and took out a small parcel done up in brown paper. "That's the twelve pound, Hannah," he said, "and there's what money I have. You had better take charge of it, and I can ask you for what I want ; I never spend a penny now that I need be ashamed you should know of. I've kept out enough to pay our two tickets."

She shrank from this mark of his trust in her. "I'm not used to carry so much about with me," she said faintly. "You'd better by half put it back again." So he did, looking almost as spiritless as herself ; and they walked slowly to the station.

And now began a new and very strange life for Hannah Dill. The third-class carriage was full of people, and her husband, with a kind of uncouth attempt at politeness, began to offer them temperance tracts. Some took them, others argued with him and made game of him. He showed what, to his wife, seemed an unnatural and distressing humility. It seemed not in the least to signify what they said of him or to him, if they would only take his tracts and promise to read them.

It was a very slow train, and Hannah Dill, in spite of herself, dozed ; but her sleep was far from refreshing, and she started with a low cry of terror when her husband touched her and said they were to get out.

It was about four miles to the next station, and to that they were to walk and wait till late in the afternoon, when another train would come up and take them on. Uzziah Dill bought some food, and they went on together, he carrying it, and she holding an umbrella over her head, for the day was sultry. There was plenty of time before them, and the walk might have been delightful to a happier woman. They went through newly cut hay-fields and among bean-fields ; they came to a little river, full of floating water-lilies—it was spanned by a wooden bridge. Close to it was a small

empty cart-shed, and in its shade they sat down to make their noonday meal. After that the ex-convict, not able to repress his joy at his wife's presence, and his thankfulness for God's goodness, proposed to sing a hymn, and forthwith broke out into a well-known strain, full of exultation, joy, and praise.

Thunder had been muttering for some time. And with more than common suddenness a cloud, coming over, burst in torrents of rain ; while, just as the last verse was in course of conclusion, two young men dashed across the wooden bridge from the opposite field, and took shelter also in the shed.

"By Jove !" exclaimed one of them, taking off his hat and sprinkling the dust with drops from its brim. "They *are* going it."

He meant the elements. And just then a great green flash seemed to run all over them and among them, and such a rattling, crashing peal of thunder with it, that the water in the little river shook with its vibrations.

"By Jove !" repeated the same young man, in an admiring and more respectful tone, as if he could not think of withholding his tribute to these elements, when they were so much in earnest about their business.

Then the usual thing followed. Uzziah Dill, with humble civility, almost ludicrous, rose, and making his bow to the young men on the other side of the cart, received two nods in reply, while he said, "The gods of the heathen, gentlemen, are no good to swear by in a danger like this. I'll take leave to address a prayer to the true God, for we seem to be in the very midst of the muddle ; and I have my dear wife with me, whose safety it's natural I should think of." Thereupon, pulling off his hat again, he held it before his face, and, turning away, murmured into it an inaudible prayer.

The two young men looked at each other, and Mrs. Dill could not forbear to glance at them. She was ashamed of her husband and for him, and yet ashamed of herself for being ashamed.

One of the young men was very tall and dark ; he leaned on one of the cart-wheels and smiled, while he looked at the man praying. The other young man was small and fair ; he sat on the shaft, and remained perfectly grave ; he had a little mouth, which he slightly screwed up with an air of observant intelligence that made him look especially foolish.

When a baby looks thus at a candle, we think the little face has an air of wisdom ; but if a young man looks thus at an ordinary hay-cart, we are sure he must be an ass.

Uzziah Dill now turned round, and, after another tremendous clap of thunder, produced a bundle of leaflets, and was just about to make a civil offer of some to the gentlemen, when the tall young man—Lord Robert, in fact—burst into a good-natured laugh. “Why, Peep,” he exclaimed, “this is out of the frying-pan into the fire ! Put them up, my good man—put them up. This gentleman’s pockets,” indicating his companion, “are full of them already. They are temperance leaflets, I see.”

Uzziah Dill, finding his incipient temperance lecture taken out of his mouth, looked foolish for a moment ; but when little Peep said kindly, “Ye-es, I am much interested in the temperance cause,” his countenance glowed with joy.

“Indeed, sir,” he said respectfully. “Then, sir, I make bold to wish you God-speed with it. I’m only a poor cobbler,” he continued, after giving little Peep an unreasonable time to reply in, if he had been so minded, “but I count it a great honour to be able to help such a blessed cause, if it’s ever so little.”

“Ye-es,” said little Peep, and slowly added, taking time to cogitate between every two or three words, “I wish—there was no—strong drink.”

Thereupon Lord Bob, taking no notice at all of the cobbler, gave little Peep a dig in the ribs. “No strong drink ? You are a pretty fellow,” he exclaimed. “Call yourself a Briton, and talk of getting into Parliament, and yet cry out, ‘No strong drink !’ How’s the Government to go on without the revenue from it ? Where will you get the money to pay your soldiers and sailors with ?”

“I don’t—know,” said little Peep, looking as much perplexed as if he felt seriously concerned to produce the wherewithal then and there.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

How could there be a better opening for a palaver ? It was pouring now with steady rain. Little Peep, seated on the shaft, looked much perplexed ; Uzziah Dill sat on the shabby carpet-bag that held his tools ; and Lord Bob, facing them both, leaned on the wheel of the cart, and, being very tall, looked right over it into little Peep’s eyes. “There’s patriotism !” he exclaimed. “Do

you want the country to go to wrack ? Don’t you know, and don’t you too, cobbler—I beg your pardon——”

“No offence, sir ; that’s my trade,” Uzziah broke in. “Pray go on, sir.”

“Well, don’t you know, then, that our soldiers and sailors are almost entirely paid out of the revenue that comes from the excise duties ?”

“Well, sir,” Uzziah presently said, after giving little Peep time to reply, if he chose, “if I am to answer, I’ll say that drink costs the country very high as much as it pays it. Look at all our criminal courts, what they cost—our judges, our prisons, with all their officers and servants, and the chaplains, and the feeding of the prisoners, and their clothes. Then look at our police force—their wages, and clothes, and all the rest of it, sir. And then consider that, nineteen-twentieths of all the crime being caused by drink, that proportion of the expense would be saved if we were sober.”

Even little Peep was startled here. “Ye-es,” he said, with what for him was wonderful promptitude ; “but nineteen-twentieths is such—a—such a jolly lot to write off.”

“Off the crimes, sir, did you mean, or the money ?”

“Why, it’s the money we want, *and are trying to—scrape together.*”

“Well, sir,” cried the cobbler, “I’m sure I’m willing to meet you half-way. ‘We’ll say nine-tenths of the expense is saved ; we have nineteen-twentieths less crime, and the country saves nine-tenths of the expense, which you have towards the army and navy.’”

“That’s fair,” said little Peep.

“And my nineteen-twentieths, sir, includes not only the convictions for crimes done when a man is in drink, but those committed by habitual drunkards, even though they be then sober ; men, in short, that have got their wills made weak by drink, and their consciences clouded.”

“You have got up the subject, cobbler, I see,” observed Lord Robert.

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, but granting all you say (for the sake of argument, merely), the sum saved would not half pay.”

“I was afraid it wouldn’t,” said little Peep, screwing up his mouth and shaking his head.

“No, sir ; but then, if we had no drunkards, we should have hardly any paupers. Only think what they cost the country. We should save a sight of money there.”

"You take a good deal for granted."

"But not too much, sir. I take for granted that, thank God, people have their feelings. There are thousands of poor old folks in the workhouses that have children who'd scorn to leave them there, but that they're almost beggars themselves, along with their families, because they are such slaves to the drink. There are thousands upon thousands of children there as well, because they've lost father, and often mother too, through the drink."

Little Peep here began to look a trifle happier. He glanced at Lord Robert, as if the matter was in his hands, and on his fiat depended the payment of her Majesty's forces. He was in the habit of taking things very much to heart; besides, he had a nasty cough. He must not leave the cart-shed, therefore, while it rained, and while he stayed he would, of course, talk to the cobbler. For these reasons, therefore, and not because he cared about the matter in hand, Lord Bob gave himself an air of conviction, and looked cheerful.

"Come," he said, "I think we're getting on. Besides, you may remember that, with all our sobriety, we shall still derive some revenue—suppose we say one-twentieth—from the excise on strong drink. You can add that."

"And what about the duties on tobacco? Many people sa-ay you're not to smoke," said little Peep.

"It can only be the most hardened villains who say that. Drinking and smoking have nothing really to do with one another. In fact, some of the most sober nations smoke most," said Lord Robert, laughing.

"My doctor always tells me to smoke—in moderation," said little Peep.

"And if you drink toast and water with your pipe, or drink nothing at all, sir, where is the harm of it?" said Uzziah. "Anyhow," he continued, in a burst of generosity, "I should wish the Government to keep that branch of the revenue. *We* have no call to interfere with it; for ours is the temperance cause, and nothing else."

"Then, if I'm to have all that," said little Peep, cogitating, "won't it be almost enough? or shall we all have to be taxed much more than—than we are now, you know?"

"Even if we are, sir, think how much richer we shall be. We shall hardly feel it. We shall be richer by nineteen-twentieths of all those millions that we are now paying for drink, and by what we earn in regular

wages, and by most of the paupers being at home with their parents and with their children. Some taxes will be taken off, and others will be put on."

"And so you think we shall do?"

"I pray God for a chance of trying, sir."

"So do I," answered little Peep.

"I take my leave of you, gentlemen," then said the cobbler. "And if you'll put up your umbrella, my dear, it's about time we stepped over to the station."

Mrs. Dill rose, and, to her great shame, saw each of the gentlemen drop money into Uzziah's hand, and saw him receive it and put it in his pocket. They knew him better than she did, it appeared.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said. "To give this to me is about the same thing as to give it to the cause; for I live for the cause, in my humble way."

He had not gone many yards, following closely on his wife's heels, when Lord Bob came striding after him. "I say, cobbler," he cried, "you're no fool—I can see that."

"You're very good, sir," answered Uzziah. "Such headpiece as I have is not fuddled with drink, anyhow. I am a sober man now, through the goodness of the Lord."

"Well, look here: there was a little flaw in those fine calculations of yours, which I did not wish my poor friend to see. You make out that, if all the people became sober, they would save—how many millions a year is it? Well, I forget; but suppose it saved, whose pockets is it in?"

"Why, in the people's pockets, sir."

"Exactly so, and not in the pocket of the Government. How do you propose to con-jure it there?"

Now Lord Bob being very tall, and the rain pouring down, dropped a good deal from the brim of his hat and splashed on Uzziah's nose as he looked up to answer.

"It seems to me, sir," he said, both men walking on at a smart pace, "that there may be a flaw in *your* calculations. When God puts it into the minds of a good many people that a certain thing they've been in the habit of doing—as I may say with a clear conscience—is a wrong thing to do, that is a kind of prophecy that the thing, sooner or later, is going to be done away with by them; just as the slave trade was, you know, sir, and then slavery. We that think about it have got, so to speak, such a prophecy, and that you should not leave out of your calculation. This great drink traffic is certain sure going to be done away with; we don't know when, and we don't know how."

"Going to be given up!" exclaimed Lord Robert, laughing.

"Yes, sir. There has been a great deal of talk this forty years about what a sad thing it was to drink, but not half enough about what a sad thing it was to distil the drink, and sell out the drink. A vast many folks have found out this lately. I heard a gentleman lecture on it only yesterday. His name was Mr. Amias de Berenger."

Lord Robert heard this name with great amusement; but it did not suit him to let the cobbler know that he was intimate with Mr. Amias de Berenger. He smiled. "And so this Mr. de Berenger and you temperance folks generally have got a kind of supernatural instinct in you (which you call a prophecy), and it tells you that every man concerned in the liquor traffic is going to be ruined?" Then, after a short pause, his native gentlemanhood coming to his aid, he added, "And all the drunkards reclaimed, while at the same time we may leave Providence to look after the revenue?"

"I don't exactly know about that, sir," answered Uzziah, who felt himself rather at fault there.

"It seems to me that Parliament will have enough to do," continued Lord Robert, half bantering him. "It has first to stop the liquor traffic; secondly, to compensate the whole body of publicans; and, thirdly, to find money for the payment of the forces."

"Well, sir, Parliament had enough to do—and did it—when it had to make folks believe that slavery was not to be borne with, and then to compensate the slave-owners. But the world has got on since that, and it may be through that. And how do you know that the heads of the liquor traffic will not be the first to show how this thing is to be done?"

"I am no prophet, cobbler; but I think I know better than that."

"Well, sir, and I am no prophet; but if you are sure Parliament will pass no bills to stop the traffic, and no other way can be thought of, why, we have no call to consider how the forces are to be paid. But I have noticed," continued the cobbler, "a strange way there is with people, as if they thought human creatures, when they were added together, were not as good as every one of the same lot is when he stands by himself. Now, why are you and five hundred other gentlemen not to be willing to do what you yourself are willing to do, sir, for your fellow-creatures?"

Then, as Lord Robert strode beside the limping cobbler, he fell into a short cogitation, keeping an amused expression of surprise on his pleasant face, and not in the least attending to Uzziah Dill, who was carefully attempting to explain that, in using the word "good," he did not impute to men any works that had merit in themselves.

Lord Robert heard not a single word of this theological dissertation, but the cobbler was gratified by his silence, and surprised when he suddenly exclaimed, "How do you know that I myself am willing to do anything at all for the benefit of my fellow-creatures? Better ascertain that before you talk of the other five hundred."

"I leave it entirely to you, sir," said Uzziah, with a smile. "You know best; but I am not afraid."

"And you stick to it, that this thing is going to be done?"

"Oh yes, sir. I believe every man will soon have a good chance of being sober; that everything will soon be in favour of his keeping sober, instead of in favour of his getting drunk."

"In spite of the immense interests that stand in the way, and in spite of the determination of the people to have drink?"

"Yes, sir; but how it's to be done I know nothing about. It seems most likely that God will put it into the hearts of the people more and more to band together, to encourage one another, and help one another themselves to give drink up."

"Well, cobbler, I must go, and I will say this—"

"Sir?"

"You are the most downright, thorough-going, unreasonable, incorrigible fanatic I ever met with!"

So saying, and with a good-natured laugh and another half-crown, Lord Robert strode back to the cart-shed as fast as his long legs would carry him. "Well," he said, arguing with himself as he went on, and smiling furtively, "of course there must be a grain of sense in the schemes and dreams of every fanatic, or how could his fanaticism spread? Does this, or does it not, seem more Utopian than the putting away of slavery did in its day? Should I, or should I not, have thought the man such a fool if I had met with him before I was engaged to (well, she's a sweet creature, and I am a lucky dog)—engaged to Fanny? I shall have her fortune down; therefore, cobbler, you are right. I have a great willingness in my mind to do

something for my fellow-creatures, if I can without inconvenience. No! Come! I am hard upon myself. I cancel those last words. The brewer's sweet little daughter deserves something more of me, considering the pains she takes to make a better fellow of me. Yes, he promised me her fortune down. What a philanthropic old boy he is!—his hand always in his pocket to help the poor. How would it look if, the next time he gave Fanny a good round sum for charity, I got her to spend it in erecting a temperance hall right in front of his distillery gates? Well, not filial, I'm afraid. What fun we had, De Berenger and I, a few years ago, with those ridiculous temperance lectures! We never did the slightest good, that I know of, but we taught ourselves to speak by means of them. They were all on the other tack. What a fool, and what a madman, and what a sinner the drunkard was! and no hint that anybody else was at all to blame. And so drunkenness is going to be done away with, is it, cobbler? Time will show, but not my time, I think. Well, Peep, old fellow, how are you getting on?"

Little Peep replied that he had coughed a good deal, but that it had refreshed him to think of his talk with the cobbler.

"Ah, yes! you temperance fellows all talk of 'the cause,' as if it was the only cause worth living for. What a fool that cobbler is!"

Little Peep here repeated a text to the effect that God made use of the foolish wherewith to confound the wise.

"Yes, when you take to quoting Scripture, I'm always stumped," said Lord Robert. "It's my belief that every temperance man you meet with you write his name in your note-book, and say a prayer for him at night when you go to bed."

Lord Robert did not intend to be profane, but he felt that he had described something ridiculous—suitable for little Peep, but not for a manly character.

"Ye-es," said little Peep, with that pathetic air of wisdom which looked so foolish, "I always pray for them. I think we all pray for one another, and that's why——"

"Why, what?"

"Why we are getting on—so fast."

"Oh!"

"But I say, Bob?"

"Well? However, I know what you mean, so you need not say it."

"What do I mean?"

"Why, that, considering what a promising young fellow I was, a temperance lecturer,

and all that sort of thing, it is odd that I should be turning out no better than my neighbours, and almost wicked enough to make fun of 'the cause.' But what is at the bottom of nineteen-twentieths of all the crime in the country, Peep—mine as well as other men's? You ought to know." Here he imitated the countrified twang of the cobbler. "It's all the drink, sir—the drink as has done it."

"The drink, Bob? You're joking."

"Not at all. The drink is going to pay my debts and give me a large fortune, with a pretty wife. Therefore, as Hamlet said, 'I can't make you a sound answer; my wit's diseased'—so I say. I can't cant any more against the drink; my tongue's tied."

"It wasn't cant, Bob."

"No; but look here, Peep. I don't want you to think me any worse than I am. De Berenger took up the subject in good earnest. I helped him for fun. It never was one that I should have chosen of my own accord. Long before I met with Fanny I gave up lecturing."

"Ye-es," said little Peep; "and you and De Berenger gave me a lot of the lectures. I got"—here he considered a moment—"I got four hundred pledges—in all."

"Then you've done all that more for the world than I have done. I never got any."

"I liked lecturing."

"Yes, you good little fool," thought Lord Robert. "With what joy and pride you stood forth with another man's lecture before you! How you got them up beforehand, with that Scotch minister to coach you!"

"I often think—I shall never lecture—any more, Bob." He looked inquiringly at Lord Robert as he spoke.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" exclaimed Lord Robert, in reply. "What do you mean, man? You'll be all right when that cough of yours gets well;" then, knowing that it was unfeeling to make light of what was so serious, he added, "We shall be in town in a week or so, and then you can have more advice about it."

"And it's such a little cough," said the poor young fellow. "But sometimes I feel so weak, Bob, I don't know what to do. I feel—almost as if I was going—to cry."

"Why, there's my brother, in his dog-cart," exclaimed Lord Robert, suddenly turning his back and speaking hurriedly. "Look! he's coming through the lodge gates. I'll meet him. He'll take you up; he can easily drive over the clover, and it has done raining."



"Poor Peep!" was his comment on the conversation as he strode on. "I like that fellow, and felt almost, when he said that, as if I could have cried too."

Some hours after that time there was great surprise and much regret, as well as discomfort, in Hannah Dill's late home, for the three Mr. de Berengers, with their aunt Sarah, and also Amabel and Delia, drove up, luggage and all, in two flies, and the door was opened to them by Jolliffe, who informed them that Mrs. Snaith had not returned home at the appointed time, but that a telegram had been received from her. "And what it means, sir, and what Mrs. Snaith can be thinking of to act so by you, and when there's so much extra work too, I that know her so well, can no more tell," said Mrs. Jolliffe, "than I can fly. The telegram is on your study table, sir."

Thither the party proceeded.

The telegram was dated from some little junction that none of the party had ever heard of. Mrs. Dill had found opportunity to send it off while Uzziah bought the food which had been eaten under the cart-shed. After the due direction, to "Mrs. Jolliffe, at the Rev. Felix de Berenger's," etc., it ran as follows:—

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I am that hurried that you must excuse mistakes. I could not come home last night. I never do expect to see you again, nor get back to my place. Give my dear love to the precious young ladies."

"She must have paid two shillings for this," exclaimed Sarah.

Tears were rolling down Amabel's cheeks. "Mamsey gone—Mamsey," she almost whispered. "Shall I never see Mamsey any more?"

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Delia indignantly. "She never would be so unkind." Then Delia began to sob and cry, and came to kiss Felix and lean on his shoulder, and beg him to say he was sure that Mamsey would soon come back again.

"My dears, my dear girls!" cried Sarah. "Mrs. Snaith was certainly a most kind and attentive nurse to you; but really, to cry about her suddenly leaving you is too much. Perhaps——"

"Well, what 'perhaps,' Cousin Sarah?" sobbed Delia. "Do you mean, perhaps she'll come back again?"

Dick all this time was devoured with

jealousy, and Amias wished devoutly that Amabel would come and lean so on his shoulder.

"And I was cross to her the day before yesterday," sobbed the repentant Delia. "I said she hadn't ironed my flounce nicely. O Coz! do say you're sure she's coming back again!"

Here Amabel melted into tears anew, and both the girls, as by one impulse, darted out of the study and rushed up-stairs to their own bedroom to cry together.

Poor bereaved mother! Those were the only tears her children ever shed for her, and she never knew even of them.

Amabel and Delia came down to supper looking so sad, that the subject of Mrs. Snaith's sudden withdrawal was avoided as by one consent; but whether Sarah could have refrained from it if she had not already exhausted her vocabulary of blame on the poor absentee, may well be doubted.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, as the two poor children, clinging together, went away the moment they had finished their meal. "Yes, this ought to show you, Amias, how wrong it is to excite the feeling of the lower classes about temperance, or any other of your modern inventions."

Amias looked amazed, and Sarah, finding herself in possession of the house, continued—

"Yes, the girls told me when they came home that the speech Amias made agitated Mrs. Snaith to that degree, that she actually fainted—fainted dead away—and before they could get her to revive, she moaned most distressingly. And there was a horrid little lame man, all the time she was insensible, who told the most terrible anecdotes about drunken men killing their wives. Delia says he quite frightened her, and she was thankful when Mrs. Snaith was able to rise and come away. So now Felix has lost a most excellent domestic; and very likely she has gone off, under a mistaken impression that it's her duty to turn temperance lecturer herself, as those American women did."

"It's not in her," said Felix; "she is not that kind of woman."

But Sarah was not to be repressed. "There is nothing so unlike themselves," she continued, "that people will not do it under a fanatical impulse. I myself felt strongly inclined to lay my pearl necklace in the plate once, when that bishop (you know his name, Felix; I forget it)—that bishop preached about money for the Indian famine."

"But you didn't do it, aunt, did you?" asked Dick.

"No. Now, Dick, I have several times pointed out to you that you should never have jokes and laugh at them apart, in the

presence of others. Yes; you looked at Amias in such a way just now, that, if it had not chanced that I was talking on a serious subject, I should certainly have thought you had some joke about me."



"Those were the only tears her children ever shed for her."

## IN THE FOURTH WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

ST. MATTHEW xiv. 22—33.

LO, in the moonless night,  
In the rough wind's despite,  
They ply the oar.  
Keen gusts smite in their teeth;  
The hoarse waves chafe beneath  
With muffled roar.

Numb fingers, failing force,  
Scarce serve to hold the course  
Hard-won half-way,  
When o'er the tossing tide,  
Pallid and heavy-eyed,  
Scowls the dim day.

And now in the wan light,  
Walking the waters white,  
A shape draws near.  
Each soul, in troubled wise,  
Staring with starting eyes,  
Cries out for fear.

Each grasps his neighbour tight,  
In helpless huddled fright  
Shaken and swayed.

And lo! the Master nigh  
Speaks softly, "It is I;  
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us that strain  
Over life's moaning main  
Thou drawest near,  
And, knowing not Thy guise,  
We gaze with troubled eyes,  
And cry for fear.

A strange voice whispers low,  
"This joy must thou forego,  
Thy first and best."  
A shrouded phantom stands  
Crossing the best-loved hands  
For churchyard rest.

Then, soft as is the fall  
Of that white gleaming pall  
By snowflakes made,  
Still each startled cry,  
Thou speakest, "It is I;  
Be not afraid."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

# "DIANA SMITH."

By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

## PART II.

NOW came a further strain on the surgeon. He had no longer the captain to converse with; he was the only man of education in the ship, and as such was practically in command of her. Responsibility had been thus thrust upon him; fortunately he could bear the strain. Their difficulties were increased by a new trouble, and on January the 15th scurvy first showed itself in two of the Shetland men. Hitherto they had been spared that, anyhow. Then there was the necessity of working at the pumps; extra work to do, when the allowance of food was again diminished. Only one cask of beef now remained. An oil lamp was kept burning to melt snow for water.

On January 16th, he writes, "I am sorry to have to add that signs of scurvy are now pretty general amongst us." On the 18th it was found that one of the bread-casks had been robbed by some of the famished crew, which led to the diminution of the allowance by half a pound a week—a very serious matter when there was so much cold and so little food. On the 21st the thieves were discovered. The surgeon says, "I am sorry for these poor lads—three are growing fellows who require more nourishment than bearded men arrived at their full stature and development, and they find it very hard to subsist upon such a pitiful allowance. Indeed, they generally contrived to finish their 3 lbs. of bread by the Friday night, and had to get on as best they could till the following Monday, when their hunger was so ungovernable that they were unable to resist the impulse to make such a heavy inroad upon the biscuits as left them destitute of food again before the return of 'bread-day.' How they will get on on their reduced quantities I know not." (They were reduced  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. per week, that is to 2½ lbs., till their theft was worked off.) The grim sternness of the Anglo-Saxon character showed itself in their determination not to throw away their chance, remote as it was, of escape by consuming their provisions. Hungry as they were, they held on unflinching. The difficulties of the cook with his diminishing stock of wood are told almost humorously. Their oil lamp was kept going:—"Everything and everybody is covered with soot from the oil lamps—lives

in an atmosphere of soot—sleeps amongst soot—breathes soot—is begrimed and smothered with soot; in fact, chimney-sweepers would look respectable beside some of us." On the 26th the daily grog allowance is stopped, and only served out three times a week.

Smith says—"For my part I rarely meddle with it, knowing that alcohol in such a climate is worse than useless; but 'tis waste of breath—in fact, not worth my while—to attempt preaching such a doctrine to the men." It now was again dreadfully cold; the ship's pumps were frozen. He writes—"It may serve to show you in how terribly low a temperature we are making shift to live, when I tell you that Mr. George Clarke's boots, when he pulled them off at night-time, were sheeted inside with glittering ice, the moisture of his feet freezing upon the leather, whilst his horse-hair lining was frozen to the sole." On the 31st he writes, "Intensely cold again last night; this is dreadful work; it is murdering us—we cannot endure it much longer in our starving, exhausted condition." On February 1st he writes, "Thank God, the 1st of February has at last arrived! How wearily and anxiously we have watched and counted its coming! What new hopes, and heart, and life, the advent of a fresh month gives to us! Last month has been remarkably quiet; the ship laid still, and free from pressure, nips, &c.; but to me it has been a month of the greatest anxiety, seeing that the long-dreaded scurvy has made its appearance amongst us." During all this time the cold continued. "A raven flew close past the ship, its neck surrounded by a white glittering ring of hoar frost, the moisture in its breath congealing instantly on its plumage." On the 3rd it became milder; but this caused them more work with the pumps. So they laboured away; and the scurvy spread.

He writes:—"I am surgeon to the ship, but, God help me! what can I do for those poor fellows?" On the 15th the first man died of scurvy. Then it blew a terrible gale. "If the ship goes to-night, *i.e.* if the ice is brought up by the land, or the berg, or forced down upon us, and the ship stove in, there is no hope of our lives; four-and-twenty hours on the ice in such weather as this would in-

evitably finish off every man and boy of us—not one of us could stand it; 'twould be impossible to rig a tent with such a fearful gale raging. We should have no protection, no shelter, no hope, nothing but sure and certain death." On the 22nd they saw a "mallee," which was a sign that water was not far off. One of their great troubles was the freezing of the pumps, and the necessity for thawing them, which also consumed their fuel. It was terribly hard work for the poor fellows—weak, and wasted, and scurvy-stricken. On the 2nd of March he writes, "Matters are beginning at last to look very bright and cheering." And to estimate this correctly we must bear in mind how almost utterly hopeless their prospects were. Even in the ice the ship leaked so that the pumps were kept going incessantly. What would be requisite when they got into the open sea they so craved for, their provisions dwindling away, while scurvy was spreading?

On the 5th it was decided to raise the allowance of bread to 4 lbs. per week, as the men were so exhausted. On the 6th the loose ice on the port-side opened into a lane of water. They were now well opposite the opening of Hudson's Straits, and drifting in a satisfactory direction. At this time, out of a total of 47 men, 7 only were free from scurvy, and 10 but slightly affected, so that the ship was very short-handed. One poor fellow's bed was wet through with the ice melting in his bunk, the weather being now somewhat milder. On the 9th the ice was noticed to be moving. "Watch employed in the afternoon cutting up stunsail yards for firewood." 11th.—"Last night about 11 o'clock P.M. a swell in, from what quarter uncertain, and the heavy ice in which we have been so long laid hard and fast began to break up." Next day they were at last off the Labrador coast, so long the object of their hopes and wishes. On the 12th, after a broken night's rest from the ice grinding against the ship's side, he found a decided thaw, the ice dropping off the yards, and the men shovelling the ice and snow off the deck; while the engineer cleared the ice from the engine room. "The cabin clock was once more ticking cheerfully, unaffected in its work by internal cold; the linnet and canary singing as if their little throats would burst, no doubt delighted, like ourselves, with the genial sunny weather." They now shipped the rudder and got some canvas on the ship; the breeze fortunately blowing right for them, and the ship made way through the ice. They were now again in terrible, immediate

danger of being stove in by heavy ice. Diarrhœa, too, was prevalent, as the men, with their swollen gums, had to soak their biscuit before they could eat it. On the 14th they got out the mainsail, "working with the energy of men who had long well-nigh despaired of life, but who now, at last, were escaping from a horrible prison-house to life and liberty, and homes and friends." They were now come to the last of nearly everything, the last cask for firewood, the last cask of coals; and the mate remarked, "'Tis a great mercy we are not eating our last biscuit." The master came down from the crow's nest with the cheery news that he could see the outside of the pack plainly. On the 17th the ship was out of the ice, "rising and falling." A strong north wind got up, and an extra pound of bread was served out. At this time the diary is kept several times a day, so intense is the excitement.

Smith looked after his patients, hauled at the ropes, and took a turn at the pump, and then went to his diary alternately. Now comes March the 17th, the last day of the diary. "Ship making good progress; 11.30 ran below to scribble these remarks. As you may suppose, I am as anxious and excited as possible." Whether the ship would swim or not in open water was a question soon to be solved. At "1.45 P.M. Are now well out of the pack!" "Glory be to God that we are at last out of the ice." They were still in imminent danger. "Happily we were bows on to the swell; but I assure you that much and sorely as the old ship has been tried during this fearful winter, she never experienced such a severe hammering as she did whilst running through the last opposing barrier of ice. Meanwhile the night drew on apace; the ship dashed through the innumerable dangers which surrounded her on all sides—sometimes shaving close past some immense mass of ice, hard and dangerous as a rock, whilst we stood looking on with bated breath and trembling, anxious hearts; again driving stem on upon some heavy fragment with a shock that made both us and her stagger again; then recovering her way, on she went towards the dark inky horizon ahead of us, where the blessed open water lay in sight from the mast-head. Terribly exciting work this, gentlemen, running the gauntlet for dear life, with every chance of our ship being stove in, and not the faintest hope of saving your life if accident befell her. Hour succeeded hour; the night fell cold and dreary; the wind increased to half a gale; there seemed no limit to the interminable

ice. Such hours as these, I do assure you, seem the longest you have ever lived; such hours of agonizing anxiety are never to be forgotten. However, to cut a long story short and save paper and ink, about 9 o'clock we could see the veritable and unmistakable outside edge; by 9.30 we were past all heavy ice, and running amongst streams of light ice and pancakes. The long rolling Atlantic swell became heavier and heavier, the ship pitched and rolled more and more, and at 10 o'clock the mate came down from the crow's nest and informed us that there was no more ice ahead, that we were at last well out of the pack, and running with all possible sail set on a S.E. by S. course, on our passage home." So ends this remarkable diary.

It was certainly not for want of paper this diary is not continued, but the surgeon had something else to do now. There was the Atlantic to be crossed with a leaky ship and a scurvy-stricken crew, mumbling their biscuits with their loosening teeth and their swollen, bleeding gums. Men were dying, the survivors getting weaker; the surgeon had his sick to attend to, and took his turn at the watch and at the pumps as well.

"He was one in a thousand, and we should have perished without him," said one of the survivors. He animated them by his example; he cheered them by his undaunted courage; he shared their work as well as their danger. They fortunately had fair winds for "their race with death," as starvation—inevitable death—was behind them. Even at the last, when the land was sighted, the ship was nearly lost in a gale, because they had not men enough to handle her properly. On the 2nd of April they ran into Ronas Voe, in the Shetland Isles. By this time there were nine corpses lying on the deck, and another man died as they entered the harbour. Of the whole crew but four men could stand. Four more of the men died there. It was a terribly narrow escape at last!

Long and anxiously had the people at home waited and waited for news of "the lost whaling-vessel." It was known that she was caught in the ice, and her utterly unprepared condition to meet such accident was equally well known. The *Intrepid*—scarcely a happy name under the circumstances—had carried home word that the *Diana* was left behind. "Men were praying and women weeping for us at home," as Smith wrote in his diary. Now that the lost ship had arrived the joy of all was excessive. A fresh

crew was put into the old *Diana*, while Smith attended his patients till Hull was reached. They and he had been too long together to part. Neither he nor they could bear the idea that they should be in fresh hands. Thousands of persons assembled to see the lost *Diana* enter the port of Hull.

At last their voyage was over. It would be impossible by extracts, however numerous, to convey to the reader an idea of the mental condition of Smith and his companions during this long, long time that they were face to face with death. They never despaired; at least he did not. He saw a providential interference in their numerous escapes from what seemed certain death. When he had to shoot his little dog because they could no longer feed him, he fastened the collar round his arm; so that it might help to identify his corpse when it drifted on to the coast of Labrador—the sole hope and consolation almost that remained to him. Once only his fortitude gave way, and he threw himself on the ice and wished to die. Death was near at hand; it would not be long before the cold hand of death would have chilled the little left of life out of him! But there rushed upon him the thought—"What will these poor fellows do without me?" He got up and went back to the ship. Shortly after this the blacksmith, the finest man in the ship, despaired, and would not take his daily walk on a path cut out of the ice round the foremast. Smith threatened to have him swung from the yard-arm and pushed round. It was no use; the blacksmith declared he would never see his wife and children any more. Smith's own recent experience flashed upon him, and he exclaimed, "I will take you back to your wife, yet!" "Will you, doctor?" He took his word; the blacksmith's breast was once more inspired with hope. Smith kept his word; and the blacksmith at length was restored to his wife and family. No wonder the crew adored Smith! One more anecdote of the ship's crew. Precious few were the biscuits left in the ship when she reached Shetland. One of the crew kept a biscuit, bored a hole in it, and hung it up in his house. Some time afterwards, when Smith went to see him, the seaman pointed to this biscuit and said, "Whenever I feel inclined to quarrel with the Missus about my grub, I just look at that biscuit, and think how precious glad and thankful we were, doctor, for the chance of one of them when up in the ice with the old *Diana*."

The portrait given at p. 488 is from a

photograph taken in Hull just after the arrival of the *Diana*.

The value of Smith's services and the heroism displayed by him met with ready recognition. The doctors of Hull gave him a public dinner, and a silver inkstand to keep it in remembrance. The Board of Trade presented him with a set of surgical instruments, the most complete I have ever seen; together with a testimonial signed by the President, in which his services to the crew are described as having been "generous, humane, and unwearied." The townspeople of Hull and the underwriters of Lloyds presented him with a testimonial and a sum of over one hundred guineas.

The measure of the strain put upon an individual is the length of time it takes for the system to regain its normal condition; and long months of illness and exhaustion followed the strain put upon Smith during those terribly long months of protracted mental tension. Even after this he could not study properly when he returned to Edinburgh, where he was received with enthusiasm. Professors and students were alike proud of the genial, pleasant youth, whose experiences had been so terrible, and who had borne himself so heroically. Nothing, however, could overcome his repugnance to any perusal of his diary with a view to publication; indeed, he seemed almost to regard it with horror. Leaving Edinburgh he went to reside with Dr. Moffat, of Dalston, where he largely regained his old gaiety of character. At this time Sir Roderick Murchison induced him to join Mr. Lamont in a polar expedition; for the Arctic regions seem to possess a fascination, all their own, for those who have once visited them. Few who knew Smith will forget his descriptions of the scenery of Spitzbergen; and the contrast he drew betwixt the conditions of the first *Diana*, and that of the second one with all its comforts. Still his mind had not quite recovered from the remembrance of the horrors he had endured; and on a visit to me in Westmoreland, in 1868, when apparently unobserved, his mind would wander back to the old *Diana*, and he would talk to his old companions. He often spoke of Captain Gravill, to whom he seemed to have been much attached. After a year or two of comparative rest he resumed his medical studies in Glasgow, where "*Diana*" Smith won a reputation for earnest application. He passed his examinations with much credit, and became house-physician to the Royal Infirmary in that city, where his

clinical reports are described as "models of correct English and careful observation." His experiences among rough characters led him at one time to take charge of the navvies engaged in the construction of the Settle and Carlisle section of the Midland Railway; and after that to take a practice in Durham among the colliers. But he could not settle down quietly, so he took charge of the ship *Duncdin*, conveying emigrants to New Zealand. The life of the new country attracted him, and he settled in practice at Otepopo, where he soon became a general favourite, especially with the Maories. He was made a magistrate, so great was the respect felt for him. The life he led was just to his mind; and his extensive practice furnished him with many a rough ride, with surgical emergencies to be encountered at the end of them, which were congenial to his character. He married, and all seemed well with him, when his self-sacrifice once more led him into trouble. Overwork had undermined his health and sapped his naturally robust constitution, when a man was drowned in the harbour; and Smith, who was a strong swimmer, dived for the body, and after repeated efforts succeeded in recovering it. A severe ulcer of the stomach followed this exposure, and he had to give up his practice and return to his native land. No improvement followed, and his last visit to his Essex home was made in an invalid-carriage. It was a beautiful July afternoon, recent rain had made all look fresh and bright, while a gentle wind caused the foliage to flash gloriously in the sunlight. But nothing could lighten up that far-away-looking eye; and he gazed listlessly upon familiar scenes which he well knew he must never see again. Placed on a truck at the tail of the train, the carriage swayed uncomfortably for the invalid, and the look out as we went through some cuttings on the line, which would once have attracted his keen admiration, passed unnoticed. The last time he entered his father's door he was borne on the stretcher of the carriage from it to his bed, which he never left while the remaining sands of life ran out. Worn, wan, wasted, waxen—he met death composedly, as he had looked it in the face many a time and oft before. The playful humour had entirely disappeared, and deep religious feelings took its place. He never in all his experiences of peril and danger had any fear of death, and when it was impending and inevitable, and escape was absolutely impossible, he almost seemed to court it. Quietly, in his Essex home, the

wanderer went to his rest in peace on September 6th, 1879. After all his peril in the most distant parts of the world, alike in the Arctic seas and under the Southern Cross, "Diana Smith" died in his bed under his father's roof-tree; leaving the sorrow-stricken old man to furnish what comfort he could to the girlish widow with her fatherless boy. To this boy he left the manuscript diary of

that terrible winter in the Arctic seas; and consequently its publication must be deferred till there are but few left who will feel an interest in it. By the kindness of his family it has been lent me for the writing of this memoir, in which but imperfect justice has been done to one who, though he wore no uniform and belonged to the people called Friends, was beyond all question a hero.

## LITTLE BIRDS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

DID the reader ever see or hear of "Dicky-laggers?" Would he know a "Jowler," a "Dudley," or a "Charbob," if he met one? Would he consider it a mark of the degeneracy of the times that Jowlers have ceased to frequent Piccadilly? Scarcely a year ago, I was as ignorant of these subjects as any of my readers can be, but was enlightened by an omniscient friend who had made a personal study of Dicky-laggers, and obtained his information in their special haunts.

Dicky-lagging, it seems, is a slang term for bird-catching. Lagging being a euphuistic word for denoting capture by the police and subsequent transportation or penal servitude, dicky-lagging becomes a metaphorical phrase for the capture and caging of birds.

"Jowlers" are sparrows; and a dicky-lagger who gave my friend much curious information, lamented the absence of the sparrows from the London streets. Some years ago they used to be so plentiful, that the bird-catchers could spread their nets in Piccadilly. But in these days, the street-cleaning brigade of boys has done its work so effectually, that the sparrows, which used to hop about among the feet of horses and the wheels of vehicles, find no food, and are forced to go elsewhere for a living. The proverbial expression, "Plentiful as sparrows in London streets," has lost its meaning.

Why the men should feel obliged to call a redpole a dudley, and a chaffinch a charbob, is among the many mysteries of their strange mode of existence.

The numbers of these men seem to increase yearly, especially in the outskirts of London and other great centres of population. The first hour of daylight on fine Sunday mornings has seldom passed before the country roads are desecrated by these evil-looking, foul-mouthed, slouching, scowling pests, who

not only offend every sense, but are inflicting great and increasing harm upon the country.

Their business is simply the capture of birds for the purpose of selling them; some to be caged, but the greater number to be killed in shooting matches at sporting taverns. Were it only for the abominable cruelty perpetrated by these men, their occupation ought to be abolished by the law of the land; but when we remember that they are inflicting a national injury on the country, there is a double reason for interference.

A little knowledge of facts, and a little power of reasoning upon them, are all that is needed to appreciate the importance of the question. As a rule, people seem to think that, with the exception of the hawk and owl and swallow tribes, the birds feed habitually upon seeds, fruit, and other vegetable substances, thereby depriving man of them. Now, as I shall presently show, if we take the whole of the British birds, we shall find that some ninety-five per cent. of their food is of an animal nature, and that eighty per cent. consists of insects, slugs, snails, and similar creatures.

The amount of animal food required for these birds, especially in the nesting season, is almost incredible, and no one could believe it but for the united testimony of facts and figures.

Some years ago, M. Florent-Paradol committed a series of bird murders, for which the bird world ought to feel grateful. Desirous of ascertaining what was the real nature of a bird's food throughout the year, he selected a number of the ordinary species, taking care to include among them those birds which are commonly killed as destroyers of game, fruit, seeds, and young plants.

Among the three commonest Owls, he found that not one of them had eaten game of any kind. From January to April the

Long-eared Owl had fed exclusively on mice. During April and May cockchafers were found in the birds, and occasionally a rat or a squirrel. In June, the cockchafers having disappeared, the birds fell back on mice, meal-worms (so destructive in flour-stores), and various beetles.

The Short-eared Owl, being a less powerful bird, had not even killed squirrels, but had lived almost exclusively on different species of mice, shrews, and the larger insects. The food of the Barn Owl, or White Owl, consisted wholly of mice and shrews. (I have examined the "castings," or "pellets," of many Barn Owl nests, but always found the wings, cases, legs, and other indigestible portions of night-flying insects.) During May, the cockchafer, which is, perhaps, the most destructive of all our British insects, seemed to have formed at least half the owl's food.

Waterton's observations exonerate all the owls from the charge of destroying game.

The food of the Rook was almost entirely of an animal nature. In January it had fed on field-mice and cockchafer grubs, adding earth-worms to them in February, when the ground became soft enough for them to approach the surface. From March to May, caterpillars, beetle-grubs, especially those of the wire-worm, chrysalides, slugs and snails, and a variety of similar creatures, had been eaten. From June to August it still fed chiefly on insects, but supplemented them with various birds' eggs and a few young birds.

From August to October it varied its diet with young rabbits, mice, &c., and some barley. From November to the end of the year, its diet was much the same, except that some fruit kernels were found among its food; and when the severe winter frosts set in, it was obliged to eat anything that it could get. In point of fact it mostly goes off to the sea or estuaries, where it can find shrimps, molluscs, small fishes, and carrion.

It will be seen, therefore, that throughout the year its food is almost invariably of an animal character, and mostly consists of insects, snails, and slugs, the greater part of which lie underground, and are unearthed by the strong beak of the bird.

So far from paying boys for driving away rooks from the fields, the farmers ought to employ them for protecting and encouraging the birds.

Then, there are the Starlings. No doubt, in summer and autumn, they do take a small amount of fruit. But, considering the vast hosts of starlings in proportion to the few

that eat our fruit, and the services which they have rendered in destroying the grubs, caterpillars, &c., we may consider the modicum of fruit which they take as wages due to them for the work which they have done.

Supposing a boy were paid for handpicking the insects, he could not, in a day's hard work, find and destroy as many as are taken by a single pair of starlings during the breeding season. And if we set the value of the boy's wages against the fruit that will be consumed by that pair of starlings, we should find that the birds had earned their pay ten times over.

No one can deny that the starlings will swarm in newly sown fields, apparently for the purpose of eating the seed. But appearances are always deceptive, and never more so than in cases where we cannot approach closely enough to examine details. A letter which recently appeared in *Land and Water* shows the danger of judging by appearances.

A gentleman had sown a three-acre field with grass seed, and on the next day found hundreds of starlings on the ground picking away with all their might, and apparently engaged in devouring the newly sown seed. He shot two of them, and found that there was nothing in their crops except insects.

Yet these most useful birds enjoy no protection from law, and suffer persecution on all sides. Birdcatchers take them for sale, mostly, as already mentioned, to be used in shooting matches, and they are ruthlessly destroyed by farmers and gardeners under the mistaken idea that they are injurious to the crops. The late Charles Waterton knew better, and did all he could to encourage the starlings to build in his demesne. He seemed as if he could never have enough starlings in his grounds, so great was his faith in the services which they rendered to agriculture. Blackbirds and thrushes, again, both equally useful with the starling, are equally without protection, the law having been ingeniously constructed so as to exclude the very birds which a practical naturalist would have placed first on the roll. The chaffinch is excluded, and so are the rook and crow, in common with all their tribe. Yet we have seen what is the nature of a rook's food, and how it saves us from the ravages of the cockchafer, an insect which passes more than two years underground, devouring the roots of wheat and other plants, and the rest of its time in eating the leaves above ground. What the wire-worm can do in the destruction of corn every farmer knows to his cost. And yet he kills



or drives away the very birds which feed on the cockchafer grub and wire-worm, and, if let alone, would rid the fields of these insect pests.

So it is with the Blackbird and Thrush, as deadly enemies to slugs and snails as the rook to cockchafers and wire-worms. A letter from "A Country Parson," which lately appeared in the *Standard*, puts the point forcibly and yet temperately.

"What would you think of a nurseryman who boasted to a friend of mine that he had destroyed *twelve thousand thrushes' and blackbirds' eggs* in one season? Perhaps he did not count them, so call it ten thousand eggs, *i.e.* two thousand nests.

"Now, I have watched a pair of starlings during the breeding season, and found that on an average they brought a grub or fly to their young ones once in three minutes. This for ten hours a day for twenty days gives four thousand grubs to one pair of starlings.

"A pair of sparrows has been seen to come and go from the nest for food four hundred times a day, and this will give eight thousand grubs or caterpillars to one sparrow's nest during twenty days. Thrushes and blackbirds are quite as busy among insects, slugs, and snails in the early spring, so that the wanton destruction of two thousand nests of these sweet songsters saved the lives of some nine millions six hundred thousand slugs, snails, grubs, and caterpillars, which, I sincerely hope, did justice to their benefactor by eating buds and blossom on his fruit-trees."

These calculations may seem at first sight to be exaggerated, but I am of opinion that they are rather within than beyond the limits of truth.

Take, for example, the Redbreast. M. Florent-Paradol found that in all the specimens he killed throughout the year, not one had vegetable food in its crop. Insects, worms, grubs, spiders, insect eggs (found in the winter months), chrysalides, woodlice, &c., formed the whole of its food.

Some years ago, a letter appeared in the *Field* newspaper, stating that the writer had reared a young brood of redbreasts, carefully weighing their food so as to discover how much nutriment was required to keep the birds in health. He found that to keep a redbreast up to its normal weight, fourteen feet of earth-worms, or a proportionate amount of other animal food, were required in twenty-four hours.

On reading the account of these investiga-

tions, I could not but wonder how much food a man of average size would consume within the same time, if he were to eat as much in proportion as the redbreast. Taking a German sausage, nine inches in circumference, as analogous to the worm, I weighed a piece of it and then began the calculations.

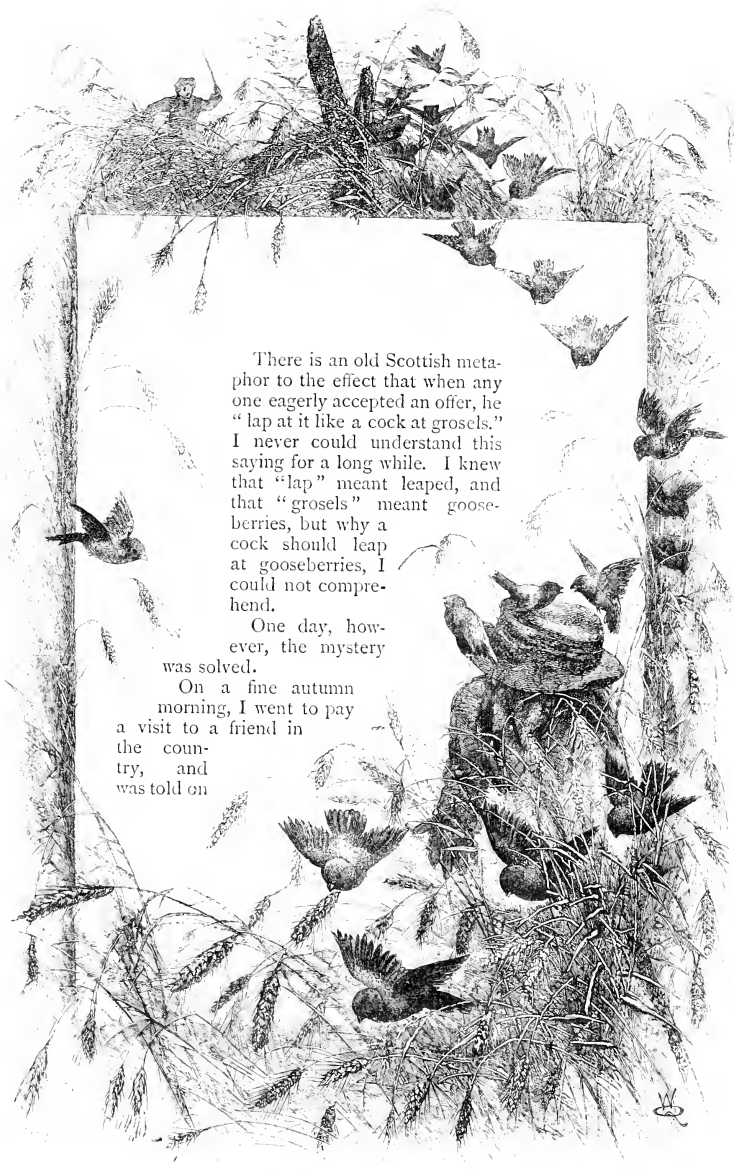
Arithmetic was never a strong point with me, and the figures assumed such startling proportions that I abandoned the task so far as I was concerned. But, not being desirous of allowing the subject to drop, I asked Mr. J. Heaton, the well-known arithmetician, to make the calculations for me. He kindly did so, and the result showed that I had good reason for being alarmed at the figures.

There is no need of giving the whole of the calculations, but the result was, that in order to consume proportionately as much food as the redbreast, a man would have to eat in every twenty-four hours rather more than sixty-eight feet of German-sausage, nine inches in circumference. In order to put the point in a more striking manner, Mr. Heaton remarked that if the man in question were to lie on his back in the nave of the Crystal Palace, and put one end of the sausage in his mouth, the other end would reach considerably above the uppermost gallery!

The Chaffinch cannot be held entirely guiltless of eating seeds, berries, and fruit. That it eats the buds of fruit-trees there can be no doubt. But, taking the average of the food throughout the year, the quantity of animal nourishment is far in excess of vegetable food, and most practical naturalists are of opinion that even the buds are seldom, if ever, eaten unless they be tenanted by the larvæ of some insect, so that the fruit could not have been developed.

This theory is confirmed by the fact that when gooseberry-bushes have been infested with the singularly repulsive larvæ of the gooseberry saw-fly (*Nematus grossulariæ*), a thousand of them have been picked off a single gooseberry-bush. Now chaffinches happen to be particularly fond of these insects, and would be only too glad to eat them, if they were permitted to do so. In one case, when the proprietor of the ground controverted the gardener and allowed the birds to do as they liked, the chaffinches flocked among the gooseberry-bushes, and in two or three days had completely cleared them of the grubs.

Neither do I deny that in the autumn the blackbird revels in fruit, especially gooseberries.



There is an old Scottish metaphor to the effect that when any one eagerly accepted an offer, he "lap at it like a cock at grosels." I never could understand this saying for a long while. I knew that "lap" meant leaped, and that "grosels" meant gooseberries, but why a cock should leap at gooseberries, I could not comprehend.

One day, however, the mystery was solved.

On a fine autumn morning, I went to pay a visit to a friend in the country, and was told on

my arrival that the host had been called away and could not be back for an hour or two. So I went into the garden, and amused myself with watching the various forms of animal life that frequented it, and occasionally taking a little fruit, of which there was an abundant crop.

Seeing something moving in a very strange way under a gooseberry-bush, I stopped to ascertain what it could be. At first it looked like a piece of black rag flapping about in the wind, but the opera-glass showed that it was a male black-bird jumping up and down, and flapping its wings at each hop. With the aid of a little caution, I managed to come quite close to the bird, and then saw that he was jumping at the gooseberries which were out of his reach when standing on the ground. He judiciously selected the ripest fruit, and he and his comrades had emptied almost every ripe gooseberry on the under surface of the bush, leaving nothing but the stalks and ragged fragments of skin.

Suddenly it struck me that the cock which leaped at the gooseberries was Shakespeare's—

"Ouzel-cock so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,"

and that the obscure passage had become perfectly clear. The bird, however, seemed to restrict itself to the fruit on the under surface of the bush, and, as long as I noticed it, never attempted to perch among the branches. Whether the birds were deterred by the thorns I cannot venture to say.

There is no necessity for going into the history of the little birds, but the few which have been mentioned as specimens serve to show that several of those which are perse-

cuted with the greatest severity, and deprived of protection by the Wild Birds' Preservation Act as injurious to the crops and harvests, never eat vegetable food at all; that those who do so make it only a small portion of their diet; and that, in any case, the services which they render throughout the year in preserving the balance of nature infinitely outweigh the amount of grain or fruit which they consume during a short period of it.

France ought to be a warning to us.

In England, we do restrict the title of "game" to a very small number of birds and beasts, even excluding the rabbit from that category. Consequently, when an English sportsman goes out with his gun, he never dreams of shooting anything but game, as he understands the word, and the ordinary wild birds may fly in safety through the fields as far as he is concerned.

But in France, some years ago, any bird, no matter what its species, was considered in the light of game, and a sportsman would be inordinately proud of his success if he brought back half-a-dozen robins, as many sparrows, a couple of black-birds, and a thrush in his gorgeously

embroidered and betas-elled game-bag.

I well remember, when I was living in France, taking my first country walk. The weather was perfect, the landscape beautiful, but something was wanting. It was the song or twitter of birds. Not a bird was to be seen for mile after mile, the "sportsmen" having shot every one that dared to show itself.

The natural result followed. Rooks and starlings being destroyed, the insects had



Sparrows.

everything their own way, the trees being stripped bare by cockchafer and the corn blasted by the wire-worms. After a time France discovered her error, and is now wisely doing all in her power to bring back her banished allies. But it is always easier to destroy than to restore, and years must yet pass before disturbed nature can regain her equilibrium.

Although we have not wrought such wholesale destruction as France did, we have a very strong tendency in that direction. Man invariably tries to employ destruction when endeavouring to find a remedy for any evil, be it real or fancied. See what would happen if every one could have his destructive will.

The farmer, who chafes at the ravages made by landlord's hares, rabbits, and pheasants on his crops, would like nothing better than to shoot them all. The gamekeeper, who thinks that every creature which is not game is destructive to game, does his best to exterminate every living creature that might interfere with his "head of game," and I would not be too sure that the thrice sacred fox might not accidentally eat something which disagreed with him, if he took to robbing the pheasant and partridge nests.

Then, the agriculturists generally, whether on a large or small scale, believe that all the predacious birds, owls included, eat their poultry, and that all the non-predacious birds devour their grain and fruit. So they indiscriminately kill every bird that comes within their reach. Only a few days before these lines were written, I read an account of a farmer who found that his men were "frozen out," and so set them to work at killing the finches. The men sometimes brought in as many as seventy dozen in a single day, and both they and their employer thought that they were doing the best for the land.

Still more lately I was reading a leading article in an evening paper. It treated of insects, and the writer summed up the subject by saying that the world would get on much better without them, and that we might cheerfully spare the bee and the silk-worm, if by so doing we could be rid of the insects that bit and stung us, or spoiled our clothing, or ate our food. The depths of ignorance and presumption in this suggestion are simply appalling, and I cannot trust myself to do more than mention it.

That we are awaking to a partial sense of our mistake in employing destruction as an aid to agriculture is shown by the passing of

the "Act for the Preservation of Wild Birds." But the wording of the Act shows such astounding ignorance on the part of the legislature which passed it, that it can only be contemplated with bewildered amazement.

The time chosen for the close season is perfectly right, but the principle of selection is an inscrutable mystery. Why are the goldfinch and the hawfinch (which is not a finch at all) protected by the Act, while all the other "finches of the grove" may be destroyed without hindrance, except the siskin, which the framers of the Act do not place among the finches? Why is the gold-crest protected and the fire-crest omitted from the Act? What harm has the skylark done that it should be deprived of protection, while the woodlark is placed under the care of the law?

Then, some of the terms are so vague that no one can understand them. "Warbler" is given as if it were some single species, whereas there are more than a dozen British warblers, including the nightingale and blackcap, both of which have a separate mention. What the *dunbird* may be I do not know. I do know what a *dunlin* is, though why it should enjoy a threefold protection under the names of dunlin, oxbird, and pure I have no idea. Neither can I tell why the curlew and whaup should be mentioned as two distinct birds.

In fact, it looks very much as if the names of the British birds that any one might happen to remember were written down, shaken up in a lucky-bag, and a given number dipped out at random.

Not that the names matter much, for the Act is so framed that any number of coaches and six can be driven through it. In the first place the penalty is much too small, and the present maximum fine ought to be made the minimum.\*

But how the Act is to be enforced is a mystery. Suppose that you meet half-a-dozen dickey-laggers, as I do every Sunday morning, with all their apparatus of nets, call-birds, &c., you are powerless. You may know well enough that they are going to catch nightingales and other protected birds, but you cannot prove it; and unless you happen to be accompanied by a policeman they will not

\* Extract from a letter from Mr. J. Colam, 1880.

"I have received the inclosed proof of your article by the kind favour of a friend. If the article is intended for early publication, you will thank me for informing you that a bill is now before Parliament for the extension of the close season to *all* birds. It was prepared by this society on the recommendation of the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1873, which has never been carried into effect, and introduced for us by Mr. L. L. Dillwyn, M.P., Sir John Lubbock, M.P., and Mr. James Howard, M.P."

answer at all, except by foul abuse. It is true they are liable to a forty-shilling fine if they refuse to give their name and address even to the police, but if a man chooses to give his name as John Smith and his address as a lodger at 147, Little Baker Street, Whitechapel, and says that he is only going to catch chaffinches and sparrows, nothing more is to be done.

You can certainly follow them about, and drive the birds away from their nets and lime-twigs, but your time is too valuable to be taken up in this way, and the men know it. An energetic lady of my acquaintance did this. When starting for church on a Sunday morning, she saw what she thought to be a wounded bird fluttering about on the ground, and ran to rescue it. I need hardly say that it was the decoy-bird tied to a stick, and jerked continually, in order to attract other birds.

Not seeing the net, she caught her feet in it and rolled over. The men were infuriated and demanded payment of damages. This she refused to give, and the whole party went off to the nearest police-office. Such was the force of habit that the men walked straight into the dock. The end of the matter was, that the lady left the case in charge of the police and went home, having lost the morning service, but spoiled the day for the dicky-laggers.

These pests seldom venture to any great distance from the town which they honour with their presence, but in the depth of the country there are the bird-nesting boys, who always choose Sunday mornings, knowing that those who are not at their place of wor-

ship are probably in bed, or otherwise enjoying themselves at home.

They know nothing about the Act, and if they did, would care nothing about it. They not only pry into every bush, tree, or hedge, but they sneak into private grounds, carefully setting spies to give notice in case of any one approaching the spot. They not only take the eggs, but they pull the nests to pieces and kill the young birds, seldom killing them outright, but slowly torturing them to death in ways which I decline to specify.

How to deal with these boys is a most difficult problem. Parents encourage them because bird-nesting "keeps them out of mischief." The Act as it at present stands is powerless. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty cannot have its agents everywhere; but that something must be done, and done as soon as possible, is a pressing necessity. As it is, complaints are already made from all parts of the country that birds are rapidly becoming scarce. In one place the dicky-laggers have so effectually swept the birds from the district that the voice of the nightingale is unknown, and chaffinches are "as scarce as eagles," to borrow the forcible language of an Essex correspondent.

When a new Act is made, as it must be made, three points must be essential.

1. All birds, without exception, should be entitled to the protection of the law.
2. The penalty for infraction of the law should be severe enough to be an effectual deterrent.
3. The enforcement of the law should be brought within the reach of all those who wish to protect the birds.

## POOR JONES.

By T. MARCHANT WILLIAMS, B.A.

I HAVE before me a barrister's brief from which I gather most of the earlier facts in the following narrative:—

On the afternoon of the 21st April, 1873, William Jones and a fellow-workman left their homes at Aberdare to enjoy a half-holiday, that had fallen to their lot, at the small outlying village of Hirwaen. Jones had only very recently returned to his native country from the United States, whither he had accompanied his parents a few years before, and whither it was again his intention to go in company with his wife and children. He carried with him, on the day I have above referred to, a loaded six-barrelled re-

volver, which he had bought of a friend in New York for ten dollars, but which he had not yet used. In fact, he was totally inexperienced in the handling of fire-arms, and had he not fully intended returning to the Western States of America after a short stay amid his native hills in Wales, he certainly would not have purchased this revolver. However, now that it was in his possession, he very naturally thought he might derive some enjoyment from testing its powers on the wide and somewhat desolate moor that separates Hirwaen from Aberdare; and it was with this purpose that he and his friend were actuated when they quitted their respec-

tive homes for the former place, to spend in its immediate neighbourhood their half-holiday.

It appears though that, owing to some circumstance or other, the two men whiled away their time, not on the moor testing the revolver, but in one of the village inns smoking clay pipes and drinking strong beer. Jones's companion left the inn in time to catch the last train for Aberdare, whereas he himself, seeing that if he went home by rail there would be a distance of a mile and a half to walk from the railway station to his own house, resolved to return as he had come, that is, on foot. His friend remonstrated with him, but to no purpose; he readily admitted that the road across the common or moor was notoriously dangerous, inasmuch as it was infested with beggars and tramps; but had he not a loaded revolver in his pocket, which was guaranteed to carry two hundred paces, and which therefore would enable him to defend himself against any villainous vagabond that might be tempted to molest him?

It was ten o'clock when he left the inn; the night was dark and dismal. As he approached the most lonesome part of his course, he thought he heard persons speaking a little in front. He stood still a moment, slightly alarmed, it would seem, though by this time he held his revolver in his trembling hand, and perhaps was endeavouring to persuade himself that he was ready for any emergency. A stone next came whizzing past his head, and almost at the same instant he heard somebody shout, "Strike him! strike him!" Thereupon Jones himself spoke with all the determination and defiance he could command, and declared he would blow out the brains of the first man that might dare to hurt or even to touch him. He could, by this time, distinguish faintly in the darkness the forms of three persons, who were advancing towards him, and who speedily surrounded him. One of them seized the revolver; which, however, Jones managed to fire twice into the air (as he thought); but the second shot, it appears, penetrated the fleshy part of his assailant's thumb. The three men now fell back, and Jones, literally trembling with fear, continued his course. After he had proceeded a few paces, with the view of warding off pursuit and imparting to himself a feeling of confidence, he fired two more shots, one into the ground and the other upwards into the air. The rest of his journey was performed without any further adventure.

The following morning he went to his work as usual, and with characteristic innocence, and wholly regardless of the sad consequences his adventure of the previous night was thereafter to lead to, he related it in all its details to his comrades, most of whom felt sorely disappointed he was not able to assure them that he had, to say the least, temporarily disabled all of his cowardly antagonists. At that time he was not aware that he had wounded even one of them.

The following Tuesday a neighbour informed him that one of the men had been slightly wounded by him. The news surprised him, but the only reply he could make to his informant was to the purport that the man had received what he well deserved, by a mere accident. On the 29th April, that is, eight days after the event, two police-officers called at Jones's house, when the following conversation, in the Welsh language, took place:—

"Is this William Jones's house?"

"Yes."

"Are you William Jones?"

"Yes."

"Were you returning from Hirwaen to Aberdare along the road across the common on the 21st inst.?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet anybody on your way?"

"Yes; I was attacked by three men."

"Did you know them?"

"No."

"Did they hurt you?"

"Not in the least."

"Did you hurt them?"

"I have been told that one of the shots I fired, in order to frighten them away, slightly wounded one of them."

"You carried a revolver with you then?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

Jones hereupon handed to the officer the revolver, two of whose chambers were still loaded. He was then bidden to accompany the officers to the police-station. He did so readily, but not exactly with a light heart, for it at once occurred to him that his detention even for a very brief period might grievously affect the health of his poor wife, who had never been very strong, and who was now weeping bitterly, and seemed altogether inconsolable. In wishing her good-bye he kissed her, and endeavoured to reassure her by predicting his speedy return. He little dreamt that he was bidding her a long, long farewell.

He was not readily identified by his prose-

cutor; in fact, the latter was, at first, by no means sure that Jones was the man that had wounded him, although he thought he could trace in Jones a strong resemblance to the man. But the whole mystery was solved by the free confession which the former made; he declared with simple candour that he *was* the man that was sought. Why should the prosecutor then hesitate to identify him?

The next morning he was brought before the magistrates at Aberdare, who referred the case to the stipendiary at Merthyr Tydvil, by whom he was committed for trial at the Cardiff summer assizes. He was now conveyed to the Swansea gaol, where he spent ten weeks picking oakum like the meanest felon.

On July 12th the case came on for hearing before Justice Grove at the Cardiff Assize Court. I have little doubt that the counsel for the prisoner performed his task to the best of his ability, such as it was; but I have every reason to believe that the case was, somehow or other (mainly, perhaps, owing to the prisoner's ignorance of English, and his lack of presence of mind), grossly mismanaged; and the reader will doubtless agree with me when I state that the punishment awarded to the prisoner seems to me to have been scandalously excessive. Why, the poor man was actually condemned to serve ten years in penal servitude! Unfortunately, he had no witnesses to prove that he acted simply in self-defence; nor was he able to prove to the satisfaction of the judge that the prosecutor was wounded by a mere accident. On the other hand, there were three men who swore he was the aggressor, one of whom averred that only two shots were fired, another that the number was three, whilst a third witness, a woman living not very far from the scene of the conflict, declared that she distinctly heard *four* shots. This latter statement, it will be perceived, coincides with Jones's version, who, as has been already stated, fired a third and a fourth shot for the purpose of warding off pursuit. The prosecutor's version was, that he was sitting down by the road-side awaiting his friends, when the prisoner came up to him, and after making use of some savage imprecations, fired at him and wounded him in the thumb. The judge, it would seem, held that this statement was not disproved; although I presume it did not escape him that it was highly improbable that one man should have ventured, in a bleak, solitary spot, and at dead of night, to attack, single-handed, three others (for the prosecutor's friends were admittedly at hand),

without the least provocation, but merely for the "love of the thing." Nay, further, even granting that there may occasionally be encountered a brute whose innate love of devilry and mischief would lead him to court rather than avoid a murderous scrimmage, surely any one possessing the slightest insight into character would instantly perceive that Jones would be the last man in the world that might be assumed to be of such a type, for a meeker, gentler, more inoffensive and simple-minded little man it would be difficult to find. And he was but slightly under the influence of drink on this memorable night, for it was clearly proved that he and his friend had consumed throughout the afternoon and evening they spent together at the inn but four pints of beer. I abstain from insinuating what might have been proved at the trial respecting the state of mind in which his antagonists were, and the degree of responsibility that ought to have been attached to their actions. It seems that the prisoner was perfectly dazed at the trial; he could hardly speak, had not the heart even to contradict the prosecutor and his friends when they were stating what was wholly inconsistent with what he himself held to be the truth. The long weary drudgery at Swansea, accompanied as it was by a feverish longing for home, had verily stupefied him. There he stood in the dock, apparently a wreck—poor, friendless, and utterly downcast, both in body and mind; and when the heavy, cruel sentence was pronounced, he practically lost all consciousness for a time. The judge observed that a severe punishment was necessary to serve as a warning to any other person that might thereafter be disposed to introduce into this country the dangerous customs of the Western States of North America. It was not only unnecessary, he added, for civilians to carry fire-arms in England for self-protection, but the practice was very reprehensible and was to be rigorously suppressed.

On August 5th, he was conveyed in the charge of two warders from Cardiff to Pentonville, where he arrived early in the afternoon of the same day. He was at once ordered to the bath, and subsequently was attired in the customary prison costume and shown into his cell, in which the only prominent articles of furniture were a low stool and a slanting board which was to serve as a bed.

His first night in this uninviting chamber was, one may well believe, entirely sleepless, as were also numberless other nights. The thought of his own cruel fate, of his poor struggling (perhaps, starving) wife and chil-

dren at home, and of his aged parents across the Atlantic, made him weep almost incessantly; and so completely uninged were his faculties, that for two years he was unable to recall the names of his little children. Throughout the period he spent at Pentonville he was so depressed and humiliated that he spoke not a word to any of his fellow-prisoners, although frequent opportunities for indulging in a short conversation with them presented themselves to him at chapel and elsewhere. He prayed, he told me, daily and many times a day, and his leisure time he devoted to the reading of the Bible, an English copy of which had been given him soon after his arrival. He entreated the prison authorities to give him also a Welsh Bible, but this they declined to do, save on the condition that he would surrender the English copy, which he did not feel prepared to do, inasmuch as then he would not be able to follow the lessons at chapel. Besides, he could not read English well, and he felt therefore that, if he parted with his English Bible, he would thereby be throwing away his only opportunity of perfecting his knowledge of the language. Eventually, however, the chaplain presented him with a Welsh version of the Scriptures, which he read, during his stay at Pentonville and Chatham, from the beginning to the end, five times; the English Bible he read three times. He was unable to commit to memory the simplest passages from either, for his retentive faculty seemed to have temporarily deserted him; and though he admits that he found few parts of the Scriptures which were not deeply interesting to him, still if he had a preference for any part of the Bible rather than another, it was for the Psalms and the Gospels; if he lingered longer and more fondly over any verses than others, those were, generally speaking, in the Psalms or were the words of our Saviour. His life in prison was spent with grief; his years with sighing; his drink was mingled with weeping; and yet, he frequently felt that the "helper of the fatherless" had heard the voice of his weeping; he trusted in Him and was helped.

The work at Pentonville was by no means very hard, most of his time being spent in coir-picking. He discovered, after some time, that owing to his ignorance of prison-life and habits he was working much harder than was necessary. This, however, he never ceased to do, for it served to keep his mind partially free from sad longings and gloomy thoughts. The diet there was better than at either Swansea or Cardiff. The morning meal con-

sisted of one pint of gruel and eight ounces of bread; for dinner on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, there were served four ounces of meat, three-quarters of a pound of potatoes, and four ounces of bread; cheese was substituted for the meat and potatoes on Sundays, a pint of stew on Tuesdays and Fridays, and one pound of suet pudding on Thursdays; the last meal in the day consisted of three-quarters of a pint of cocoa and eight ounces of bread.

Eventually he was removed from Pentonville to Chatham, where he was, for a brief period, engaged in filling trucks at the dock-yard. This he found a very laborious and trying task, and the diet being (in his opinion) insufficient both in quantity and quality, he soon became haggard and ill. The superintendent, Mr. M——, a very big, powerful man, was excessively stern and severe. He had charge of the new comers and the "incurrigibles." He treated Jones and the other well-behaved and tractable prisoners very kindly, but the insubordinate and impertinent men he handled roughly — would occasionally strike them with his fist. It was the London pickpockets that were most harshly treated; most of these were old offenders, knew the prison ways, and lost no opportunity of shirking their work and annoying their officers. Some would even go so far as to strike their officers, for which offence they would be deservedly flogged. They seemed to be the lowest type of men, indulged in the commonest and vilest expressions, and were ever on the alert for mischief. Jones was practically forced to converse with them at times, on Sundays especially, on parade. He could not enter into their feelings or ways of thinking, and, in fact, he held it to be his greatest punishment that he was driven into the continued company of such a pestiferous herd. The scheme for the classification of prisoners, which is described in the Report of the Commissioners of Prisons for the current year, and which is being adopted at the present moment in some localities, will not meet such a case as this I am now dealing with; and it is not a case of so exceptional a character, that it does not merit the special attention of the Commissioners. Their classification scheme is a good one, so far as it goes, and will, I feel convinced, effect good results; but one of the most serious blots on our prison system will not be removed until this scheme is supplemented with another, which will have for its chief aim the preclusion of free intercourse between prisoners of various types



or characters. It is really shocking to think that this simple-hearted, God-fearing man should have been forcibly made the constant associate of artful thieves and fierce cut-throats, whose whole delight was to shock his susceptibilities and endeavour to initiate him into the intricacies of their nefarious designs. Repeatedly did they try to teach him burglarious tricks and the art of pocket-picking; but he was an inapt and unwilling scholar; and, singularly enough, he has by this time quite forgotten nearly all the clever hints that were gratuitously given him. The following are some of the details relating to the exploits of a few of his prison mates he is able to recall:—

B— (A.), a short, dark man, about thirty-five years of age, was a Birmingham footpad. He tripped up a man with a wooden leg, dexterously robbed him of his gold watch, and by quickly diving into a crowd close by, contrived to elude his pursuers. He sold the watch for seven pounds. He was subsequently caught house-breaking, and his single letter A signifies not only the first conviction, but also that he arrived at Chatham in 1874. B would mean 1875; Z, 1873, &c.

W— G—, a tall man wearing two letters, was serving his time for burglary at Leeds or Sheffield. He was one of three who had planned to break into a suburban house; his companions were to watch outside, whilst he was engaged in entering the house and packing up the booty. By some mishap or other, just as he was leaving the premises, he was suddenly pounced upon by a policeman, whom it was impossible to resist successfully owing to the unexpectedness of the onslaught. His companions escaped. G— was a thief among thieves—would steal even from his mates anything that might come in his way.

There was another prisoner from Birmingham, a friend of B—. His name was J— J—, alias B— (V.D.). He had robbed a butcher in the market—had, in fact, deftly cut away his apron, in which he found a considerable sum of money. He was afterwards caught in his own house. In the prison he worked as a shoemaker.

This last man was not quite so communicative as were some of the men, but, in common with all the burglars and pick-pockets, he often pronounced it to be his intention to ply his old trade immediately he obtained his discharge. All of them likewise regarded as a great hero the old sailor who, not very long ago, worked his way through

the floor of his cell into a storeroom underneath; then broke through a cast-iron grating into the prison-yard; next flung his rope, which was made of strips of sheeting knotted together and having attached to it at one end an old gas-bracket bent into the shape of a hook, over the wall, ascended and descended by it; and, after breaking into the house of an official in close proximity to the walls and appropriating to himself a decent suit of clothes and about five pounds in money, made his escape and has never since been heard of.

Jones's uniformly good behaviour, and exceptionally quiet and respectful demeanour, endeared him to his superiors, and one of his earliest rewards was his transfer from the dockyard to the smithy, where he remained as a "striker" during the remainder of his term. The work in the smithy was less irksome than in the dockyard, and it was considered a great privilege and, virtually, a promotion to be permitted to undertake it; for the open air duties were not only heavier and more trying, but they had the additional disadvantage of having to be performed in rain as well as in sunshine, during the hot summer months as well as in the bleak winter, when the snow lay deep on the ground and biting winds swept through the place.

Further promotion fell to his lot in due course; from the third class he was advanced into the second, and had the distinction of a yellow band on his collar. At the end of the third year he was promoted into the first class, with the customary privilege of having blue braid on his dress. Also, he now enjoyed the luxury of having tea substituted for gruel, and roast meat for boiled; he had, too, a double allowance of bread, three walks on parade instead of one, and the favour of writing and receiving a letter once a quarter. When he was in the second class he could receive or write only three letters a year, and only two when in the third class.

From his wife he learnt that unsuccessful efforts had been made, several times, by his friends to induce the Home Secretary to commute his sentence. The present writer waited upon an ex-Home Secretary, laid the case fully before him, and entreated him to intercede with Mr. Cross in behalf of the prisoner. The reply I received was to the effect that it was absolutely useless at that "time of day" to appeal to Mr. Cross for a commutation of the sentence. Why was not an appeal made immediately after the trial? All I could say was that I presumed that the prisoner, being but a poor working man, had

no influential friends, and could not command the active sympathy of any others than those in his own station in life; and those, again, were not conversant with the ways in which protests are framed and petitions preferred. Nothing was done, seemingly, until the time for action, according to the ex-Home Secretary, had passed away.

It afforded the prisoner a measure of relief to learn that his friends and former neighbours at Aberdare never ceased to extend kindness and sympathy to his wife and children. She had her house rent free; and, further, her landlady, together with many others, frequently supplied her with articles of clothing and home-made delicacies. But in spite of the kindness shown her, and notwithstanding the considerate assistance she received, her trials were almost too many for her. Her health threatened to break down, for the struggle for existence was a very bitter one. It was her ambition to give her children the best education within her reach, to keep them clean, well-clad, and well-fed; to train them in habits of neatness and industry, and to set them an example of perfect uprightness in thought and action. She nobly succeeded. Her little children attended school regularly and punctually until within a few months of her husband's release, when her health became so feeble, that the eldest daughter was occasionally detained at home to attend to some of the household duties. The children were perfect pictures of health and happiness; and in respect of dress were a pattern of neatness and cleanliness. It is really marvellous that she was able to do so much with so little.

I am now entering upon a part of my narrative which wears the appearance of improbability. The subjoined facts may be safely relied upon. I leave the reader to judge whether the inference deduced from them be legitimate or not.

The result of the appeal to the ex-Home Secretary soon reached the ears of a neighbour of Mrs. Jones, who, being of an ardent and enterprising temperament, induced her son, a collier, by the way, to write a letter in behalf of the poor convict, there and then, direct to her Majesty the Queen! About a month or so subsequently to the date of this letter, Jones obtained his discharge, that is, one year and eleven months in advance of the time he was entitled to it according to the prison rules! Now, the inference generally drawn is, that the Queen with characteristic thoughtfulness promptly forwarded the missive to the Home Secretary, Mr. Cross,

who immediately put himself in communication with the governor of the Chatham establishment, and finding that Jones bore an excellent character there, and that therefore there were strong reasons for believing the unadorned statements of the illiterate collier to be well-founded, suggested that the unfortunate prisoner should be set free.

The news came upon Jones very unexpectedly. He was sent for by the clerk of the governor, by whom he was informed that the Home Secretary had been applied to in his behalf, who had ordered him to be set at liberty that very day. The clerk was good enough to add that not one in a thousand had given the prison authorities so little trouble as he had, and throughout the time he was at Chatham he had lost but *one* mark! The rules were read out to him, and the next day, after having been weighed, and when his marks had been duly counted, his likeness taken, and his prison dress changed for a less distinctive costume, he was permitted to step outside the prison walls and breathe the air of freedom once more. His railway-fare to Aberdare was paid for him, and a few shillings as pocket-money were given him. For a considerable time he hardly knew what to do: he felt as if he had been stunned by a heavy and sudden blow. His fellow-passengers exchanged greetings with him. Some of them questioned him narrowly, and were evidently amused when he confessed, with his usual candour and simplicity, that he was returning home from Chatham, where he had been residing for more than five years. After this admission they were considerate enough to abstain from pressing upon him any further questions.

His wife was not aware of what was in store for her. He had not had time to write and inform her or his friends that his freedom had been given him. It was about seven o'clock in the evening when his train arrived at Aberdare. He hurried out of the carriage, walked quickly through the crowd of people on the platform, not one of whom luckily recognised him; then along the principal street of the town, still unrecognised, with rapid step and throbbing heart. When he reached his house, he found the front door wide open; his wife and a neighbour were busying themselves at the tap, which, apparently, was out of repair. "Is this Jane Jones's house?" asked he, in a slightly faltering voice, for, as he was about to speak he had caught a glimpse of his wife's face, and had seen there the unmistakable traces of the

cares and sorrows of many years. She looked very pale, but spoke and moved about as briskly and cheerfully as in days of old. She did not recognise her husband's voice, and therefore replied coolly and pleasantly enough—

"Yes; step in, please, and take a seat. I shall be disengaged presently."

"Are you quite well?"

"Yes, thank you, quite well."

There was now a short interval of silence. Jones was sitting near the fire, gazing wistfully at his wife and with difficulty repressing his tears and checking his desire to reveal himself to her. What was to be done? He was hesitating to speak again lest he should

seriously frighten her; and yet, reasoned he, sooner or later he must make himself known to her. At last he ventured a third time to address her. "You are all *quite* well then?"

"What!" she exclaimed, quickly and eagerly looking at him, and evidently recalling the old familiar voice—

My narrative ends here. Jones has forgiven all his enemies, if he ever had any; and even his prosecutor he has long since pardoned. He now works as in days gone by in a coal-pit, and is greatly respected by both masters and men; and were it not that the state of his wife's health causes him at times a little uneasiness, a happier man than he it would be difficult to find.

## HEALTH AT HOME.

By B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

### PART V.

AT the close of my last paper I described the new mode of using permanganate as a deodorizing fluid. This leads me to explain another method of purification for the air of the closet, and, indeed, for that of any room which may require deodorization and purification.

#### PURIFICATION BY IODINE.

This plan is inexpensive and extremely simple. It consists in the application of iodine in the pure state, that is to say, the solid shining metalloid itself, not the tincture or spirituous solution of the element. For this employment of iodine first get a common chip ointment box, which can be bought of any chemist; a box of an inch and a half in diameter is sufficiently large. Take the lid off this box and remove the top from the lid so that the ring part of the lid alone remains; then into the body of the box put two drachms weight of the pure iodine, stretch a piece of muslin gauze over the top of the box, and over the muslin press down the ring of the lid so as to make the muslin taut over the top of the box. Lastly cut away the loose muslin around the ring, and complete, and ready for use, is an iodine deodorizing box which will last in action for six weeks or two months, even in hot weather. To bring this box into practical application it is merely necessary to place it in the closet on a shelf or on any resting-place. The iodine will volatilize slowly into the air through the muslin gauze, will diffuse through the air,

will deodorize, and after a time will communicate freely an odour like that of fresh sea air.

There is no means of deodorizing the air of the close closet equal to this. It is ready, permanent, and effective. In cases where an instant effect is required the iodine may be volatilized in a more rapid manner. A little iodine may be placed on a plate, and the plate may be held over a spirit lamp, within the closet, for a minute or two. The iodine diffused by the heat will pass off as a violet-coloured vapour, and as it passes through the air it will create a rapid purifying action. The iodine so diffused will condense, as it cools, on the walls, and there will maintain its effect of purification.

#### SPRAY PURIFICATION.

At the annual meeting of the British Medical Association in 1865, I introduced a method of purifying rooms by the process of diffusing deodorizing and disinfecting substances into the air in the form of fine spray. The fluid I used in this method was made by adding iodine to a solution of the peroxide of hydrogen of ten volumes strength. The water was also charged with two and a half per cent. of sea salt, and was set aside until it was saturated with the iodine. When the saturation was complete the fluid was filtered and was quite ready for use. The solution was placed in a steam or hand spray apparatus, and, when required, was diffused in the finest state of distribution at the rate of two fluid ounces in a quarter of an hour. In

an ordinary bed-room or sitting-room one ounce of the fluid was found sufficient to render the air active enough to discolour Moffat's ozone test papers to the highest degree of the scale, and that in the course of ten or twelve minutes.

The apparatus for this purpose was constructed for me by Messrs. Krohne & Sese-mann, of Duke Street, Manchester Square, and was so simple in action that any nurse could put it into action at once, and could deodorize a room hour by hour on the direction of the medical attendant. In fact, there was produced a sea atmosphere in the room.

*If sea water were brought in quantity to London it might, by a most simple method, be diffused at pleasure as fine spray in all houses and in close courts and alleys, so as to impart a cool sea air throughout the whole of the metropolis, an influence which would be as agreeable as it would be salubrious. I was ready to give evidence on this point before the Lords' Committee, which had to report on the introduction of sea water to London during the past session; and I do not think a more important factor in favour of such an introduction could well be advanced.*

While these different means of purifying the air are put forward as of immediate service, it should always be remembered that they are temporary measures, nothing more. I mean by this that they are not intended to take the place of thorough and efficient ventilation. In fact, in the presence of perfect ventilation of good natural air, they are not required at all; and when they are called for, the necessity of better ventilation as the permanent remedy is at once proclaimed.

#### THE CISTERN-CLOSET AND WATER-TANK.

In our modern houses, in towns where there is no constant water supply, where one supply of water in the course of the twenty-four hours is allowed, and where the water has to be stored in large cisterns, we find the landing-place of the house the common situation in which the closet for holding the water tank or cistern is placed. For the purposes of supply, mechanically, no position probably could be better, but unfortunately the little amount of room in the town house suggests the temptation to make the cistern-closet a dépôt for all sorts of improper commodities. On the top of the cistern is laid, frequently, various household implements for cleaning, and other articles which are stowed away to be out of sight and,

practically, out of mind. On one occasion I found, on making an inspection of a water-cistern in a large house, a bundle of long, thick bristles, evidently from a brush that was used for scrubbing, in the tank. On inquiry it actually turned out that they came from a round brush which was used for cleansing the adjoining water-closet. The brush, when it had served its purpose, was placed by the housemaid carefully away above the water cistern, and through a wide joint of the lid the broken bristles or rods of the brush fell through into the water below. This water, so seriously and thoughtlessly contaminated, supplied all the bedrooms with water, and also supplied part of the lower part of the house with drinking water. I name here one of the impurities that may steal into the water of the cistern, but this does not include all. Sometimes accidents happen in the cistern-closet which are unexpected, and which do not declare themselves until a fault is disclosed by the water after it is drawn from the tap. I recently had a proof of this in a curious way. Some water drawn from an upper cistern in a large house presented a muddy or filmy appearance, and soon afterwards gave a taste of lime. On inquiry it was discovered that a leakage in the roof of the house had caused water to run down the wall at the back of or over the cistern, and to carry into the cistern lime-wash from the wall, which, floating in part on the water, and adhering in part to the sides of the tank at the water-line, had become coated with fungus vegetation, so as to render the water not only disagreeable, but actually hurtful.

The cistern sometimes becomes a source of impurity from another cause, which is more offensive still. Into the cistern there is occasionally cast, either thoughtlessly or intentionally, dead matter, and so an abominable contamination is produced. A medical friend from a northern city, who was staying at one of our large hotels a few years ago, asked me to luncheon with him at the hotel; and knowing me to be a water-drinker, apologized for the water, which, said he, as he quaffed his glass of ale, "I wouldn't touch, but would rather be poisoned with beer in the long, than with water in the short run." The water truly was offensive, even to the sense of smell. Detecting this so distinctly, I sent for one in authority and explained that such water could only come from a cistern actually polluted with dead animal matter. The evidence was too certain to admit of dispute, and an inquiry was at once instituted. On opening the cistern the odour was poisonous,

and the cause for it, fully exposed, was found to be the remains of a dead cat, which lay decomposing at the bottom of the tank. The animal probably had fallen in, and, unable to regain a footing, the water being low, had got drowned, and remained unnoticed until the products of decomposition made known the circumstance.

The closet holding the cistern is usually supplied with a sink, down which the slops from the bedrooms are too commonly poured. The closet is dark, the sink is emptied of water slowly, the sink is kept clean with the utmost difficulty, and from it there arises, unless scrupulous cleanliness be insisted on and daily seen to, the most disagreeable odour. The closet is not ventilated, as a rule, and so soon as the door of it is closed securely the small space has its contained air quickly turned into foul air. That foul air easily diffuses through the open chinks into the cistern itself, and in this manner the water comes into contact with the gases of decomposition, by which another source of impurity is added. From the same emanations, again, the air in the rooms adjoining the cistern-closet is apt to become contaminated.

It will be seen, now, how necessary it is in every household to pay special attention to the closet that contains the water-tank. This closet, first of all, should never be allowed to contain any household implement, or vessel that is not perfectly clean. It should be so free that the lid of the cistern can be opened without a moment's hesitation. Its walls should be washed or distempered frequently. It should have a ventilating tube carried from its ceiling through the roof or into a chimney. It should, if possible, be lighted by a window, even if the window be into the staircase. The sink should have the freest opening for the flow of water that may escape from the tap, and the sink should never be used for the purpose of receiving the slops from the pails that are used in the bedrooms. Lastly, the sink should be specially cleansed, so that there is in it no accumulation of dust or dirt of any kind.

For the cistern, slate is, I think, the best material, after that galvanized iron, and next to that lead. The worst form of cistern is the wooden one lined with zinc. Every cistern should hold a carbon filter, which should often be changed, and the cistern should be frequently inspected to see that it is quite clean, and contains no deposit. It is excellent policy, once a week or so, to allow the cistern entirely to empty of water. I need hardly add that the slop pails should never

be allowed to remain in the cistern closet, but, as they are often left there, the advice is necessary.

The consideration of all these facts in relation to the storage of water in cisterns within private houses brings us to a decisive instruction;—to wit, that no effort should be left undone, in towns where these dangers exist, until they are removed by the stored water being replaced by a continuous supply of pure water from a common and pure source. The storage or tank system has been the cause of endless mischiefs in houses from mere overflow and injury done to walls and ceilings and furniture. But these, obvious and costly mischiefs as they are, are trifling when compared with the insidious dangers to health which the system engenders. Damp, dirt, and disease are the first fruits of the system; damage to property is but of secondary consideration, though by appealing to the pocket it often seems to be of first importance.

#### THE HOUSEMAID'S CLOSET.

The housemaid's closet, as it is usually called, is the third receptacle on the staircase-landing that requires particular attention. This closet is often the *omnium gatherum* of the upper part of the house. Here is likely to be found the bag or basket containing the unwashed linen; here are often brushes and dusters, and various other paraphernalia for the cleaning processes. It is not to be supposed that so important a place as the housemaid's cupboard can be dispensed with, but it should never be neglected or treated as an out-of-the-way nook into which anything may be thrust that has to be put out of sight, and which may or may not be cleaned and purified. Because it is the *depôt* of so many articles which are used for cleaning, or are waiting to be cleaned, it ought to be the more carefully protected against uncleanness. It should therefore always, when it is possible to have the light, be lighted by daylight; it should have ventilation of the best kind that is procurable; it should be repeatedly emptied of all its contents and thoroughly washed out; and its walls should be distempered twice a year, whether they seem to require the process or not. In a properly ordered house the housemaid's cupboard should be emptied of its contents once a week as a regular system, and all the things that are stowed away in it should have their proper place. If there be no open window into it from the staircase an opening ought

to be made into it above the door, and at the lower part of the door, for the free circulation of air.

#### THE DRESSING-ROOM AND BATH-ROOM.

The possession of a dressing-room and bath-room on the bedroom floor is rather more than a luxury, and if half the money that is frittered away on empty display in the drawing-room were spent on the bath arrangements, great benefit to health would often be the result to the whole of a family. I do not, however, for my part recommend any very elaborate system of baths for common use. Healthy daily ablution of the most perfect kind can be had at a very small cost, and at very small trouble. I hear it said constantly by people of moderate means that they would like to have a daily bath, and that they know how important it is to have one, but that they have not the convenience of a bath-room in their house, and are troubled because the cost of setting up a bath is so great. I hear rich men say that they have gone into large expenditure in the setting up of the appliances of the bath and bath-room. They have laid on hot and cold water; they have had a shower apparatus placed overhead; they have had the bath itself glazed or enamelled; and, in taking the bath, they have been immersed, douched, cold douched, shampooed, and dried. There can be little objection to all this parade; it is something to talk about or think about, if it be nothing better, and I believe I have known it to be a relief to the minds of some who have little or nothing with which to burden their minds. But after all the proceeding is very much like a search for a needle in a bundle of hay, and the needle may always be found without any such elaborate cost and trouble.

To wash the body from head to foot every day is the one thing needful in respect to ablution for the pure sake of health. To become so accustomed to this habit that the body feels uncomfortable if the process be not duly performed is the one habit of body, the one craving that is wanted, the one habit that needs to be duly acquired in the matter of body-cleansing. The process may be carried out as speedily as possible. Moreover, it may be carried out as cheaply as possible, and all the hygienic advantages may be the same as if great expense had been incurred. A formal bath is actually not necessary. A shallow tub, or shallow metal bath in which the bather can stand in front

of his wash-hand basin; a good large sponge, a piece of plain soap, a large soft Turkish towel, and two gallons of water are quite sufficient for all purposes of health. In the North of England there is often to be met with in the bedrooms of hotels, and sometimes in those of private houses, the most cheap and convenient of these small and useful baths. The centre or well of the bath is about twelve inches in diameter, and about nine inches deep. This centre is surrounded by a broad rim, a rim from eight to ten inches wide, which slopes towards the centre all round. In this bath the ablutionist can stand, and from as much water as would fill an ordinary ewer, he can wash himself from head to foot completely without wetting the floor, since the broad sloping margin of the bath catches the water. To stand in such a bath as this, and from the water of the wash-hand basin to sponge the body rapidly over, and afterwards to dry quickly and thoroughly, is everything that is wanted if the process be carried out daily; and this, after a little practice, may be so easily done, that it becomes no more trouble than the washing of the face, neck, and hands, which so many people are content to accept as a perfected daily ablution. In winter the water should be tepid, in summer cold; or what is a better rule still, the water should always be within a few degrees of the same temperature. If in the summer months the water be at 60° F.; in the spring and autumn at 65°; and in the winter at 70°, a very safe rule is being followed; nor is it at all difficult to learn to follow this rule from the readings, occasionally carried out, of a thermometer which in these days may be obtained for a few shillings, and which it is always convenient and useful to keep on the wall of the bed-room or dressing-room. Once a week it is a good practice to dissolve in the water used for ablution common washing soda, in the proportion of one quarter of a pound to two gallons of water. This alkaline soda frees the skin of acids, is an excellent cleanser of the body, and is specially serviceable to persons of a rheumatical tendency who are often troubled with free acid perspirations.

It is a question often asked in reference to the arrangements of the bath-room, whether the plan should be adopted of taking the bath at night, or in the morning, before going to bed or on rising from bed? The answer to this is simple enough when time is not an important object of those who make the inquiry. It is much better to make complete ablution of the body from head to foot both

on going to bed and on rising also, whenever that can be carried out; and indeed so rapid is the process when the habit of it is acquired, there are few persons who could not get into the habit of it as they do into the habit of taking meals at stated times. But if for any reason it be impossible to carry out complete ablution twice a day, then no doubt the general ablution is best just before going to bed. There is no practice more objectionable than to go to bed closely wrapped up in the dust and dirt that accumulate on the surface of the body during the day; nor is there anything I know so conducive to sound sleep as a tepid douche just before getting into bed. I have many times known bad sleepers become the best of sleepers from the adoption of this simple rule. If the body be well sponged over before going to bed, the morning ablution—though it is still better to carry it out—need not, of necessity, be so general. The face, neck, chest, arms, and hands may be merely well sponged and washed at the morning ablution.

I can do no harm, nor shall I uselessly take up space, if in this place I digress for a moment to enforce still more earnestly the importance of making this matter of cleansing the body a habit of life from the first of life. I would impress on mothers and fathers, and on all who have the command of youth, that this practice should not only be commenced at the earliest period, from the first infancy, but should be steadily maintained so that the subject of it shall attain the desire for it, and feel the necessity. I notice it to be a common plan for mothers of the best sort, who feel it almost a crime to omit washing a baby morning and evening, to begin to omit the same process so soon as the child learns to run about and to become to a certain degree self-dependent. It is no doubt an irksome daily task for the mother of a large family to see that every little boy and girl is washed from head to foot every morning and evening. Still the result is worth every penny of the labour. In the industrial schools at Annerley the waifs and strays of puerile society, the worst-born specimens in the matter of health, are so quickly brought in conditions of good health, that, as Dr. Alfred Carpenter once remarked to me when we stood in the midst of the children, "they seem to teach us that not even a generation of change is required to wipe out a generation of defects, when personal health is well looked after." There is all the richness of truth in this wise observation, and I am fully justified in saying that amongst the many

agencies by which the able managers of these industrial schools do so much for the health of the children, there is not one agency more telling than the persistent and regular, but at the same time, perfectly simple method of ablution which is practised in the establishment. Practically the system is that which I have described for the household. There are no cumbersome baths, but a series of taps at which the children can cleanse themselves from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet as quickly as they can wash their hands and faces in the lavatories of many other institutions in which children and youths are received. These children at Annerley grow up in the habit of ablution, and when they leave the school they are, by the habit, made fifty per cent. more cleanly than the majority of children who are brought up in better circumstances, or even in luxury.

While the easiest, readiest, and cheapest of baths have thus been carefully considered, in order that the pretence or excuse of difficulty in getting a bath may be removed, I have no intention of passing over in silence the bath-room of the comfortable house. Whoever can afford a bath-room should have one, and many a house which is richly and expensively endowed in other respects is deprived, unjustly for health's sake, of its bath-room. Let us therefore study the bath-room with a little care. The bath-room is best located on the third floor in four-storied houses, that is to say on a level with the chief bed-rooms and below the attics. A good bath-room ought to be ten feet wide, ten feet high, and twelve feet long. The floor should be of oak or pine-wood, smooth and well laid. No carpet is required for the floor, but one or two perforated india-rubber mats are of advantage; the walls of the bath-room should be painted in hard paint that can be washed and thoroughly dried, or it should be fitted with tile-work, which is at once clean and effective. The bath, which need not be large, should always be constructed of earthenware, and it should be quite flat at the bottom, so that it is easy to stand upright in it while taking a douche. The well-constructed bath is supplied with hot and cold water; the temperature of the water should be regulated by the rule already supplied, 60° F. in summer, 65° F. in spring and autumn, 70° F. in winter.

The bath-room should be thoroughly well-ventilated and warmed. I know nothing that answers better for warming it than the calorigen stove, of which a description has

been given in a previous paper on *Health at Home*. To those who wish for the further luxury of a hot-air or Roman bath in their houses, it is a comparatively easy matter to arrange the ordinary bath-room so as to make it, when required, a hot-air bath. This can be done in the simplest way by introducing into the room a stove heated with coal and constructed, in a large size, after the manner precisely of the calorigen. The air in this case is let into the room from the outside by a three-inch pipe, and is allowed to escape from the stove after it has been heated by a pipe of a similar diameter. With a good ordinary-sized fire in the closed grate of the stove, the air in the room may be brought up to the temperature of  $140^{\circ}$  Fahr. in a period of from twenty minutes to half an hour, provided that the space to be warmed does not exceed twelve hundred cubic feet, that the door be well closed, and that the escape for the heated air at the upper part of the room be so arranged that it can, at pleasure, be reduced until it is not above twice the size of the opening for the entrance of the air from the stove. For a sick person to whom I thought the use of a hot-air bath would be very useful, I once turned an ordinary bath-room into a hot-air bath in this way with great readiness, and with the best effect, and since the time when that was done I have repeated the same with results as satisfactory. It is true that the temperature is limited in range in this form of hot-air bath, but for most purposes it can be raised to a sufficient degree, and as the hot air can be shut off at once and the ventilator enlarged at pleasure, it is easy to cool the room rapidly down during the after process of the douche or the water-bath.

For those who have means and who are building a new house to be replete with all modern contrivances, the properly constructed Roman bath should be always introduced in connection with the ordinary bath-room. The Romans, who once inhabited these islands, set us a splendid example in this respect in their habitations. With them, the hot-air bath seems to have been as much of a household necessity as the kitchen; and it is right to admit that by this care they expressed practically a degree of sanitary knowledge which bears imitation to the present hour. In this cold, and damp, and variable climate, the Roman bath in the house is of more importance than it would be in warmer and more equable climes, for here it is less of a luxury and more of a necessity. If, in our heavily fogged London atmosphere, the tired Lon-

doner after a day of oppression could return home, and for an hour before dinner indulge in the light and genial and clarified air of a Roman bath, he would do more to relieve his congested and enfeebled internal organs than by any other process that is obtainable. As it is, he is led too often to seek a false and partial relief from his oppression by resorting to a stimulant drink, which first elates and then paralyzes and injures, or kills outright. In a word, he smothers his afflictions, while in the Roman bath he would disperse them. This is a correct and true definition.

In saying so much in favour of the Roman bath, I am, I know, offering some slight correction of what I spoke on the same subject twenty years ago, when the hot-air bath was being enthusiastically introduced into this country by some of its over-earnest advocates. To me it seemed at that time as if the advocates of the bath were claiming it as a panacea for all maladies, and were fain to declare that to its efficacy fresh air and bodily exercise might well be sacrificed, and a slothful luxury take the place of a hardy, healthful existence. It is but just to state that some of these advocates did go even to this length, and that I and others, thereupon, went perhaps too far the other way in our criticism of them, and so to some extent checked a useful measure while it was new, and before it had taken root. If I ever did wrong in that way I recall it now. Holding as firmly as ever the view that the hot-air bath should never take the place of healthy exercise of body nor of active out-door life in good and wholesome air, I am satisfied from a larger and longer experience that the Roman bath is an addition to the English house which should never be ignored when circumstances admit of its introduction. Last winter, in the treatment of a number of persons who were under my medical care, I would have given anything for the advantage of being able to remove them, under their own roofs, into a well-constructed hot-air bath.

From the multitude of the readers of these *Health at Home* papers in *GOOD WORDS*, I am naturally led to receive a considerable number of letters containing questions, suggestions, and information. To the majority of these letters it is utterly impossible to give a special acknowledgment, but as they come in I classify them under different heads, and I hope in a forthcoming number to make a general reply or comment on certain of the more important and practical.



## THE SOUL'S ORATORIO.

BY RICHARD SINCLAIR BROOKE, D.D.

PSALM ciii. 1.

"AND all that is within me"—greater far  
 Than what's outlying in the world within,  
 Where life and death still wage relentless war,  
 The strife of grace and sin ;  
 'Tis the unbounded kingdom of the soul—  
 Thoughts' trackless realm with plan and purpose rife,  
 And myriad memories, like waves, that roll  
 Up the grey strands of life ;  
 The far yet ever-present hills of hope,  
 Whence gush the streams exhaling as they run,  
 Green slopes where climbs the heart, and from the top  
 Just sees its sun go down ;  
 And far-down regions, where in lonely graves  
 Youth's dreams lie buried, once too fair—too brief—  
 What time the fond heart, dove-like, skimmed the waves,  
 And brought home—but a "leaf ;"  
 The workings of the heart which cannot die—  
 The outshoots of the brain—like lightning's glare  
 Some flash to earth, while others, streaming high,  
 Like north-lights shine in air.  
 O boundless clime ! shut up in straitest cell,  
 Concentred realm, so great, and yet so small,  
 Where time and thought, both infinite, do dwell,  
 And earth and heaven and all.  
 Descend, O God, to animate—inspire—  
 Warm with Thy breath of love this sentient frame,  
 Till "all that is within me," touched by fire,  
 Shall wake to praise Thy name.  
 Spirit, come down—as on a high-strung lyre,  
 Strike with Thy hand of power—breathe wide, abroad,  
 Till from the depths of life each trembling wire  
 Shall vibrate up to God.  
 Give *Grief* her mournful harp, that she may string  
 Its chords to sound her sense of errors past ;  
 Give *Joy* its clashing bells, and let them swing  
 Their sweetness on the blast.

Give *Faith* a lark-like song, still warbling higher,  
Up-soaring from her sod through fields of day ;  
And *Love*, a tenderer note, with strength to inspire  
Each struggler on his way.

Let *Memory's* flute, with its rich dying fall,  
Bring back angelic visits long gone by ;  
And give to *Hope* its thrilling bugle call,  
Up-echoing to the sky.

Let *Patience* have her lute, for wandering still  
In search of rest, with retrospective eye  
She loves to climb the steeps of Calvary's hill,  
And watch her Saviour die.

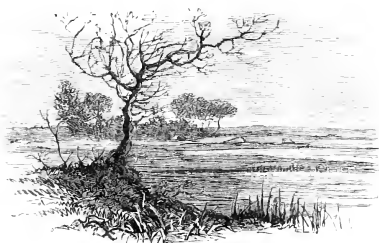
Seize on our *Fancy*, make it all Thine own,  
Till like some organ pealing high and wide,  
Each sounding stop, and swell, and dulcet tone,  
To Thee be sanctified.

On earth's dark suffering pour Thy healing balm,  
May the heart sing, albeit the flesh may groan,  
Taking the Master's Prayer for its sweet psalm—  
“Father, Thy will be done.”

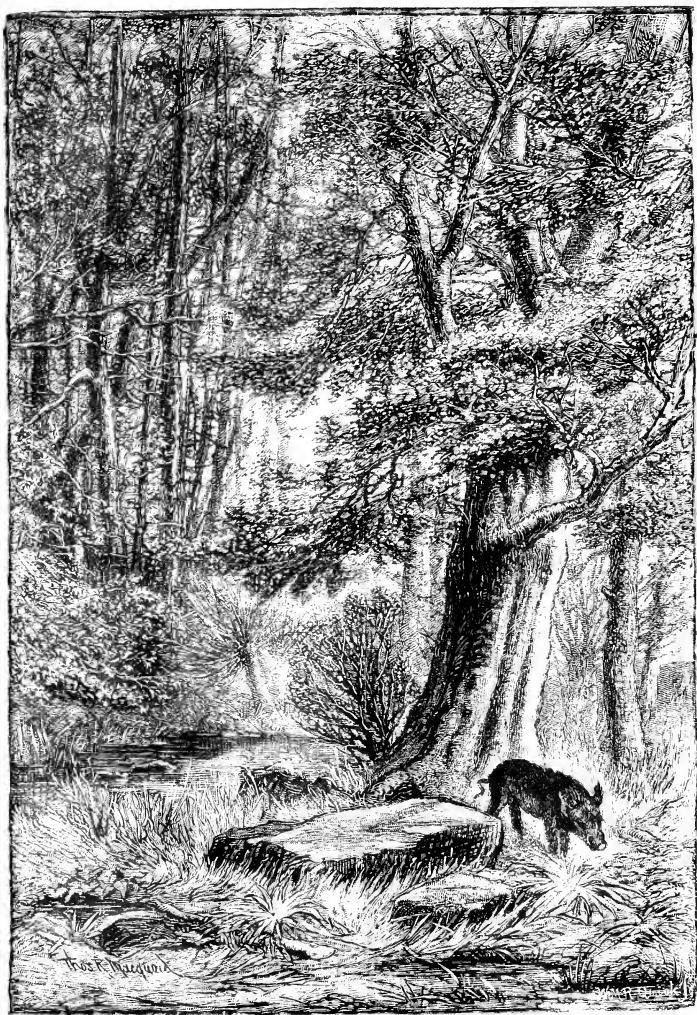
E'en as Thy saints of old, what time they lay  
In midnight dungeon, sang in spite of scorn,  
So may our souls behind these walls of clay  
Sing on through night till morn.

Till then this brain inspire, this breast inflame,  
Touch these cold lips with Thine own altar coal—  
Now “all that is within me” bless Thy name—  
Bless, “bless the Lord, my soul.”

*Dublin.*







"IN ARDEN."

See page 592.

## THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—ANNE JOINS THE YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

ANNE fearfully surveyed her position. The upper windows of the cottage were of flimsiest lead-work, and to keep him out would be hopeless. She felt that not a moment was to be lost in getting away. Running down-stairs she opened the door, and then it occurred to her terrified understanding that there would be no chance of escaping him by flight afoot across such an extensive down, since he might mount his horse and easily ride after her. The animal still remained tethered at the corner of the garden; if she could release him and frighten him away before Festus returned, there would not be quite such odds against her. She accordingly unhooked the horse by reaching over the bank, and then, pulling off her muslin neckerchief, flapped it in his eyes to startle him. But the gallant steed did not move or flinch; she tried again, and he seemed rather pleased than otherwise. At this moment she heard a cry from the cottage, and, turning, beheld her adversary approaching round the corner of the building.

"I thought I should tole out the mouse by that trick!" cried Festus exultingly. Instead of going for a ladder he had simply hid himself at the back to tempt her down.

Poor Anne was now desperate. The bank on which she stood was level with the horse's back, and the creature seemed quiet as a lamb. With a determination of which she was capable in emergencies, she seized the rein, flung herself upon the sheepskin, and held on by the mane. The amazed charger lifted his head, sniffed, wrenched his ears hither and thither, and started off at a frightful speed across the down.

"Oh, my heart and limbs!" said Festus under his breath, as, thoroughly alarmed, he gazed after her. "She on Champion! She'll break her neck, and I shall be tried for manslaughter, and disgrace will be brought upon the name of Derriman!"

Champion continued to go at a stretch-gallop, but he did nothing more. Had he plunged or reared, Derriman's fears might have been verified, and Anne have come with deadly force to the ground. But the course was good, and in the horse's speed lay a comparative security. She was scarcely shaken in her precarious half-horizontal posi-

tion, though she was awed to see the grass, loose stones, and other objects pass her eyes like strokes whenever she opened them, which was only just for a second at intervals of half a minute; and how wildly the stirrups swung! and that which struck her knee was the bucket of the carbine, and that was a pistol-holster which hurt her arm.

They quickly cleared the down, and Anne became conscious that the course of the horse was homeward. As soon as the ground began to rise towards the outer belt of upland which lay between her and the coast, Champion, now panting and reeking with moisture, lessened his speed in sheer weariness, and proceeded at a rapid jolting trot. Anne felt that she could not hold on half so well; the gallop had been child's play compared with this. They were in a lane, ascending to a ridge, and she made up her mind for a fall. Over the ridge rose an animated spot, higher and higher; it turned out to be the upper part of a man, and the man to be a soldier. Such was Anne's attitude that she only got an occasional glimpse of him; and, though she feared that he might be a Frenchman, she feared the horse more than the enemy, as she had feared Festus more than the horse. Anne had energy enough left to cry "Stop him! stop him!" as the soldier drew near.

He, astonished at the sight of a military horse with a bundle of drapery thrown across his back, had already placed himself in the middle of the lane, and he now held out his arms till his figure assumed the form of a Latin cross planted in the roadway. Champion drew near, swerved, and stood still almost suddenly, a check sufficient to send Anne slipping down his flank to the ground. The timely friend stepped forward and helped her to her feet, when she saw that he was John Loveday.

"Are you hurt?" he said hastily, having turned quite pale at seeing her fall.

"Oh no, not a bit," said Anne, gathering herself up with forced briskness, to make light of the misadventure.

"But how did you get in such a place?"

"There, he's gone!" she exclaimed, instead of replying, as Champion swept round John Loveday and cantered off triumphantly in the direction of Overcombe, a performance which she followed with her eyes.

"But how did you come upon his back, and whose horse is it?"

"I will tell you."

"Well?"

"I—cannot tell you."

John looked steadily at her, saying nothing.

"How did you come here?" she asked. "Is it true that the French have not landed at all?"

"Quite true; the alarm was groundless. I'll tell you all about it. You look very tired; you had better sit down a few minutes. Let us sit on this bank."

He helped her to the slope indicated, and continued, still as if his thoughts were more occupied with the mystery of her recent situation than with what he was saying: "We arrived at Radipole Barracks this morning, and are to lie there all the summer. I could not write to tell father we were coming. It was not because of any rumour of the French, for we knew nothing of that till we met the people on the road, and the colonel said in a moment the news was false. Buonaparte is not even at Boulogne just now. I was anxious to know how you had borne the fright, so I hastened to Overcombe at once, as soon as I could get out of barracks."

Anne, who had not been at all responsive to his discourse, now swayed heavily against him, and looking quickly down he found that she had silently fainted. To support her in his arms was of course the impulse of a moment. There was no water to be had, and he could think of nothing else but to hold her tenderly till she came round again. Certainly he desired nothing more.

Again he asked himself, what did it all mean?

He waited, looking down upon her tired eyelids, and at the row of lashes lying upon each cheek, whose natural roundness showed itself in singular perfection now that the customary pink had given place to a pale luminousness caught from the surrounding atmosphere. The dumpy ringlets about her forehead and behind her poll, which were usually as tight as springs, had been partially uncoiled by the wildness of her ride, and hung in split locks over her forehead and neck. John, who, during the long months of his absence, had lived only to meet her again, was in a state of ecstatic reverence, and bending down he gently kissed her.

Anne was just becoming conscious.

"Oh, Mr. Derriman, never, never!" she murmured, sweeping her face with her hand.

"I thought he was at the bottom of it," said John.

Anne opened her eyes and started back from him. "What is it?" she said wildly.

"You are ill, my dear Miss Garland," replied John in trembling anxiety, and taking her hand.

"I am not ill, I am wearied out," she said. "Can't we walk on? How far are we from Overcombe?"

"About a mile. But tell me: somebody has been hurting you—frightening you. I know who it was; it was Derriman, and that was his horse. Now do you tell me all."

Anne reflected. "Then if I tell you," she said, "will you discuss with me what I had better do, and not for the present let my mother and your father know? I don't want to alarm them, and I must not let my affairs interrupt the business connection between the mill and the Hall that has gone on for so many years."

The trumpet-major promised, and Anne told the adventure. His brow reddened as she went on, and when she had done she said, "Now you are angry. Don't do anything dreadful, will you? Remember that this Festus will most likely succeed his uncle at Overcombe, in spite of present appearances, and if Bob succeeds at the mill there should be no enmity between them."

"That's true. I won't tell Bob. Leave him to me. Where is Derriman now? On his way home, I suppose. When I have seen you into the house I will deal with him—quite quietly, so that he shall say nothing about it."

"Yes, appeal to him—do! Perhaps he will be better then."

They walked on together, Loveday seeming to experience much quiet bliss.

"I came to look for you," he said, "because of that dear, sweet letter you wrote."

"Yes, I did write you a letter," she admitted, with misgiving, now beginning to see his mistake. "It was because I was sorry I had blamed you."

"I am almost glad you did blame me," said John cheerfully, "since, if you had not, the letter would not have come. I have read it fifty times a day."

This put Anne into an unhappy mood, and they proceeded without much further talk till the mill chimneys were visible below them. John then said that he would leave her to go in by herself.

"Ah, you are going back to get into some danger on my account."

"I can't get into much danger with such a fellow as he, can I?" said John, smiling.

"Well, no," she answered, with a sudden

carelessness of tone. It was indispensable that he should be undeceived, and to begin the process by taking an affectedly light view of his personal risks was perhaps as good a way to do it as any. Where friendliness was translated as love, an assumed indifference was the necessary expression for friendliness.

So she let him go; and, bidding him hasten back as soon as he could, went down the hill, while John's feet retraced the upland.

The trumpet-major spent the whole afternoon and evening in that long and difficult search for Festus Derriman. Crossing the down at the end of the second hour he met Molly and Mrs. Loveday. The gig had been repaired, they had learnt the groundlessness of the alarm, and they would have been proceeding happily enough but for their anxiety about Anne. John told them shortly that she had got a lift home, and proceeded on his way.

The worthy object of his search had in the meantime been plodding homeward on foot, sulky at the loss of his charger, encumbered with his sword, belts, high boots, and uniform, and in his own discomfiture careless whether Anne Garland's life had been endangered or not.

At length Derriman reached a place where the road ran between high banks, one of which he mounted and paced along as a change from the hard trackway. Ahead of him he saw an old man sitting down, with eyes fixed on the dust of the road, as if resting and meditating at one and the same time. Being pretty sure that he recognised his uncle in that venerable figure, Festus came forward stealthily, till he was immediately above the old man's back. The latter was clothed in faded nankeen breeches, speckled stockings, a drab hat, and a coat which had once been light blue, but from exposure as a scarecrow had assumed the complexion and fibre of a dried pudding-cloth. The farmer was, in fact, returning to the Hall, which he had left in the morning some time later than his nephew, to seek an asylum in a hollow tree about two miles off. The tree was so situated as to command a view of the building, and Uncle Benjy had managed to clamber up inside this natural fortification high enough to watch his residence through a hole in the bark, till, gathering from the words of occasional passers-by that the alarm was at least premature, he had ventured into daylight again.

He was now engaged in abstractedly tracing a diagram in the dust with his walking-stick, and muttered words to himself aloud. Pre-

sently he arose and went on his way without turning round. Festus was curious enough to descend and look at the marks. They represented an oblong, with two semi-diagonals, and a little square in the middle. Upon the diagonals were the figures 20 and 17, and on each side of the parallelogram stood a letter signifying the point of the compass.

"What crazy thing is running in his head now?" said Festus to himself with supercilious pity, recollecting that the farmer had been singing those very numbers earlier in the morning. Being able to make nothing of it, he lengthened his strides, and treading on tiptoe overtook his relative, saluting him by scratching his back like a hen. The startled old farmer danced round like a top, and gasping, said, as he perceived his nephew, "What, Festy! not thrown from your horse and killed, then, after all!"

"No, nunc. What made ye think that?"

"Champion passed me about an hour ago, when I was in hiding—poor timid soul of me, for I had nothing to lose by the French coming—and he looked awful with the stirrups dangling and the saddle empty. 'Tis a gloomy sight, Festy, to see a horse cantering without a rider, and I thought you had been—feared you had been thrown off and killed as dead as a nit."

"Bless your dear old heart for being so anxious! And what pretty picture were you drawing just now with your walking-stick?"

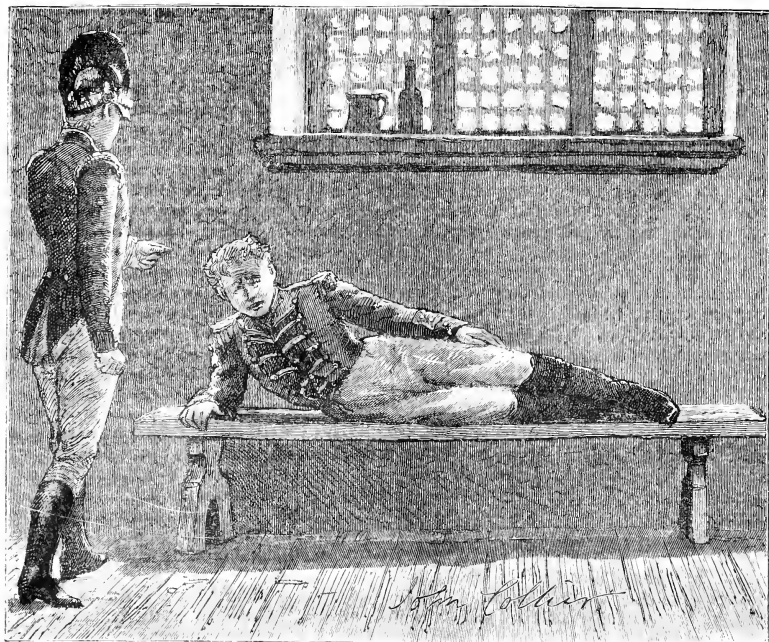
"Oh, that! That is only a way I have of amusing myself. It showed how the French might have advanced to the attack, you know. Such trifles fill the head of a weak old man like me."

"Or the place where something is hid away—money, for instance?"

"Festy," said the farmer reproachfully, "you always know I use the old glove in the bedroom cupboard for any guinea or two I possess."

"Of course I do," said Festus ironically.

They had now reached a lonely inn about a mile and a half from the Hall, and, the farmer not responding to his nephew's kind invitation to come in and treat him, Festus entered alone. He was dusty, draggled, and weary, and he remained at the tavern long. The trumpet-major, in the meantime, having searched the roads in vain, heard in the course of the evening of the yeoman's arrival at this place, and that he would probably be found there still. He accordingly approached the door, reaching it just as the dusk of evening changed to darkness.



There was no light in the passage, but John pushed on at hazard, inquired for Derriman, and was told that he would be found in the back parlour alone. When Loveday first entered the apartment he was unable to see anything, but following the guidance of a vigorous snoring, he came to the settle upon which Festus lay asleep, his position being faintly signified by the shine of his buttons and other parts of his uniform. John laid his hand upon the reclining figure and shook him, and by degrees Derriman stopped his snore and sat up.

"Who are you?" he said, in the accents of a man who has been drinking hard. "Is it you, dear Anne? Let me kiss you; yes, I will."

"Shut your mouth, you pitiful blockhead; I'll teach you genteeler manners than to persecute a young woman in that way!" and taking Festus by the ear, he gave it a good pull. Festus broke out with an oath, and struck a vague blow in the air with his fist;

whereupon the trumpet-major dealt him a box on the right ear, and a similar one on the left, to artistically balance the first. Festus jumped up and used his fists wildly, but without any definite result.

"Want to fight, do ye, eh?" said John. "Nonsense! you can't fight, you great baby, and never could. You are only fit to be smacked!" and he dealt Festus a specimen of the same on the cheek with the palm of his hand.

"No, sir, no! Oh, you are Loveday, the young man she's going to be married to, I suppose? Dash me, I didn't want to hurt her, sir."

"Yes, my name is Loveday; and you'll know where to find me, since we can't finish this to-night. Pistols or swords, whichever you like, my boy. Take that, and that, so that you may not forget to call upon me!" and again he smacked the yeoman's ears and cheeks. "Do you know what it is for, eh?"



"No, Mr. Loveday, sir—yes, I mean, I do."

"What is it for, then? I shall keep smacking until you tell me. Gad! if you weren't drunk, I'd half kill you here to-night."

"It is because I served her badly. Blowed if I care! I'll do it again, and be hanged to ye. Where's my horse Champion? tell me that," and he hit at the trumpet-major.

John parried this attack, and, taking him firmly by the collar, pushed him down into the seat, saying, "Here I hold ye till you beg pardon for your doings to-day. Do you want any more of it, do you?" And he shook the yeoman to a sort of jolly.

"I do beg pardon—no, I don't. I say this, that you shall not take such liberties with old Squire Derriman's nephew, you dirty miller's son, you flour-worm, you smut in the corn! I'll call you out to-morrow morning, and have my revenge."

"Of course you will; that's what I came for;" and, pushing him back into the corner of the settle, Loveday went out of the house, feeling considerable satisfaction at having got himself into the beginning of as nice a quarrel about Anne Garland as the most jealous lover could desire.

But of one feature in this curious adventure he had not the least notion—that Festus Derriman, misled by the darkness, the fumes of his potations, and the constant sight of Anne and Bob together, never once supposed his assailant to be any other man than Bob, believing the trumpet-major miles away.

There was a moon during the early part of John's walk home, but when he had arrived within a mile of Overcombe the sky clouded over, and rain suddenly began to fall with some violence. Near him was a wooden granary on tall stone staddles, and, perceiving that the rain was only a thunderstorm which would soon pass away, he ascended the steps and entered the doorway, where he stood watching the half-observed moon through the streaming rain. Presently, to his surprise, he beheld a female figure running forward with great rapidity, not towards the granary for shelter, but towards open ground. What could she be running for in that direction? The answer came in the appearance of his brother Bob from that quarter, seated on the back of his father's heavy horse. As soon as the woman met him, Bob dismounted and caught her in his arms.

The trumpet-major fell back inside the granary, and threw himself on a heap of empty sacks which lay in the corner: he had recognised the woman to be Anne. Here

he reclined in a stupor till he was aroused by the sound of voices under him, the voices of Anne and his brother, who, having at last discovered that they were getting wet, had taken shelter under the granary floor.

"I have been home," said she. "Mother and Molly have both got back long ago. We were all anxious about you, and I came out to look for you. Oh, Bob, I am so glad to see you again!"

John might have heard every word of the conversation, which was continued in the same strain for a long time, but he stopped his ears and would not. Still they remained, and still was he determined that they should not see him. With the conserved hope of more than half a year dashed away in a moment, he could yet feel that the cruelty of a protest would be even greater than its inutility. It was absolutely by his own contrivance that the situation had been shaped. Bob, left to himself, would long ere this have been the husband of another woman.

The rain decreased and the lovers went on. John looked after them as they strolled, aqua-tinted by the weak moon and mist. Bob had thrust one of his arms through the rein of the horse, and the other was round Anne's waist. When they were lost behind the delicivly the trumpet-major came out and walked homeward even more slowly than they. As he went on, his face put off its complexion of despair for one of serene resolve. For the first time in his dealings with friends he entered upon a course of counterfeiting, set his features to conceal his thought, and instructed his tongue to do likewise. He threw fictitiousness into his very gait even now, when there was nobody to see him, and struck at stems of wild parsley with his regimental switch, as he had used to do when soldiering was new to him and life in general a charming experience.

Thus cloaking his sickly thought, he descended to the mill as the others had done before him, occasionally looking down upon the wet road to notice how close Anne's little tracks were to Bob's all the way along, and how precisely a curve in his course was followed by a curve in hers. But after this he erected his head and walked so smartly up to the front door that his spurs rang through the court.

They had all reached home, but before any of them could speak he cried gaily, "Ah, Bob, I have been thinking of you! How are you, my boy? No French cut-throats after all, you see. Here we are, well and happy together again."

"A good Providence has watched over us," said Mrs. Loveday cheerfully. "Yes, in all times and places we are in God's hand."

"So we be, so we be!" said the miller, who still shone in all the fierceness of uniform.

"Well, now we'll ha'e a drop o' drink."

"There's none," said David, coming forward with a drawn face.

"What!" said the miller.

"Afore I went to church for a pike to defend my country from Boney, I pulled out the spigots of all the barrels, maister; for, thinks I—hang him!—since we can't drink it ourselves, he shan't have it, nor none of his men."

"But you shouldn't have done it till you was sure he'd come," said the miller aghast.

"Chok' it all, I was sure!" said David.

"I'd sooner see churches fall than good drink wasted; but how was I to know better?"

"Well, well; what with one thing and another this day will cost me a pretty penny," said Loveday, bustling off to the cellar, which he found to be several inches deep in stagnant liquor. "John, how can I welcome ye?" he continued, hopelessly, on his return to the room. "Only go and see what he's done!"

"I've laded up a drap wi'a spoon, trumpet-major," said David. "'Tisn't bad drinking, though it do taste a little of the floor, that's true."

John said that he did not require anything at all; and then they all sat down to supper, and were very temperately gay with a drop of mild elder-wine which Mrs. Loveday found in a bottle. The trumpet-major, adhering to the part he meant to play, gave humorous accounts of his adventures since he had last sat there. He told them that the season was to be a very lively one—that the royal family was coming, as usual, and many other interesting things; so that when he left them to return to Radipole few would have supposed the British army to contain a lighter-hearted man.

Anne was the only one who doubted the reality of this behaviour. When she had gone up to her bedroom she stood for some time looking at the wick of the candle as if it were a painful object, the expression of her face being shaped by the conviction that John's afternoon words when he helped her out of the way of Champion were not in accordance with his words to-night, and that the dimly-realised kiss during her faintness was no imaginary one. But in the blissful circumstances of having Bob at hand again she took optimist views, and persuaded herself that John would soon begin to see her in the light of a sister.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—A DISSEMBLER.

To cursory view, John Loveday seemed to accomplish this with amazing ease. Whenever he came from barracks to Overcombe, which was once or twice a week, he related news of all sorts to her and Bob with infinite zest, and made the time as happy a one as had ever been known at the mill, save for himself alone. He said nothing of Festus, except so far as to inform Anne that he had expected to see him and been disappointed. On the evening after the King's arrival at Weymouth John appeared again, staying to supper and describing the royal entry, the many tasteful illuminations and transparencies which had been exhibited, the quantities of tallow candles burnt for that purpose, and the swarms of aristocracy who had followed the King thither.

When supper was over Bob went outside the house to shut the shutters, which had, as was often the case, been left open some time after lights were kindled within. John still sat at the table when his brother approached the window, though the others had risen and retired, and Bob was at once struck by seeing how his face had changed. Throughout the supper-time he had been talking to Anne in the gay tone habitual with him now, which gave greater strangeness to the gloom of his present appearance. He remained in thought for a moment, took a letter from his breast-pocket, opened it, and, with a tender smile at his weakness, kissed the writing before restoring it to its place. The letter was one that Anne had written to him at Exeter.

Bob stood perplexed; and then a suspicion crossed his mind that John, from brotherly goodness, might be feigning a satisfaction with recent events which he did not feel. Bob now made a noise with the shutters, at which the trumpet-major rose and went out, Bob at once following him.

"Jack," said the sailor ingenuously, "I'm terribly sorry that I've done wrong."

"How?" asked his brother.

"In courting our little Anne. Well, you see, John, she was in the same house with me, and somehow or other I made myself her beau. But I have been thinking that perhaps you had the first claim on her, and if so, Jack, I'll make way for ye. I—I don't care for her much, you know—not so very much, and can give her up very well. It is nothing serious between us at all. Yes, John, you try to get her; I can look elsewhere." Bob never knew how much he loved Anne till he found himself making this speech of renunciation.

"Oh, Bob, you are mistaken!" said the trumpet-major, who was not deceived. "When I first saw her I admired her, and I admire her now, and like her. I like her so well that I shall be glad to see you marry her."

"But," replied Bob with hesitation, "I thought I saw you looking very sad, as if you were in love; I saw you take out a letter, in short. That's what it was disturbed me and made me come to you."

"Oh, I see your mistake!" said John, laughing forcedly.

At this minute Mrs. Loveday and the miller, who were taking a twilight walk in the garden, strolled round near to where the brothers stood. She talked volubly on events in Weymouth, as most people did at this time. "And they tell me that the theatre has been painted up afresh," she was saying, "and that the actors have come for the season, with the most lovely actresses that ever were seen."

When they had passed by John continued, "I *am* in love, Bob; but — not with Anne."

"Ah! who is it then?" said the mate hopelessly.

"One of the actresses at the theatre," John replied with a concoctive look at the vanishing forms of Mr. and Mrs. Loveday. "She is a very lovely woman, you know. But we won't say anything more about it—it dashes a man so."

"Oh, one of the actresses!" said Bob, with open mouth.

"But don't you say anything about it," continued the trumpet-major heartily. "I don't want it known."

"No, no—I won't, of course. May I not know her name?"

"No, not now, Bob. I cannot tell ye," John answered; and with truth, for Loveday did not know the name of any one actress in the world.

When his brother had gone Captain Bob hastened off in a state of great animation to Anne, whom he found on the top of a neighbouring hillock which the daylight had scarcely as yet deserted.

"You have been a long time coming, sir," said she in sprightly tones of reproach.

"Yes, dearest; and you'll be glad to hear why. I've found out the whole mystery—yes—why he's queer, and everything."

Anne looked startled.

"He's up to the gunnel in love! We must try to help him on in it, or I fear he'll go melancholy-mad like."

"We help him?" she asked faintly.

"He's lost his heart to one of the play-

actresses at Weymouth, and I think she slights him."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed.

"Glad that his venture don't prosper?"

"Oh, no; glad he's so sensible. How long is it since that alarm of the French?"

"Six weeks, honey. Why do you ask?"

"Men can forget in six weeks, can't they, Bob?"

The impression that John had really kissed her still remained.

"Well, some men might," observed Bob judiciously. "I couldn't. Perhaps John might. I couldn't forget *you* in twenty times as long. Do you know, Anne, I half thought it was you John cared about; and it was a weight off my heart when he said he didn't."

"Did he say he didn't?"

"Yes. He assured me himself that the only person in the hold of his heart was this lovely play-actress, and nobody else."

"How I should like to see her!"

"Yes. So should I."

"I would rather it had been one of our own neighbours' girls, whose birth and breeding we know of; but still, if that is his taste, I hope it will end well for him. How very quick he has been! I certainly wish we could see her."

"I don't know so much as her name. He is very close, and wouldn't tell a thing about her."

"Couldn't we get him to go to the theatre with us? and then we could watch him, and easily find out the right one. Then we would learn if she is a good young woman; and if she is, could we not ask her here, and so make it smoother for him? He has been very gay lately—that means budding love; and sometimes between his gaieties he has had melancholy moments—that means there's difficulty."

Bob thought her plan a good one, and resolved to put it in practice on the first available evening. Anne was very curious as to whether John did really cherish a new passion, the story having quite surprised her. Possibly it was true; six weeks had passed since John had shown a single symptom of the old attachment, and what could not that space of time effect in the heart of a soldier whose very profession it was to leave girls behind him?

After this John Loveday did not come to see them for nearly a month, a neglect which was set down by Bob as an additional proof that his brother's affections were no longer exclusively centered in his old home. When at last he did arrive, and the theatre-going

was mentioned to him, the flush of consciousness which Anne expected to see upon his face was unaccountably absent.

"Yes, Bob; I should very well like to go to the theatre," he replied heartily. "Who is going besides?"

"Only Anne," Bob told him, and then it seemed to occur to the trumpet-major that something had been expected of him. He rose and said privately to Bob with some confusion, "Oh yes, of course we'll go. As I am connected with one of the—in short, I can get you in for nothing, you know. At least let me manage everything."

"Yes, yes. I wonder you didn't propose to take us before, Jack, and let us have a good look at her."

"I ought to have. You shall go on a King's night. You won't want me to point her out, Bob; I have my reasons at present for asking it."

"We'll be content with guessing," said his brother.

When the gallant John was gone Anne observed, "Bob, how he is changed! I watched him. He showed no feeling, even when you burst upon him suddenly with the subject nearest his heart."

"It must be because his suit don't fay," said Captain Bob.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

IN two or three days a message arrived asking them to attend at the theatre on the coming evening, with the added request that they would dress in their gayest clothes, to do justice to the places taken. Accordingly, in the course of the afternoon they drove off, Bob having clothed himself in a splendid suit, recently purchased as an attempt to bring himself nearer to Anne's style when they appeared in public together. As finished off by this dashing and really fashionable attire, he was the perfection of a beau in the dog-days: pantaloons and boots of the newest make; yards and yards of muslin wound round his neck, forming a sort of asylum for the lower part of his face; two fancy waistcoats, and coat-buttons like circular shaving-glasses. The absurd extreme of female fashion, which was to wear muslin dresses in January, was at this time equalled by that of the men, who wore clothes enough in August to melt them. Nobody would have guessed from Bob's presentation now that he had ever been aloft on a dark night in the Atlantic, or knew the hundred ingenuities that could be performed with a rope's end and a marling-spike as well as his mother tongue.

It was a day of days. Anne wore her celebrated celestial blue pelisse, her Leghorn hat, and her muslin dress with the waist under the arms; the latter being decorated with excellent Honiton lace bought of the woman who travelled from that place to Overcombe and its neighbourhood with a basketful of her own manufacture, and a cushion on which she worked by the wayside. John met them at the Radipole Inn, and after stabling the horse they entered the town together, the trumpet-major informing them that Weymouth had never been so full before, that the Court, the Prince of Wales, and everybody of consequence was there, and that an attic could scarcely be got for money. The King had gone for a cruise in his yacht, and they would be in time to see him land.

Then drums and fifes were heard, and in a minute or two they saw Sergeant Stanner advancing along the street with a firm countenance, fiery poll, and rigid staring eyes, in front of his recruiting-party. The sergeant's sword was drawn, and at intervals of two or three inches along its shining blade were impaled fluttering one-pound notes, to express the lavish bounty that was offered. He gave a stern, suppressed nod of friendship to our people, and passed by. Next they came up to a waggon bowered over with leaves and flowers, so that the men inside could hardly be seen.

"Come to see the King—hip, hip, hurrah!" cried a voice within, and turning they saw through the leaves the nose and face of Crippelestraw. The waggon contained all Derriman's workpeople.

"Is your master here?" said John.

"No, trumpet-major, sir. But young maister is coming to fetch us at nine o'clock, in case we should be too blind to drive home."

"Oh! where is he now?"

"Never mind," said Anne impatiently, at which the trumpet-major obediently moved on.

By the time they reached the pier it was six o'clock; the royal yacht was returning—a fact announced by the ships in the harbour firing a salute. The King came ashore with his hat in his hand, and returned the salutations of the well-dressed crowd in his old indiscriminate fashion. While this cheering and waving of handkerchiefs was going on Anne stood between the two brothers, who protectively joined their hands behind her back, as if she were a delicate piece of statuary that a push might damage. Soon

the King had passed, and receiving the military salutes of the picket, joined the Queen and Princesses at Gloucester Lodge, the homely house of red brick in which he unostentatiously resided.

As there was yet some little time before the theatre would open, they strayed upon the velvet sands and listened to the songs of the sailors, one of whom extemporised for the occasion :

"Portland Road, the King aboard, the King aboard!  
Portland Road, the King aboard,  
We weighed and sailed from Portland Road!"

When they had looked on awhile at the combats at single-stick which were in progress hard by, and seen the sum of five guineas handed over to the modest gentleman who had broken most heads, they returned to Gloucester Lodge, whence the King and other members of his family now reappeared, and drove at a slow trot round to the theatre, in carriages drawn by the Hanoverian white horses that were so well known in Weymouth at this date.

When Anne and Bob entered the theatre they found that John had taken excellent places, and concluded that he had got them for nothing through the influence of the lady of his choice. As a matter of fact he had paid full prices for those two seats, like any other outsider, and even then had a difficulty in getting them, it being a King's night. When they were settled he himself retired to an obscure part of the pit, from which the stage was scarcely visible.

"We can see beautifully," said Bob, in an aristocratic voice, as he took a delicate pinch of snuff, and drew out the magnificent pocket-handkerchief brought home from the East for such occasions. "But I am afraid poor John can't see at all."

"But we can see him," replied Anne, "and notice by his face which of them it is he is so charmed with. The light of that corner candle falls right upon his cheek."

By this time the King had appeared in his place, which was overhung by a canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold. About twenty places were occupied by the royal family and suite; and beyond them was a crowd of powdered and glittering personages



"Two forms crossed this line at a startling nearness to her."

of fashion, completely filling the centre of the little building—though the King so frequently patronised the local stage during these years that the crush was not inconvenient.

The curtain rose and the play began. Tonight it was one of Colman's, who at this time enjoyed great popularity, and Mr. Bannister supported the leading character. Anne, with her hand privately clasped in Bob's, and looking as if she did not know it, partly watched the piece and partly the face of the impressionable John, who had so soon transferred his affections elsewhere. She had not long to wait. When a certain one of the subordinate ladies of the comedy entered on the stage, the trumpet-major in his corner not only looked conscious, but started and gazed with parted lips.

"This must be the one," whispered Anne quickly. "See, he is agitated!"

She turned to Bob, but at the same moment his hand convulsively closed upon hers as he,

too, strangely fixed his eyes upon the newly entered lady.

"What is it?"

Anne looked from one to the other without regarding the stage at all. Her answer came in the voice of the actress, who now spoke for the first time. The accents were those of Miss Matilda Johnson.

One thought rushed into both their minds on the instant, and Bob was the first to utter it—

"What! is she the woman of his choice after all?"

"If so, it is a dreadful thing!" murmured Anne.

But, as may be imagined, the unfortunate John was as much surprised by this encounter as the other two. Until this moment he had been in utter ignorance of the theatrical company and all that pertained to it. Moreover, much as he knew of Miss Johnson, he was not aware that she had ever been trained in her youth as an actress, and that, after lapsing into straits and difficulties for a couple of years, she had been so fortunate as to again procure an engagement here.

The trumpet-major, though not prominently seated, had been seen by Matilda already, who had observed still more plainly her old betrothed and Anne in the other part of the house. John was not concerned on his own account at being face to face with her, but at the extraordinary suspicion that this conjuncture must revive in the minds of his best-beloved friends. After some moments of pained reflection he tapped his knee.

"No, I won't explain; it shall go as it is!" he said. "Let them think her mine. Better that than the truth, after all."

Had personal prominence in the scene been at this moment proportioned to intensity of feeling, the whole audience, regal and otherwise, would have faded into an indistinct mist of background, leaving as the sole emergent and telling figures Bob and Anne at one point, the trumpet-major on the left hand, and Matilda at the opposite corner of the stage. But fortunately the dead-lock of awkward suspense into which all four had fallen was terminated by an accident. A messenger entered the King's box with dispatches. There was an instant pause in the performance. The dispatch-box being opened, the King read for a few moments with great interest, the eyes of the whole house, including those of Anne Garland, being anxiously fixed upon his face; for terrible events fell as unexpectedly as thunderbolts at this critical time of our history. The King at length

beckoned to Lord —, who was immediately behind him, the play was again stopped, and the contents of the dispatch were publicly communicated to the audience.

Sir Robert Calder, cruising off Finisterre, had come in sight of Villeneuve, and made the signal for action, which, though checked by the weather, had resulted in the capture of two Spanish line-of-battle ships, and the retreat of Villeneuve into Ferrol.

The news was received with truly national feeling, if noise might be taken as an index of patriotism. "Rule Britannia" was called for and sung by the whole house. But the importance of the event was far from being recognised at this time; and Bob Loveday, as he sat there and heard it, had very little conception how it would bear upon his destiny.

This parenthetic excitement diverted for a few minutes the eyes of Bob and Anne from the trumpet-major; and when the play proceeded and they looked back to his corner, he was gone.

"He's just slipped round to talk to her behind the scenes," said Bob knowingly. "Shall we go too, and tease him for a sly dog?"

"No, I would rather not."

"Shall we go home, then?"

"Not unless her presence is too much for you?"

"Oh, not at all. We'll stay here. Ah, there she is again."

They sat on and listened to Matilda's speeches, which she delivered with such delightful coolness that they soon began to considerably interest one of the party.

"Well, what a nerve the young woman has!" he said at last in tones of admiration, and gazing at Miss Johnson with all his might. "After all, Jack's taste is not so bad. She's really deuced clever."

"Bob, I'll go home if you wish to," said Anne quickly.

"Oh no—let us see how she fleets herself off that bit of a scrape she's playing at now. Well, what a hand she is at it, to be sure!"

Anne said no more, but waited on, supremely uncomfortable, and almost tearful. She began to feel that she did not like life particularly well; it was too complicated: she saw nothing of the scene, and only longed to get away, and to get Bob away with her. At last the curtain fell on the final act, and then began the *aria* of *No Song no Supper*. Matilda did not appear in this piece, and Anne again inquired if they should go home. This time Bob agreed, and, taking her under

his care with redoubled affection, to make up for the species of coma which had seized upon his heart for a time, he quietly accompanied her out of the house.

When they emerged upon the esplanade, the August moon was shining across the sea from the direction of St. Alban's Head. Bob unconsciously loitered, and turned towards the pier. Reaching the end of the promenade they surveyed the quivering waters in silence for some time, until a long dark line shot from behind the promontory of the Nothe, and swept forward into the harbour.

"What boat is that?" said Anne.

"It seems to be from some frigate lying in the Roads," said Bob carelessly, as he brought Anne round with a gentle pressure of his arm and bent his steps towards the homeward end of the town.

Meanwhile Miss Johnson, having finished her duties for that evening, rapidly changed her dress and went out likewise. The prominent position which Anne and Captain Bob had occupied side by side in the theatre, left her no alternative but to suppose that the situation was arranged by Bob as a species of defiance to herself; and her heart, such as it was, became proportionately more embittered against him. In spite of the rise in her fortunes, Miss Johnson still remembered—and always would remember—her humiliating departure from Overcombe; and it had been to her even a more grievous thing that Bob had acquiesced in his brother's ruling than that John had determined it. At the time of setting out she was sustained by a firm faith that Bob would follow her and nullify his brother's scheme; but though she waited, Bob never came.

She passed along by the houses facing the sea, and scanned the shore, the footway, and the open road close to her, which, illuminated by the slanting moon to a great brightness, sparkled with minute facets of crystallized salt from the water sprinkled there during the day. The promenaders at the farther edge appeared in dark profiles; and beyond them was the grey sea, parted into two masses by the tapering braid of moonlight across the waves.

Two forms crossed this line at a startling nearness to her; she marked them at once as Anne and Bob Loveday. They were walking slowly, and in the earnestness of their discourse were oblivious of the presence of any human beings save themselves. Matilda stood motionless till they had passed.

"How I love them!" she said, treading the initial step of her walk onwards with a vehemence that walking did not demand.

"So do I—especially one," said a voice at her elbow; and a man wheeled round her and looked in her face, which had been fully exposed to the moon.

"You?—who are you?" she asked.

"Don't you remember, ma'am? We walked some way together towards Overcombe earlier in the summer." Matilda looked more closely, and perceived that the speaker was Derriman, in plain clothes. He continued, "You are one of the ladies of the theatre, I know. May I ask why you said in such a queer way that you loved that couple?"

"In a queer way?"

"Well, as if you hated them."

"I don't mind your knowing that I have good reason to hate them. You do too, it seems?"

"That man," said Festus savagely, "came to me one night about that very woman; insulted me before I could put myself on my guard, and ran away before I could come up with him and avenge myself. The woman tricks me at every turn. I want to part them."

"Then why don't you? There's a splendid opportunity. Do you see that soldier walking along? He's a marine; he looks into the gallery of the theatre every night; and he's in connection with the press-gang that came ashore just now from the frigate lying in Portland Roads. They are often here for men."

"Yes. Our boatmen dread them."

"Well, we have only to tell him that Loveday is a seaman to be clear of him this very night."

"Done!" said Festus. "Take my arm and come this way." They walked across to the footway. "Fine night, sergeant."

"It is, sir."

"Looking for hands, I suppose?"

"It is not to be known, sir. We don't begin till half-past ten."

"It is a pity you don't begin now. I could show ye excellent game."

"What, that little nest of fellows at the Three Tuns? I have just heard of 'em."

"No—come here." Festus, with Miss Johnson on his arm, led the sergeant quickly along the parade, and by the time they reached the Narrows the lovers, who walked but slowly, were visible in front of them. "There's your man," he said.

"That buck in pantaloons and half-boots, a-looking like a squire?"

"Twelve months ago he was mate of the brig *Pewit*; but his father has made money and keeps him at home."

"Faith, now you tell of it, there's a hint of sea-legs about him. What's his name?"

"Don't tell!" whispered Matilda, impulsively clutching Festus's arm.

But Festus had already said, "Robert Loveday, son of the miller at Overcombe. You may find several likely fellows in that neighbourhood."

The marine said that he would bear it in mind, and they left him.

"I wish you had not told," said Matilda. "She's the worst."

"Dash my eyes now, listen to that! Why, you chicken-hearted old stager, you was as well agreed as I. Come now, hasn't he used you badly?"

Matilda's acrimony returned. "I was down on my luck, or he wouldn't have had the chance," she said.

"Well, then, let things be."



## ANDREW HISLOP, THE MARTYR.

[About a mile to the north of the parish church in Eskdalemuir, and not far from the river, a solitary tombstone on the grassy hillside bears the following inscription:—"Andrew Hislop, Martyr, shot dead upon this place by Sir James Johnston, of Westerhall, and John Graham, of Claverhouse, May 12th, 1685." The death of Hislop was attended by some circumstances of even unusual atrocity on the part of Claverhouse.]

ANDREW HISLOP! shepherd lad,  
"Martyr" graven on your tomb;  
Here you met the brutal Clavers,  
Here you bore his murderous doom!

Coming from the hill that morn,  
Doing humble duty well;  
Free in step, your honest look,  
Born of sunlight on the fell.

Here the Eskdale mountains round you,  
In your ear the murmuring stream;  
Here, 'tis May, the bleating lambs;  
Life but seems a peaceful dream.

With no weapon but the crook  
Your soft helpless flock to guide;  
Here they shot you, shepherd lad,  
Here you poured your warm heart tide!

"Ere I pass into the Presence,  
May I make a prayer to God?"  
"Not one word," said brutal Clavers,  
"We've no time, you wretched clod!"

"Draw your bonnet o'er your eyes,  
That is boon enough for thee."  
"I pass to God with open face,  
Whom you will hardly dare to see!"

Westerhall and Claverhouse,  
Turn now since the deed is done!  
What care ye for rebel corpse?  
Let it bleach beneath the sun!

So they left you, martyr brave,  
Left you on the reddened sod;  
But no raven touched your face;  
On it lay the peace of God!

On the moor, the widow-mother  
Bows to lot of dule and pine;  
And Westerhall and Claverhouse  
Have merrily rode back to dine!

J. VEITCH.



"IN ARDEN."

"They say, he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: . . . and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the Golden World."—*As You Like It*.



WHEN the illustrious Micawber of never-to-be-forgotten memory thought of turning his attention to coals, "he," says his wife, "very properly said the first step to be taken clearly was to come and see the Medway."

I suppose that, in like manner, because we were bent on visiting the Forest of Arden (in the Belgian Ardennes), part of which is now called "La Chasse de Saint Hubert," the first step seemed to be to go and see the town of St. Hubert, though there is actually nothing to see there, except the huge church which commemorates the saintly legend.

We had planned this journey for many years past. We had turned a deaf ear to the suggestion that "a Forest of Arden exists in Warwickshire, and was doubtless the scene of *As You Like It*." We knew that the country called the Ardennes was still a huge forest, cleared here and there for cities and villages among its lofty hills, while charming rivers wind through the wooded valleys, and we knew that this vast forest reaches from Liège southwards to the French frontier, but we also knew that between Marche and La Roche lies a special extent of unbroken forest land, which is said to be the veritable forest of *As You Like It*.

For years, then, we had dreamed of this journey, and now we came by way of Dinant to take our long-planned excursion through the Forest of Arden. We had come by railway omnibus from Poix to St. Hubert, a pleasant drive of an hour or so. The road out the-way little town. Pilgrimages are made to St. Hubert, and miraculous cures are believed to be worked by the stole of the saint, especially in cases of hydrophobia. But we were very hungry and tired, and the inn looked invitingly clean and pleasant, so we determined to dine before we visited the shrine of St. Hubert.

It was amusing to see in the entrance of the hotel hat-pegs made in imitation of a deer's foot; the handle of the bell-rope was also a deer's foot, and antlers abounded. It would be in keeping if the inn had a supply of venison steaks for the benefit of hungry travellers. However, we got an excellent dinner, ending with *jambon des Ardennes*, doubtless made from a wild boar killed in our Forest of Arden; at least, we told each other this, and found the flavour of the ham excellent. While we digested our meal we

of Poix is picturesque, bordered by high rocks jutting out roughly here and there; but this soon ended, and we came to open country, our way shaded by an avenue of ash-trees and sycamores, with the little river Lomme murmuring through a flowered meadow on the right, while all around us lay the forest. The sparkling river dashes and foams over grey stones that lie in its winding course, till at one point it gets so pent in and angry that it rushes madly over some rocks in a little waterfall.

Very soon we see the houses of St. Hubert among the poplar-trees ahead of us. "Voilà l'abbaye," said our driver; and, rising above the trees on the right, we see the square black-capped towers of the abbey church.

As we clattered up the hill to the Place in front of the church we were quite surprised to see so grand a building in such an out-of-

turned to our books for information respecting La Chasse de St. Hubert.

In the time of the famous saint the forest stretched away westward as far as the Meuse, St. Hubert seems to have been a rich noble of the court of King Pepin, so greatly addicted to hunting that he neglected all besides. It happened that he was hunting one Good Friday in the forest, when all at once he saw a fine stag bearing between its horns a golden crucifix. For an instant Hubert paused, struck with wonder at the strange vision, then, believing it to be some delusion, he urged his horse towards the stag; but, instead of turning to fly, the animal stood confronting him with mild, imploring eyes, and a voice sounded in the huntsman's ears, "Hubert, Hubert! how long will this idle passion for the chase tempt you to forget your salvation?"

Conscience-stricken, Hubert dismounted, and, falling on his face, he cried out, "Lord, what shall I do?—I am ready." The voice answered, "Go to Maestricht to seek out St. Lambert. He will tell you what to do." And then the stag disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

Hubert seems to have made his profession in the Monastery of Stavelot, and some years after he went to Rome. St. Lambert had suffered martyrdom, and the Pope appointed Hubert his successor as Bishop of Liège instead of Tongres. It was during his consecration that an angel is said to have brought to Hubert the famous stole, which is reported not only to cure hydrophobia, but to have the power of rendering the bite of a mad dog harmless to those who have touched the relic.

A church had been founded in the forest as early as the year 102, on the site of the present Abbey of St. Hubert; a fortress was built near it called Ombra. However, Attila the Destroyer passed that way, and the place once more became a thorny wilderness.

It happened that towards the end of the seventh century, a few years after Hubert's conversion, Plectruda, the wife of King Pepin, was journeying through the forest of the Ardennes, perhaps on her way to see the hermit of Celles St. Hadelin, when she and her cavalcade stopped to rest in a marshy, lonely region. After taking some refreshments her attendants all fell asleep, while Plectruda, who seems to have been a "notable" princess, looked after the horses and prevented them from straying. Looking about her, she saw among the reeds in the marsh a fragment of old wall, the remains of the church destroyed by Attila. Plectruda had never heard of this church, and she sat

down wondering whence these stones came. All at once, says the legend, there fell at her feet a tablet, on which was written, in letters of gold, "This place is chosen by God for the saving of many souls; it is holy ground worthy of Him, honoured and predestined as the hermitage of the servants of God. It will increase and have powerful protection, but it will also suffer many tribulations. May he who shall trouble this place wither at his root; so that his branches yield no fruit, or may he suffer the pains of Divine vengeance." Plectruda on her return informed her husband of the miraculous event. The king caused a monastery to be built next year on the spot, and, placing it under the care of St. Berengius, he called it Andaye, from the number of springs found there.

St. Hubert had been a friend of St. Berengius while they were both at the court, and he often visited him in his Monastery of Andaye.

When St. Hubert died after a thirty-years' episcopate he was buried at Liège, but the monks at Andaye had no peace till they had obtained permission to transport his body to their monastery. The reigning emperor, Louis le Débonair, accompanied the procession that bore the saint's body as far as the Meuse, and the name of the monastery from that period was changed from Andaye to St. Hubert.

The bell was ringing for vespers as we crossed the Place between the inn and the church. At the top of the great building, between the two towers, is a large figure of St. Hubert kneeling before the miraculous stag. A woman and a girl at a stall in front of the flight of steps leading up to the church were selling rosaries, medals, and the usual accessories of a celebrated saint.

"Monsieur," the woman said as we stopped beside her stall, "monsieur and madame will surely buy some medals. They have but to wait in church till the end of the office, and then the priest will bless them, and then monsieur and madame will be for ever secure from the bite of a mad dog."

We bought some pretty little medals representing the legend of St. Hubert, and then we went into the church. It is a grand but uninteresting building in late Gothic. However, the music was beautiful—better than in any of the cathedrals we had visited—the voices were good, and the whole service was reverent, though the church looked much too large for its congregation. When the service ended we went to look at the shrine of St. Hubert, a splendid monument by Geefs,

erected by the late King Leopold; the carved stone work is marvellously fine. While we were admiring it a tall, dignified-looking priest, who we fancied had been keeping an eye on us during the service, came up and asked if we had any medals or anything we wished to be blessed. We thanked him, but we did not show him our medals. There is absolutely nothing to see in the hilly little town of St. Hubert; but the memory of the saint is kept green after a lapse of one thousand two hundred years by innumerable articles suggestive of the miraculous stag, which appear in the shop-windows.

The carriage we had ordered to take us through the forest looked comfortable when it appeared at the hotel door, and the horse, a stout little Ardennais, seemed in good condition; the driver was an Ardennais also, brown-faced and full of talk; and we started off at a good pace; but our speed only lasted for a short time. Then, as we went slowly up what our driver evidently considered a steep hill, the little horse shied, and bolted across the road, as if he meant to turn back to St. Hubert. Our driver jumped off his seat at this, pulled the animal into the middle of the road, gave him the whip, and turned round to us with a grin on his broad, brown face.

"See now, madame," he said, "you must, if you please, excuse the behaviour of my little horse; he is so accustomed to make journeys with *messieurs les commis-voyageurs* that he has fallen into their bad habits; he insists upon stopping at every pothouse he sees. Ah! but he is an original beast. I forced him but now to pass a pothouse, as you see; and he makes a grimace to pass the pothouse; it is not good behaviour to a lady, *mais enfin*"—and he grinned again, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Pothouses" seem to abound near St. Hubert. As we went slowly up-hill the horse stopped quite half-a-dozen times, and our driver not only dismounted at every stoppage, but, doubtless in order to soothe the animal's feelings, he drank a glass of beer at every stoppage, and grew more and more cheerfully communicative.

"Ah!" he said, "my horse is well known in this country; every one knows him. His name is Rocquet, and when we reach La Roche you will see the people come out of their houses, and they will say, 'Good day, Rocquet; how is it with you, Rocquet?'"

While he talked we have been looking ahead; in the distance the forest is appearing on all sides.

"Yonder, madame," says our driver, pointing to the left, "is the Chasse St. Hubert."

We are now driving over a sort of wild—"the skirts of the wild wood"—covered with broom and bracken. On one side is a far-reaching extent of firs and copsewood, while before us, on the other side, rises a mass of seemingly boundless forest, which our driver tells us "covers four thousand one hundred and ten hectares of land." It stretches away on the left to the Forest of Bande, where the scenery is wilder and more romantic. "Much game," he says, "is killed in the Chasse St. Hubert, besides stags, wild boars, and wolves, but the season has not yet begun; we are still in August."

We asked if wild boars were plentiful in the forest; the question seemed to excite him. He turned round eagerly, and left Rocquet to follow his devices.

"I should think they are, madame; and it is easy enough to get permission to hunt them at any time. Only a fortnight ago my brother killed two in the forest there"—he pointed with his whip towards the trees on our left—"and one of them, madame, was as big as Rocquet."

We asked him about wolves.

"Wolves, *mon Dieu!* they are hard to find except in winter, when they sometimes come into the town at nightfall, when the weather is very severe. As to the boars, that is quite another affair; they increase so fast that we are thankful to get them killed."

Now we cross a small road, and enter the forest itself, "famous Ardeyna," as Spenser calls it in "Astrophel." "Well," says Rosalind, "this is the Forest of Arden,"—he the fool answers her with a groan of fatigue, "Ay, now am I in Arden." On our right we hear the murmur of a tiny stream overhung with brambles—"the briars of this working-day world"—and ferns, and rushes. On each side of us tall beeches rise up from the grassy edge of the road, their satin-like trunks doubtless far more slender than of yore, relieved by the dreamy green light of glades reaching far into the depths of the forest. Before us is a long interminable stretch of white road, now rising, now falling, but ever going on straight between its borders of lofty trees. The murmuring little brook that runs beside us recalls Celia's directions to Oliver—

"Down in the neighbour bottom:  
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream."

Was it beside such a brook that the melancholy Jaques reposed watching the stag, "augmenting it with tears."

"Do osiers grow in the forest?" I ask our driver. He turns round and looks at me hard. He could understand that we felt an interest in *la chasse*, but this curiosity about osiers evidently puzzles him.

"Yes, madame," he says carelessly, "oh, yes, there are osiers. The basketmakers come to supply themselves in the forest, but the osiers are far away from here in the marshes yonder"—he points among the trees on the left of the road—"the trees are larger before you come to the marshes."

Still we doubted whether, as in Shakespeare's time, any "old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age and high top bald with dry antiquity," stood in the very depths of this forest of to-day. Of necessity the forest has greatly changed since the time of St. Hubert, and many a noble tree has fallen before the woodman's axe.

When Shakespeare wrote there were probably only a few cottages near the Abbey of St. Hubert, and the peasants would not have come so far afield to cut wood as they do now.

Soon we came to a whitewashed cottage beside the road; too near the road for Rosalind's home in the wood. There is a shed on one side and a barn on the other; opposite it still runs the tiny brook, completely overhung with brake and bramble, but there are no "olive-trees," and we saw neither sheep nor "sheep-cote." The forest is very dense hereabouts; the green glades here afford no space for the sylvan banquet of the Duke and his friends, so roughly broken in upon by Orlando, just before Jaques delivers his sermon on the seven ages of man.

We now left the carriage, and strolled into the deep, olive-green glades. As we advance we find that the trees are larger. The evening sunlight comes through the lower branches, making sometimes golden, sometimes crimson patches on the leaves and trunks, and on the thickly-matted beech-mast that hides the tree roots. We wander on into the forest, denser and more tangled as we advance, and we see it is already getting dark in the depths before us. We wonder if the wild boars are rousing in their lairs. We had brought *As You Like It* with us, and we read snatches now and then of the wondrous idyl. It seems to us that, as we wander farther and farther among the trees, we are in the very spot created for the loves of Orlando and Rosalind.

Presently we come to a group of larger trees with spaces of green light around them,

where fairies may hold their court on the brown-red ground, or where the foresters of the banished Duke may have sung glees under the greenwood tree, and Amiens helped Jaques "to suck melancholy out of a song." Doubtless it was in such a spot as this, reposing on the ground strewn with brown acorn-cups, that the Duke, musing upon life, found "tongues in trees, books in the running brook, sermons in stones, and good in everything." But we saw no trace of Jaques's friends, the poor "dappled fools, the native burghers of this desert city." There was not even a rabbit or a squirrel. I confess the stories of the wild boars told by Rocquet's master had made me afraid to wander very deeply into the forest, delightful as it was, for if some terrible denizen of the place should all at once rise snorting from his feast of beech-mast and acorns in the long grass, we had no "boar-spear in our hand" like Rosalind.

As we linger the light lessens, the tender green has changed to olive, and the pale beech-stems show like phantoms in the gloom. Unwillingly we turn upon our steps, and linger lovingly as we go.

"Monsieur, madame," our driver cries from the road, "we must hasten if we will not be benighted before we get to La Roche."

So, though we long to dream a while longer in Arden, we stumble back through the trees—and once more life turns to prose. But nothing can take from us the sweet memory that we have been "in Arden."

After all, we felt it was fitting that the Duke, his daughter, and niece, and the rest should go back to the world. Those still, sombre glades were fitter haunts for the peevish Phœbe and her humble, devoted lover, who knew nought of the world, or for my lord Jaques and old Adam, who had had enough of it, than for clever-tongued Rosalind, for the inimitable Touchstone, or for the gay company of courtiers.

Our driver was impatient to talk again. He told us the wild boars are hunted at night from the marshes, where they sleep. "The dogs drive them out towards the hunters," he said. "Ah! it is good sport; it is very exciting, but it is necessary too. Only a few days ago some of these animals destroyed a field of wheat and another of potatoes with their cursed snouts. They will destroy everything."

Presently we came to a deserted-looking farm-house.

"Do you see that?" said our driver. "Close by is the spot where one thousand two hun-



dred years ago St. Hubert hunted one Good Friday, and was converted by the miraculous vision. It is called La Converserie."

But he said this as a matter of course, or rather of history, without any of the reverence a Breton would have shown in relating such an incident.

We were now about half way on our journey to La Roche, when the road, which had been hitherto almost straight, emerged into a high-road running right and left, where there was a small refreshment house. We stopped for a short time at the little inn to get some milk, and for Rocquet to have some black bread and some water.

When we start again we follow a road on the left; it is less wild, and is bordered by a close avenue of mountain ash-trees, now bright with large clusters of berries, some scarlet, some orange. When our driver saw that we admired them he made frantic efforts to cut off a bunch with his whip, slashing at them furiously as we drove along fast to La Roche. There was still light enough to show that the road became more and more beautiful and varied, with lofty, dark hills on one side, and a deep, chasm-like valley on the other, whence we could hear the murmuring of the

Ourthe. The road descends rapidly as it circles round and round these lofty hills.

There is more light here than there was in the forest; and now, at a rapid turn, we come in sight of a meeting of hills and valleys, some of the hills turning abruptly, as if they shouldered one another; others with a gap between, where delicate mist wreaths, repeated till they melt in indistinctness among the distant hills, hint at many wild gorges in this mountainous region. There is a lovely light over all, for, except in the deep valleys, the sun seems to be lingering till we reach La Roche.

"You are close to her all this time," our driver says, "but you cannot see her; she lies in a hole."

All at once we turn the corner of a hill, and there is the swift Ourthe winding round, and then curving out again, with the houses of La Roche built beside it, and the dark, ruined castle, black as night, rising from the rock on which it stands, in the middle of the town, frowning down, as it has done for centuries, over this meeting of valleys, in the centre of which stands the little town, the Heart of the Ardennes.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

## FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

## II.—JOHN WINTHROP.

THE establishment of the Pilgrim Fathers at New Plymouth was but the first stage in the Puritan settlement of New England. It was, however, the most important among the many attempts to colonise that part of the North American continent. Other persons had gone thither to make money by trading with Indians or catching fish, whose main end, in the opinion of Winthrop, "was carnal and not religious." Captain John Smith, who was an energetic advocate of the colonisation of a region which he was the first Englishman to explore and describe, depicted it as a place where riches could be rapidly and certainly acquired. When the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the ocean, five years after these words were published, they did not prove by their conduct that Captain John Smith had misjudged the motives which would influence his countrymen. These men had not enjoyed either ease or honours; the life which they led in Holland being so much the reverse of luxurious that it was a fitting preparation for bearing hardships in America.

While the sturdy band in which William Bradford was then a leading spirit sacrificed little which was well worth retaining, and gained much which they highly valued, by emigrating to New England, the complete colonisation of the country by Englishmen might never have been effected had the example of these Puritans been unavailing. Ten years after landing at New Plymouth the colony numbered three hundred only. If left unsupported it might have remained as isolated and exceptional a body of men as the Pitcairn Islanders. But the necessary support and countenance were not lacking. Moreover, an absolute disproof was afforded of the dictum of Captain Smith when, in 1630, a large band of Puritans under the leadership of John Winthrop landed in New England and founded the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay.

John Winthrop was born on the 22nd of January, 1588, at Edwardston, a village in Suffolk. This place is not far distant from his family estate of Groton Manor. Three generations of his family had been noteworthy for piety and attachment to the Protestant faith. Nothing more is known about Winthrop's education than that he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the early age of fourteen. Later in life he wrote that in his youth he "was very lewdly

disposed, inclining unto and attempting (so far as my heart enabled me) all sorts of wickedness, except swearing and scorning religion, which I had no temptation unto in regard of my education." At Cambridge he "fell into a lingering fever," and then he became anxious about religion and diligent in prayer. He left the University without taking a degree. When he was seventeen years, three months, and four days old, as his father carefully records, Winthrop married Mary Forth, the daughter and heiress of John Forth, of Stambridge, in Essex. He obtained "a large portion of outward estate" by his marriage with Mary Forth, who was his senior by four years. He also became a more serious Christian. The result of this alteration in himself can be best set forth in his own words: "Now I came to have some peace and comfort in God and in his ways; my chief delight was therein. I loved a Christian and the very ground he went upon. I honoured a faithful minister in my heart, and could have kissed his feet. Now I grew full of zeal (which outran my knowledge, and carried me sometimes beyond my calling), and very liberal to any good work. I had an insatiable thirst after the word of God; and could not miss a good sermon, though many miles off, especially of such as did search deep into the conscience." These last words are significant, and they afford an indication not merely of Winthrop's frame of mind, but also of the prevailing sentiment among his fellow Puritans. They had an abiding consciousness of sin, and they were ready to search their consciences, or to submit to this being done for them, in order that their inherent and exceeding sinfulness should be made manifest. They had a morbid desire to magnify their own wickedness. When living what seemed to be blameless and exemplary lives, they confessed in their diaries that they were altogether vile. The few memoranda by Winthrop which have been preserved abound in self-accusations. At one time he writes how, being at church in Groton, he suffered the thought of visiting his wife and her relations in Essex to enter his mind during the sermon, whereupon he delighted in the prospect, and "was led into one sin after another." He misses the obvious explanation that the sermon did not absorb his attention, and that he might be less to blame

than the preacher. On another occasion he describes how, after examining himself, his conscience upbraided him with remissness as a magistrate in detecting and punishing sin, with spending his days idly and unprofitably, and with giving too much time to sleep and recreations. He notes "in all his exercises of conscience" that, when he was most impressed with the "guiltiness of sin" his inattention to sermons was most frequent and deplorable. Again, he is convinced that chief among his sins stands that of unbelief. Among the enumeration of his backslidings there is a passage resembling one in which Benjamin Franklin tried to show that self-denial was not only the most reasonable, but the most pleasant thing in the world. Franklin argued that self-denial was merely refusing to do something for which one had a strong desire, on the ground that it would prove injurious, or, in other words, "because it would cost more than it was worth." This business-like test is thus applied by Winthrop to his own conduct: "After the committing of such sins as have promised most contentment and commodity, I would ever gladly have wanted the benefit, that I might have been rid of the sin. Whereupon I conclude that the profit of sin can never countervail the damage of it, for there is no sin so sweet in the committing, but it proves more bitter in the repenting for it." In common with other godly men of his age, Winthrop was a self-tormenter. Much of his time was occupied either in wrestling with Satan or in devising measures to frustrate his wiles. He found "by often and evident experience" that a temperate diet contributed to the frame of mind which he desired to maintain, but he also admitted that "the great variety of meals" led him to eat more than was good for him; hence, in limiting his diet, he was providing for the common advantage of mind and body. He was concerned for the welfare of others also, and especially of those belonging to his own household. Among a series of resolutions which he set down for his guidance, there is one to the effect that, while liberal with his bounty, he "must ever be careful that it begins at home," and another that he will banish profaneness from his family. He also resolved to forbid card-playing in his house. Indeed, he appears to have been scrupulous in shunning evil-doing himself and discountenancing it in others; to have had a tender conscience and a strong will; to have been diligent in seeking after the truth, and resolute in upholding what he believed to be right.

There is a lack of information respecting Winthrop's daily existence after his marriage. It is said that he was made a justice of the peace when he was eighteen; he practised the law, as his father and grandfather had done before him. Later in life he became an attorney in the Court of Wards and Liveries, and then he had to make many journeys to London on professional business. That court, which was instituted in the reign of Henry VIII. and abolished in the reign of Charles II., examined into and determined the tenures of land held of the Crown, and, on the death of a Crown tenant, the court inquired into the circumstances in order to learn the extent of the estate, the age of the heir, and other facts whereby the sovereign might receive certain payments and exercise certain privileges. In 1615 he lost his wife, who had borne him six children, three sons and three daughters. He pronounced her to have "proved a right godly woman," after he had persuaded her to adopt his religious views. Six months after her death he married again, his second wife being Thomasine Clopton, the daughter of a neighbouring landowner. A year afterwards he buried her and an infant daughter. He wrote a narrative of her last illness, which is as curious, owing to its minuteness of detail, as it is interesting as a picture of his own mind. The following character, which he wrote of his wife, is as beautiful a tribute as was ever paid to any woman's memory: "She was a woman wise, modest, loving, and patient of injuries; but her innocent and harmless life was of most observation. She was truly religious, and industrious therein; plain-hearted, and free from guile, and very humble-minded; never so addicted to any outward things (to my judgment) but that she could bring her affections to stoop to God's will in them. She was sparing in outward show of zeal, &c., but her constant love to good Christians and the best things, with her reverent and careful attendance of God's ordinances, both public and private, with her care for avoiding of evil herself, and reproofing it in others, did plainly show that truth and the love of God did lie at the heart. Her loving and tender regard of my children was such as might well become a natural mother: for her carriage towards myself, it was amiable and observant as I am not able to express; it had this only inconvenience, that it made me to delight too much in her to enjoy her long."

Winthrop had a strong liking for the married state. The records of his private thoughts

contain frequent lamentations over his sinfulness during the short intervals in his life when he was a widower. Sixteen months after the death of his second wife, he became the husband of Margaret Tyndal, who belonged to the family with which Tyndal, the reformer and the translator of the Bible, was connected, and whose religious views were in entire accordance with his own. Two of his love-letters to her are preserved. They are extraordinary productions, being quite as long as a sermon, and cast in the same mould. In one of them he devotes much space to warn her against wearing fine clothes. He says that he was too bashful to mention this orally; certainly he did not hesitate to express his mind with great fulness and plainness in writing, and also to intimate no mean opinion of himself, as is shown in the opening sentence, where he wishes his future wife "a large and prosperous addition of whatsoever happiness the sweet estate of holy wedlock, in the kindest society of a loving husband, may afford." The marriage did not give satisfaction to the bride's family, her brothers being strongly opposed to it. However, they were reconciled to it, after their opposition proved futile, and they soon became good friends with Winthrop. One of them accompanied him to New England.

From the date of his third marriage to that of his departure for New England, there are but few facts of general interest in Winthrop's career. He had additions to his family, and he had an increase of business. His eldest son was sent to finish his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and he was admitted to the Inner Temple in February, 1624. Winthrop's father died at the ripe age of seventy-five in 1623. In announcing this in a letter to his son, Winthrop does so in the following graceful and tender phrases: "He hath finished his course, and is gathered to his people in peace, as the ripe corn into the barn. He thought long for the day of his dissolution, and welcomed it most gladly. Thus is he gone before; and we must go after, in our time. This advantage he hath of us—he shall not see the evil which we may meet with ere we go hence. Happy those who stand in good terms with God and their own conscience: they shall not fear evil tidings; and in all changes they shall be the same." The concluding part of the foregoing passage indicates that Winthrop was disquieted in his mind about public affairs. Two months before, he had added a postscript to a letter to his son at Dublin: "Send me word in your next how Mr. Olm-

sted and that plantation prospers. I wish oft God would open a way to settle me in Ireland, if it might be for his glory." It was, doubtless, the attempts which were made to substitute Protestant for Roman Catholic communities in Ireland which raised his desire to settle there. His dissatisfaction with the state of things in England, towards the end of the reign of James I., was increased when Charles I. ascended the throne, and gave evidence of his purpose as a ruler. The following phrase, with which he ends a letter to his eldest son at the close of 1626, supplies a proof of this: "The good Lord guide us all wisely and faithfully in the midst of the dangers and discouragements of these declining times." In 1629, writing from London to his wife, he says: "My dear wife, I am verily persuaded God will bring some heavy affliction upon this land, and that speedily." These remarks denote the current of his thoughts, and they help to explain why he resolved to leave the country.

In the year 1628 he was smitten, when in London, with a "hot malignant fever," from which he recovered with difficulty. He notes in his diary that his illness was sanctified to him, and also that "among other benefits I reaped by it, this was one: deliverance from the bondage whereinto I was fallen by the immoderate use and love of tobacco, so as I gave it clean over." There are several references to tobacco in such of his letters as have been preserved. Two years before this illness he informed his eldest son in London that he wanted "some leaf tobacco and pipes." Next year he again wrote from Groton, "We want a little tobacco. I had very good for seven shillings a pound, at a grocer's by Holborn Bridge. There be two shops together. It was at that which was the farthest from the bridge, towards the Conduit. If you tell him it was for him that bought half a pound of Verina and a pound of Virginia of him last term, he will use you well. Send me half a pound of Virginia." The consumption of tobacco at Groton Manor must have been considerable. Nor was Winthrop the only smoker. His wife, writing to him when in London, says, "My good mother commends her love to you all, and thanks you for her tobacco." Winthrop's renunciation of the use of tobacco, after his serious illness, does not seem to have been absolute. In a letter written to his wife at Boston nine years later, he asks her to send him some wearing apparel, and adds, "I pray thee also send me six or seven leaves of tobacco



dried and powdered." Many of his fellow Puritans regarded the practice of smoking with an aversion equal to that of James I., believing it to be a subtle device of Satan to ruin mankind. Yet the example of such a man as Winthrop proved to them that piety was not inconsistent with smoking, while his experience made him feel that "the immoderate use and love of tobacco" was the snare to be deprecated and avoided. Many persons will admire him none the less when they learn that, in common with his great contemporary, John Milton, he thoroughly enjoyed a pipe of tobacco.

In the spring of 1629 Winthrop remarked, in a letter to his wife, that they ought to be thankful for enjoying "so much comfort and peace in these so evil and declining times, and when the increasing of our sins gives us so great cause to look for some heavy scourge and judgment to be coming upon us." One of the occurrences which afflicted him was the triumph of Richelieu over the Huguenots at Rochelle. He feared that the Protestant Church in England was in danger, and he considered it imperative to carry the gospel to New England, and there "raise a bulwark against the kingdom of anti-Christ which the Jesuits labour to rear in those parts." Furthermore, he was disposed to leave England because the land was so over-peopled that the poor found their children to be great burdens instead of the chiefest of blessings. In addition to the superabundance of people, there was such an excess of competition in all trades that the honest man found it hard to get a living. These drawbacks existed at home, while a whole continent, both fruitful and fitted for man's use, lay waste across the ocean. That continent had a few native-born inhabitants who, as they neither enclosed the land nor had tame cattle and a settled habitation, were held by Winthrop to possess only "a natural right to those countries." He arrived at the conclusion, which was more convenient to him than to the natives, and which less scrupulous men after him have reached without elaborate argument, "If we leave them sufficient for their use, we may lawfully take the rest, there being more than enough for them and us." He communicated his plans and his reasons for adopting them to several friends, among them to Robert Ryece, who was "an accomplished gentleman and a great preserver of the antiquities of Suffolk." The latter, though agreeing with Winthrop in the main, advised him to stay at home, urging the following weighty consideration:—

"The Church and Commonwealth here at home hath more need of your best ability in these dangerous times than any remote plantation." Had other patriots of that day, such as Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Haslerig, Holles, and Strode, left the country also, the course of English history might have taken a different direction. A fable originated by Cotton Mather, and included as an authentic fact in many carelessly compiled histories, is current to the effect that three of the men just named were turned back by force when about to embark for New England. Winthrop was unshackled by any obstacle in carrying out his design to leave his native country, and begin life anew in a strange land, where he might have no cause to dread the tyranny of Charles I. in civil affairs, or the Romanizing innovations of Laud in the doctrine and discipline of the Church. When contemplating emigration he naturally turned his thoughts toward America. Many colonies had been founded there, and the suitability of the land for colonisation had been demonstrated. In 1628 a Puritan colony had been established at Salem, in Massachusetts, with Endecott as the governor. The company which sent forth this colony did so under the security of a patent obtained from the Council for New England. Desiring to enlarge the scope of the enterprise, the company applied for a royal charter, and obtained one empowering "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," to make laws and govern the territory on certain conditions, and to resist by force of arms all attacks made upon themselves and their property, whether on land or water. Charles I. signed this document on the 21st of March, 1629; a few days afterwards he intimated his intention of governing the country without a parliament. It may be surmised that the king looked upon a Puritan emigration as most desirable, inasmuch as it lessened the number of his adversaries. The writings of Laud supply evidence in support of such a conclusion. In a report made to the king in 1636, Laud remarked that a lecturer at Yarmouth having gone to New England there was peace in the town, and that Mr. Bridge, a Puritan clergyman, had departed from Norwich to Holland. After reading this Charles wrote on the margin, "Let him go; we are well rid of him." Indeed, so far from showing any desire to detain the Puritan leaders in England, the king was resigned to their departure and was prepared to exclaim out of the fulness of a thankful heart, "We are well rid of them."

Twelve gentlemen met at Cambridge in August, 1629, and resolved that, if the charter could be legally transferred to America, they would embark for the plantation of Massachusetts Bay by the first day of the following March, with the view "to inhabit and continue in New England," and that they would take their wives and families, if the latter would consent to accompany them. They likewise agreed that any one who failed through his own default in keeping this agreement, should forfeit £3 for every day that he was unprepared to start. Winthrop was present at the meeting and assented to the resolutions. Two days later, a general court of the Company was held in London, when it was resolved that the government should be transferred to the plantation itself. At the same meeting, John Winthrop was elected governor of the Company. In April, 1630, he set sail in the *Arbella* for the Western continent. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, writing four years later, thus describes how this expedition was viewed by contemporaries. Previous emigrants to New England had "chiefly aimed at trade and gain, till about the year 1630, in the spring, when John Winthrop, Esq., a Suffolk man, and many other godly and well-disposed Christians, with the main of their estates, and many of them with their entire families, to avoid the burdens and snares which were here laid upon their consciences, departed thither." Nathaniel Morton, who was at New Plymouth when the Puritans sailed from England, writes in his "New England's Memorial," "This year, 1630, it pleased God of His rich grace to transport over into the Bay of Massachusetts divers honourable personages and many worthy Christians. . . . Among the rest, a chief one amongst them was that famous pattern of piety and justice, Mr. John Winthrop, the first governor of the jurisdiction, accompanied with divers other precious sons of Zion, which might be compared to the most fine gold." Before sailing, Winthrop issued a farewell address to his brethren in the Church, wherein he said for his associates and himself that "we esteem it an honour to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear mother, and cannot part from our native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart, and many tears in our eyes."

Winthrop had taken a personal farewell of his friends and associates at a dinner before embarking. When about to drink their healths his feelings overpowered him, and the company wept in concert at the thought of never seeing each other's faces any more.

But it was a still greater trial to part from his wife, who, expecting an addition to her family, could not accompany him. She was a devoted wife and mother. When her husband's departure had been determined on and while he was making the final preparations in London, she wrote a beautiful letter from Groton, in which she thus expresses her feelings and her hopes: "My request now shall be to the Lord to prosper thee in thy voyage, and enable thee and fit thee for it, and give all graces and gifts for such employments as he shall call thee to. I trust God will bring us together before you go, that we may see each other with gladness, and take solemn leave, till we, through the goodness of our God, shall meet in New England, which will be a joyful day to us." His answer is contained in a postscript to another letter which he had written before receiving hers: "Being now ready to send away my letters, I received thine; the reading of it *has dissolved* my head into tears. I can write no more. If I live *I will see thee* ere I go. I shall part from thee with sorrow enough; be comfortable, my most sweet wife, our God will be with thee." These touching words came straight from his heart; those printed in Italics are almost illegible in the manuscript from the tears which watered the paper. The sacrifice which Winthrop made in leaving his native land has seldom been equalled by any self-exiled Englishman. He left a fine estate, where he lived as a county gentleman in the receipt of an ample income and enjoying the esteem of his neighbours. The best society of the age was open to him. He had everything, in short, which constitutes human happiness, and it proves the strength of his religious sentiments, that he parted with his property, withdrew from all the attractions of society, and separated himself from a dearly beloved wife, in order that he might help to establish what he considered to be a pure Church and commonwealth on the North American Continent.

He arrived at Salem on the 12th of June, 1631, after a voyage of two months' duration. The sea was often very rough, but, as Winthrop records, however the tempest might blow and the waves rage, it was the exception for Sunday not to be duly kept, and two sermons be preached. Every Tuesday and Wednesday the passengers were catechized. On board ship Winthrop composed, and probably delivered, a discourse entitled "Christian Charity." In the course of it he set forth the objects of their society, which was composed of persons professing to be

fellow-members of Christ, who were "seeking out a place of cohabitation and consortship under a due form of government both civil and ecclesiastical," whose end was the improvement of their lives, and who hoped to attain it by bringing "into familiar and constant practice" what most of the Churches in England "maintained as truth in profession only." It was essential, to prevent shipwreck of their plans, for them to be knit together as one man: "We must entertain each other in brotherly affection. We must be willing to abridge ourselves of our superfluities, for the supply of others' necessities. We must uphold a familiar communion together in all meekness, gentleness, patience, and liberality. We must delight in each other; make others' conditions our own; rejoice together, mourn together, labour and suffer together, always having before our eyes our commission and community in the work, as members of the same body." He urged, moreover, that if they succeeded, the desire of other persons would be to copy their example, while failure would cause their principles to be ridiculed; that they would be as a city set up on a hill, the cynosure of all eyes. On the sixtieth day after sailing land was seen; "There came a smell off the shore, like the smell of a garden." Four days later Winthrop was able to record that he and others went on shore, where they supped on "a good venison pasty and good beer," and that some of the passengers "gathered store of fine strawberries at Cape Ann."

The settlers at Salem numbered three hundred when Winthrop arrived. About a thousand persons were transported in the ships which sailed with him or followed after. The cost of the enterprise was reckoned at £192,000. The vessels were laden with provisions to feed the settlers, wood and iron wherewith to build houses, and sheep, pigs, cattle, and horses wherewith to stock the land. Most of the goats and horses died at sea, and only half of the cows survived. This was not the worst. The settlers were in great straits for food, and stood in need of the assistance which the newcomers expected from them. Fever broke out, and carried off two hundred before Winthrop had been six months in the country. At least a hundred returned to England, both because they were in dread of famine, and also because they objected to the strictness of the discipline which prevailed. Deputy-Governor Dudley, when informing the Countess of Lincoln, by letter, what had occurred, states that those persons who thought of joining them for

worldly ends had better stay at home; but that, if influenced by spiritual motives, they would find in New England what would satisfy them; that is, "materials to build, fuel to burn, ground to plant, seas and rivers to fish in, a pure air to breathe in, good water to drink till wine and beer can be made, which, together with the cows, hogs, and goats brought hither already, may suffice for food. As for fowl and venison, they are dainties here as well as in England. For clothes and bedding, they must bring them with them till time and industry produce them here. In a word, we yet enjoy little to be envied, but endure much to be pitied in the sickness and mortality of our people."

Winthrop had more to bear than many of his associates. His second son, Henry, who had missed getting on board the *Arbella* before she sailed from the Isle of Wight, and who followed in another ship, was drowned the day after reaching Salem. His third son, Forth, whom he left behind at Cambridge, who was destined for the ministry, and who was to embark for New England as soon as his studies were finished, died after a short illness. His infant daughter, Anne, died at sea shortly after his wife had sailed to rejoin him. The reunion of husband and wife took place in November, 1631. The arrival of Margaret Winthrop and her children was the subject of rejoicing among the people, who were unfeignedly glad that their governor's happiness was increased. Winthrop was greatly impressed with the demonstration, remarking that "the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England." His eldest son, John, came also, bringing a wife with him. He had completed the sale of Groton Manor, though at a price far below what his father desired, the sum obtained being £4,200, and the valuation being £5,760. William Bradford, the Governor of New Plymouth, made a journey in order to congratulate "his much honoured and beloved friend," the Governor of Massachusetts Bay, on being surrounded by his family in his new home.

The story of Winthrop's life during the nineteen years passed in New England is virtually the history of the rise and progress of the Company of Massachusetts Bay. As some of the principal incidents in his career will be narrated hereafter in connection with the lives of other founders of New England, I shall merely indicate now the main incidents in it. It was owing to him that the peninsula then called Shawmut, upon which Boston now stands, was selected as suitable

for settlement, an excellent spring of water being the chief attraction. The Rev. William Blackstone, who claimed the right of ownership, was paid a small sum for permitting houses to be erected on Shawmut, and he left the spot when he found that he was to be under subjection to stricter Puritans than himself. He was a clergyman of the Church of England who had emigrated to America in the hope of being unmolested there on account of his religious principles. He assigned as the reason for leaving Shawmut that, having quitted England to escape from the tyranny of the Lord Bishops, he was not disposed to submit in America to the tyranny of the Lord Brethren. For the first three and the last three years of Winthrop's life in New England he was annually chosen governor; he was deputy-governor for three years. His chief fault, in the opinion of his associates, was that he was too tolerant. His excuse was that he thought it right, in the infancy of a plantation, not to be very rigid in administering the law, seeing that the people were more ignorant of their duties than they would be in an older and more settled State; however, the ministers having enjoined greater severity, he deferred to their judgment.

An epidemic, which raged in the summer of 1647, carried off Margaret Winthrop. Her husband records the fact in these concise and happy terms: "In this sickness the Governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tyndal, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age; a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and especially beloved and honoured by all the country." Four years previously, he had noted that he felt age and infirmities coming upon him, and that he thought the time of his departure out of the world was not far off. Yet he was no more reconciled to remain a widower at the age of sixty than he was thirty years earlier. Accordingly, before his third wife had been six months buried, he married Martha Coytmore, a widow, and within a year after his marriage he became a father for the sixteenth time. No other Governor of Massachusetts has been more frequently married or more largely blessed with offspring. His death took place not long after the birth of this child. On the 26th of March, 1649, he passed away at the age of sixty-one. His loss was generally lamented, and he was buried "with great solemnity and honour."

Winthrop was singularly well qualified for his position. He was not a man of large information, nor of brilliant intellectual ca-

capacity. A list of the books taken from his own library and presented to Harvard College supplies a clue to his literary preferences. Out of the thirty-nine volumes two only relate to profane subjects, Livy's "History of Rome," and Polydore Virgil's "History of England," the others being either sermons or dissertations on theological topics; there is but one biography, and that, strange to say, is the "Life of the Virgin Mary." He excelled in the art of ruling men, doing this in such a way as to gain their affections. His puritanism was genuine and profound, yet it was devoid of bitterness. Unlike Dudley, Endecott, and other colleagues, he never thought it consistent with the profession of Christianity to hate such of his fellows as differed from him in opinion. He was a proficient in the happy art of giving the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He was moderate in all things, and, while ready to sacrifice much for conscience' sake, he was loath to compel others to sacrifice anything. Many illustrations of his good-nature and thoughtfulness are extant. He was in the habit of sending his servants to pay calls on his poorer neighbours at meal-times, in order that he might learn which of them required assistance. During a very severe winter an officious person informed him that a needy neighbour stole wood from his pile. Winthrop undertook to cure him of stealing in the future. When the offender was brought before him, he said, "Friend, it is a severe winter, and I doubt you are but meanly provided with wood; wherefore I would have you supply yourself at my wood pile till this cold season be over." And he then merrily asked his friends "whether he had not effectually stopped this man of stealing his wood?"

One of Winthrop's failings was to be even more superstitious than his associates. He saw "special providences" in events which had no supernatural character. This was his weak side; his strength lay in the common-sense view which he took of all affairs, and the conciliatory spirit which he displayed on all vexed questions. When he left England in 1630 he had a good estate; he died penniless in Massachusetts nineteen years afterwards. He left children behind him who inherited and perpetuated his virtues as well as his name. His descendants in the sixth generation are among the honoured citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



## THE SLOW STREAM.

AH me! I said, the stream is slow,  
 My spirit chides delay;  
 How languidly its waters flow  
 Throughout the summer day!  
 It creeps along with sleepy song,  
 And loiters on the way.

Beneath the ivied arch it seems  
 To pause in dusky rest,  
 As if it wearied of the beams  
 Of sunlight on its breast,  
 And loved to sleep in shadows deep.  
 By willow-boughs caressed.

It dallies with the golden flowers  
 In meadows cool and green,  
 And murmurs under feudal towers  
 Of glories that have been;  
 Too long it stays in woodland ways  
 Among the ferns, I ween.

There waits an eager heart for me  
 Far on the shining main;  
 It is the sea, the open sea,  
 My soul is sick to gain,  
 To moss and stone in dreamy tone  
 The river mocks my pain.

"Oh, peace," my guardian angel sighed  
 (His voice was sweet and low),  
 "Love, work, and pray, and day by day  
 The stream will faster flow;  
 It rests with thee, if Time shall be  
 A river swift or slow."

SARAH DOUDNEY.

## THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

BY R. HERBERT STORY, D.D.

WE read, in the Book of Isaiah, of a time when the armies of the King of Assyria encompassed Jerusalem, and the borders of the land were all overrun by the invader, when the people were in sore dismay and terror, and when the king, shut up in the city, was sitting in the House of the Lord, covered with sackcloth, and crying, "This is a day of trouble, and rebuke, and of blasphemy." Then, as at many another time of distress and anguish, the presence of the prophet was the one centre of light and hope, the voice of the prophet the only note of peace. In a striking passage of a famous history the historian relates how, during one of the most horrible massacres which the world's annals record, high above the heads of the struggling throng in the streets of a great city, there sounded every half-quarter of every hour from the belfry of the cathedral the "tender and melodious chimes." So, above all the calamities and fear and confusion that befell the disobedient children of the Covenant, the voice of God's prophet, God's remembrancer and interpreter, ever rose, calm and unshaken, testifying to the eternal truth and the Divine righteousness, mingling with the rebuke and admonition of the sinner words of cheering and good hope for the faithful and godly. And thus, when the king was hidden from his people's sight, a humble and awe-stricken suppliant before the altar, his royal robes rent, wearing sackcloth instead of purple and fine linen, and with ashes on his head, disrowned and low—when Judea was devastated by the Assyrian spoiler, encroached upon and hemmed in on every side, the prophet was able to look beyond the present extremity and disaster, and to see the coming time when Hezekiah should be again upon his throne in all the pomp and splendour of his rank and power, when the borders of the land should be rid of the defiling presence of the heathen; and he sang, "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off;" or rather—as the Hebrew words strictly mean—"the land of far distances," the king's land, as it seems truest to interpret it—no longer limited and overrun, but with its borders stretched to their utmost bound, far beyond that within which the enemy had pent them now.

This seems the real and original meaning of the passage to which we have referred; and yet for many a generation this special promise has been believed to hold far wider meanings. And those to whom its hopeful and beautiful words have been familiar and dear, may feel as though these were robbed of their full significance when thus brought down to their simple bearing on the time and place and circumstance, in connection with which they were spoken at the first. They may feel as though we had no right to restrict to any local or temporary application words which have been found comforting and helpful by so many generations of Christians; whose promise has brightened many a closing eye from whose vision the world was fading, and cheered many a lonely heart that was ready to fail, because of the greatness and the solitude of the untrodden way; words in which Calvin read the name of a greater king than Hezekiah, for, "I pursue here," he says, "no allegories, for these I do not love; but because in Christ alone is found the stability of that frail kingdom of his, the likeness which Hezekiah bore leads us to Christ, as it were, by the hand;" words in which Keble discovered the assurance of that day of the restitution of all things, which shall make good the losses, the frailties, the failures of this mortal life, that day in which he says—

"These eyes that, dazzled now and weak,  
At glancing notes in sunshine wink,  
Shall see the King's full glory break,  
Than Hezekiah's, for, "I pursue here," he says, "no allegories, for these I do not love; but because in Christ alone is found the stability of that frail kingdom of his, the likeness which Hezekiah bore leads us to Christ, as it were, by the hand;" words in which Keble discovered the assurance of that day of the restitution of all things, which shall make good the losses, the frailties, the failures of this mortal life, that day in which he says—  
Though scarcely now their laggard glance  
Reach to an arrow's flight, that day  
They shall behold, and not in trance,  
The region very far away."

But is this feeling justified? Have we any right to feel as if robbed of something that we were entitled to, if we are told that the text can be interpreted only as speaking of a Jewish king and his little Judean kingdom? I do not think we have. We value the promises of God—if we understand them rightly—not just because of the exact thing they seem to promise, but because of that which they reveal to us of God. The promise in itself, in its letter, in its outward form, is often little else than an illusion. God, for instance, promised to give Abraham the land of Canaan, that he and his children might dwell there. The promise never was fulfilled.

The only portion of the Holy Land that Abraham ever possessed was the field, with the cave in it, that he bought from the stranger, that there he might bury his dead. So with Isaac, so with Jacob, the promise was but a vision and a dream. When, long afterwards, their children did settle in the promised land, the region that they had hoped to find "flowing with milk and honey" was one full of heathen enemies and turmoil and labour and war. And yet these patriarchs made no complaint. They did not think they had been deceived. We are told, "They all died in faith, not having received the promises." The promise that eluded their grasp did not unloose the bands of their strong faith, because they knew that

"'Twas not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
But the long faith that fails not by the way."

They knew that the promise was, so to speak, but the signal from the Father's hand to lead them on, and show them He was *there*. And so the promise is ever most precious to us when we perceive that it is revealing Him, and know what it is that it reveals. It is a little matter to us that in the day of Jewish distress and shame, Isaiah, the son of Amos, had such confidence in his country's destiny as to foretell that the Assyrians should yet be overthrown, and the King of Judæa be reseated in his palace, and all his borders be purged of the heathen invasion; but it is much to us to know that in that cloudy and dark day, when men's hearts were failing them for fear, and when their faith was well-nigh shaken from its rest, the Lord God of their fathers had compassion on His forlorn people, and through His prophet's courageous words sent them a message that should lift up their hearts and strengthen their hands; that He saw their trouble and knew their need, and sent them help from His holy habitation. We feel that the ancient promise renews itself for us, because it reveals to us the character of the same God in whose name it was spoken then. It encourages us to trust to the same mercy—to believe in the same fatherly good-will—to endure in the time of distress, because sure of the support of the same arm that is now, as it was then, "mighty to save." It teaches us to understand that, amidst all our sins and unworthiness, it is "of His mercy that we are not consumed, and because His compassions fail not."

But are we therefore to think of any of the promises of God as having no substantial reality behind them, as only vague, general indications of His character and will?

We have but slender ground to go on in arriving at an answer. We read the promises, and we know that again and again we fail to find the fulfilment. Christ promised His disciples that that generation should not pass away, till all the things He had spoken of were accomplished. Some of them are not accomplished yet. The early Church was taught by the Apostles to look for and to hold fast the blessed hope of the return of the Lord, in their own day. And now in this nineteenth century there are still those who cling to the letter of that early expectation, and believe that ere this generation has fallen asleep, the reign of the Lord and of His saints shall have begun. But still after more than eighteen hundred years the time "is not yet." No such promise would seem to be absolute. Its realisation hinges more or less on the state and the qualification of those to whom it is made. Their faith, their righteousness, their ability to receive the fullness of the promise, become conditions which have a share in determining how, or when, or to what extent, it shall be fulfilled. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise as some men count slackness;" but the time and the manner of its fulfilment rest with Him. Not one word that He has spoken shall ever fail; but it may be fulfilled otherwise than we have expected, because we have not understood the inner meaning, the true secret, the spirit of that which was spoken, and which is fulfilled to those that walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. The fulfilment is part of that "secret of the Lord" which is with them that fear Him, and into which, as into the promised land of old, there are always multitudes who cannot enter "because of unbelief."

Now, there is a special sense in which ancient prophecy and promise have grown dear to Christ's people, and which this principle of the spiritual fulfilment rather than of the literal fulfilment of prophecy and promise may be said to justify. They have been accustomed to read in the words which spoke of God's early kingdom, of its laws, its kings, its judges, its heroes, meanings which point to the eternal kingdom of which Christ is king, and to find in all that was true and sacred and beautiful in the elder dispensation foreshadowings of Him. St. Paul himself seems to warrant this use of the old as the forerunner of the new, when he says that the ordinances of the Mosaic law were "a shadow" of things to come; but "the body," he says, the reality, the substance, "is of Christ." He is the "first-born of every

creature," the "beginning of the creation of God," the original type and reality, that is to say, of all that is true and beautiful and good. And so all that is excellent in the old time before Him is understood in its full excellence only after He has manifested the high ideal, of which that was but the partial anticipation. And the heroes, and prophets, and kings of the Old Testament become to the Church types of Christ, her head, not because of mere coincidence here and there between points in their history and events in His, but because they were, each in their several degree of attainment, promises of the coming of the Perfect Man. And the purity of Joseph, the governance of Moses, the courage of Joshua, the strength of Samson, the faith of David, the wisdom of Solomon, the righteousness of Josiah, were regarded as bearing witness to Him who was the perfectly pure and wise, and strong, and mighty, and righteous, the Captain of our salvation, the author and finisher of the faith. And so too, since He has come, all human goodness, all beauty of true art, all righteousness of character, all loftiness of ennobling influence, all that testifies to us, in any way or degree, for a life that is higher than our own, that is not of the earth earthly, but is of heaven and from above, is likewise to us a witness for Christ, a remembrancer of Him, a reflection of His light, a step in "the world's great altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God," that helps us to come up higher. All these, to the mind that is full of God, that seeks in His light to see light, are not screens coming between it and Him tending to hide Him, because making us content with something lower than the highest, and meaner than the best, but are aids to our infirmity, and helpers to our faith; as it were friendly voices, kindly hands, that reach us through the twilight and amid the perplexities of our way, and bid us strive and hope. Whatever is true, whatever is beautiful, whatever is pure, whatever is noble in human thought or deed, whatever is best that the mind of man has imagined or his hand portrayed, is but the minister of "the man Christ Jesus."

"The shadows of the beauty of all time.  
Carven and sung, are only shapes of Thee."

It seems, then, not wrong, not a mere idle play of the devout imagination, as it is certainly not unnatural, that Christian people reading these words of ancient promise about the Jewish king and the Judæan kingdom should bring out of them more than he who spoke them first could understand, but not

more than the spirit of God, uttering God's message of mercy and hope through him, will warrant us in discovering there.

Those promises of the earlier dispensation, in which we of the later find new life and fulness, remind one of the old device of the Spanish monarch who engraved upon his coins the image of the "Pillars of Hercules," the farthest gateway of the world, according to the primitive belief, and took for his motto "No more beyond;" but when Columbus had discovered the new world in the West, and added it to that monarch's dominions, the two graven pillars looking out upon the sea were still retained upon the shield, but a word was struck out of the motto, and so it was changed into "More beyond." The confine of the old world had become the open threshold of the new. So the prophecy, the vision, the promise, which to the Jewish eye and ear unfolded only some blessing of the ancient covenant, to us who have known the Father and Him in whom He is revealed, acquire a vaster scope—

"There is no speech nor language  
Where their voice is not heard."

There is no limit to their horizon; they stretch beyond the farthest bounds of the everlasting hills, where "gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades, forever and forever, when we move."

And if then to us, who are citizens of the city of God, there should sometimes befall the day of trouble and rebuke, when the enemy presses on us from without, and the heart is faint and downcast within; when some adversity or scandal or error of the Church distresses us, and we are apt to feel as though the very ark of God were taken; when our Lord and King seems, as it were, driven from His throne and is lost sight of amidst the bitter strifes of those who wrangle and contend for what they call His truth and His rights, but which are often in reality only their own conceits, then there may come to us out of the words of the old promise, in a larger meaning than the prophet deemed, a note of encouragement and hope—"These poor conflicts and jealousies will pass away. The true life of the Church will not be holden of them. The Christ whose sacred presence they obscure will yet be manifested in His people, 'the hope of glory.'"

Or, if sometimes that hope of glory seems to us to burn but low and dim, by reason of the sins that darken and the failures that impair the lives of which it ought to be the life; if our faith even in the Divine original is



almost strained to breaking by the dull imperfection of the human reflections of it; if we find deformity where we had looked for beauty, insincerity where we had expected truth, carnality where we had believed there was purity of soul, baseness where we had trusted there was some vision of the high ideal; then, too, amidst the disappointment, the weariness and disgust of heart, the inner ear may detect the voice of ancient comfort, "These are but the failures, the unworthinesses, the fallings short of men. The blemishes of earth cannot stain the white purity of heaven. There is One who is perfect, and who will draw all of those who have not yet attained to His likeness, but who desire to attain to it, towards His own perfection. Oh, thou afflicted and tempest-tossed! thine eyes shall yet behold His beauty."

Or if, again, it may be our lot to feel, and to suffer in feeling, how far short the Church of Christ, at her best, falls of her great mission and work in the world; to feel our love chilled by her lack of unity, our faith straitened by her want of faith, our devotion hampered and restrained by her imperfect offices, our vision of the eternal city with its many entrances, its ample walls, its unfading light, over-clouded by the very smoke that rises from our earthly altars; if it is borne in on us that it is hard to realise how great God's kingdom is, because of the jealousy and narrowness and poverty of man's conceptions of it; then, too, we are saved from despondency and distrust when His word reminds us, though it be but in a figure, that although His City may for a time be beset with foes, it is *His* City still; that although the life within its walls may be enclosed and burdened, yet it *lives*; that though the land may seem to be hemmed in and narrowed, His people will one day possess it wholly, and shall find that it is vaster than their need, and that the boundaries of the kingdom of God are wider than they deem.

And so amid all human trial, and change, and want, considering that He who gave of old the temporal blessing, the release from cruel siege and shameful overthrow, will not withhold the spiritual gift, will not deny to Christian faith and hope any good thing, we may seek help to do and to endure in the

words, of which we make bold to believe that Christ is Himself the "Substance," and which say to us, "Be not dismayed, be not overcome, be not daunted and restrained in the hopefulness of your effort, in the freedom and fulness of your life. Suffer not yourself to sink to the world's low level, to take your pattern even from the best of what you see around you here, to receive for doctrines of Christ the commandments of men, to call any man master upon earth, to rest in, or be satisfied with, anything, how good soever it may be, which, because your king is hidden from you for a time, might seem to represent to you His blessed and glorious presence. Hold fast your faith in Himself, and in the eternal kingdom of which He is King. Believe that somewhere in God's wide universe that kingdom's everlasting bounds are set, and wait to receive all His faithful ones whose lives have been true and upward, who have walked by faith and not by sight, to receive these into rest and peace, and into the perfect vision of the King. The time may be protracted and weary, the night may be long of breaking, but yet the dawn shall come, when you shall see Him, not as now under the veil of earthly things and through a glass darkly, but as He is; when you shall no longer need the aid of symbol or ministry to help you to discern His aspect, but shall behold Him openly; when sin, and folly, and sorrow, and ignorance shall no more contract His dominion within narrow and sordid bounds, but when you shall see it stretch far beyond your utmost view. Yet awhile, if you live as strangers and pilgrims on the earth, not content with aught that it can offer, still amidst all its resting-places seeking the city which hath foundations, amid all its loveliness desiring that uncreated beauty which no type can embody or fully shadow forth; still amid all its disciplines holding fast the confidence that these are but the earnest of the life to come; then, at the end, when all worldly vision is fading from your sight, when all worldly possession is dwindling down to the few feet of earth that shall cover your decay, then your eye shall be opened to the glory to be revealed within the veil—to see the King in His beauty and the land of wide expanse."



## SOCIAL PLAGUES.

II.—NOISE. *Section 2.*

MR. FREDERICK HARRISON, passionately, and Mr. Matthew Arnold, sweetly and lightly, uphold the Latin races against Mr. Edward Freeman and Teuto-maniacs to whom the word "Charlemagne" is the unpardonable sin. Mr. Harrison failed to lead our armies on a march to Berlin; but Mr. Arnold's imperturbable assurance has yet to be convinced of fallibility. When, however, Jacques Bonhomme—with his good-humour, frugality, industry, and Malthusianism—is held before us as the sole hope of the future, some defects of detail are still apt to suggest themselves. It can, for instance, scarcely be controverted that the modern Gaul is obstinately given to chatter and perversely given to lie, less from conscious vice than from a morbid, almost a contemptible, love of approbation, intensified, when occasion offers, by the desire to turn a doubtfully honest franc. Put a question; he asks himself what answer it will most gratify you to receive: the truth is a matter of no consequence. When you are not called on to act on your misinformation, this foible may be regarded as a mere curiosity; when you are, it is often disconcerting. There are quiet spots even now in the "*plaisant pays de France*;" but I shall not blab their character away. Tourists should keep their counsel, or we shall ere long pursue repose as vainly as the mass of men pursue pleasure. The Pyrenees, for example, are no more as they used to be, "*Consule Planco*." The great Biscay waves are no longer broken on solitary rocks at Biarritz, nor do they roll up silent sands near Arcachon. The grandeur of the *Cirque de Gavarnie*—Nature's triumphant copy of the Colosseum (to accept the splendid anachronism of a friend with whom I gazed at both)—is ineffaceable; but you approach the precipices, crowned with snow and sun-smit with morning and evening fire, through a storm of donkeys, and the voices that upraise them.

Quite recently I revisited a haunt of twenty years ago in search of retreat from the hubbub and strife of elections, presbyteries, councils, and conclaves of various verbosity, and entered a lodging on an upland slope as a likely hermitage. For the nonce, quiet reigned, and to every interrogation and appeal, searching, or pathetic, or severe, the well-bred dame who was my doom had one unvarying response, "*Monsieur, la tranquillité est ad-*

*mirable*;" till I yielded to her winning ways, engaged her seductive rooms, and imported my baggage and my books. "Ah, who the melodies of morn can tell!" I had pitched my tent on the very "*bank and shoal*" of discord. On one side of the house the foundations of a new building were being laid, the earth and stones being slowly carted by solemn-eyed bullocks goaded by Gascons, who seemed alternately transported with rage and convulsed by garrulity. A remaining strip of the same plot was hired out for carpets brought at an atrocious hour by asses incessantly braying for their breakfasts. On the other side there were—a carpenter's shed in which the saw seldom ceased, a playground, a dog kennel, an omnibus station, a recognised stand for itinerant minstrels, and three poultry yards, in each as many cocks, with hens to match. Within this eligible mansion for a nervous patient or poetaster, the landlady was, in her sixtieth year, beginning to take lessons in music, which she touchingly declared to be her passion. We came presently to an arrangement and separation; but my next adventure was equally disastrous. Over-persuaded to settle in the attractive and reputedly quiet hotel of a watering-place hopefully out of season, I found that the fascinating hostess had concealed the fact that my "*appartement*" was edged between the "*Place*" and the market. In the former there were the daily rattle of *voitures* with their bells, and the inevitable "*hoops*!" of the *voituriers*; and, weekly, in the latter a scene indescribable, almost unearthly. The French, unlike Ariel, cannot do either their "*spiriting*," or their work, or their bargaining gently. They rise abominably soon, and from 4 A.M. bibble-babble, jabber, and shriek till vespers. Later on they gather in squads on the squares, and intermittently break into such explosions of mutual abuse that one rushes to the window, fearing to be the spectator of some murderous violence; it is but a matter of the price of a bunch of cherries, or the hire of a vehicle, and gesticulations like those of a maddened Roscius end in beer and laughter. The turmoil of a Pyrenean mart surpasses all preconceptions of the storming of the Bastille; it is a thing never to be forgotten nor again endured.

These uproars are of course augmented by the instruments of aural agony which in all countries profess to give pleasure. Among

ourselves, Mr. Babbage and Mr. Leitch have been their most eminent and notorious martyrs; but countless deaths and blasted careers, due to the same cause, have had no sacred bard to sing them. Of indoor torments of this kind, the most constant is piano-practising. The man who suffers it under his own roof is a simpleton whom "it were base flattery to call a coward;" but what is to be done with your immediate neighbours, whose strophes and antistrophes up and down the scales threaten to strum you out of your five senses? There should, in every considerable community, be statutory buildings, far withdrawn, and with walls as thick as those of Parkhurst, to which practising novices should be compelled to resort.

Outdoor musicians—organ-grinders, German bands, blind fiddlers, street-singers, Italian or Irish improvisatori in rags, Scotch bagpipers in kilts, and others of the tribe who make day hideous, with Christmas waits and evening buglers, should be driven to move on, and ever on, like the Red Indian before the advance of civilisation. While the complicated atrocities accompanying dancing-bears, performing-dogs, and pitiful monkeys are permitted to exist "this great lubber the world" must be reckoned in his infancy.

Plainly, in addition to our magnified tax on curs, there ought, in this prancing age, to be an almost prohibitive duty on vocal or instrumental advertisements, nor should they be tolerated at all, save under strict conditions. The street-crier in any well-regulated state would have to "pass" in the grammar and elocution of his native tongue, or, failing, carry a dumb placard, with this advantage to the public that his lies—as "*ripe fruit*," "*fresh herring*," "*best coals*," "*caller oo*"—being on written record, might be proved against him. Under no circumstances should drums, beaten with the fury of a Turk at Plevna, be endured; still less the miscreated dinner-bells in the hands of irresponsible brats, swinging as if they would never grow old, to announce the advent of endless carts of milk and water. While these born imps are suffered to shatter the noon with a clangour,

"Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told,"

there must be increase of headache, fever, insanity, and every kind of sorrow. In London and other semi-civilised places they are already ostracised, but, in the city of the "*dura ilia*" and the ears of adamant, the air is saturated with them as a sponge with water, and thronged as a glen with midges. Unless we except the cannon-firing near

barracks as an *advertisement* of the willingness of the defenders of their country to die for her, the most prominent of the other intimations of this kind are under shallow pretences alleged to be *warnings*. It never seems to occur to those who institute them that to many minds the cure may be worse than the disease, and that the certainty of cacophonous life is more to be shunned than the remoter and generally avoidable risk of a short one.

The ringing or shrieking of ships in a fog must perhaps be endured, but when a river runs through districts populous with man it is intolerable that every tug or ferry-boat should start a horn—to which the appropriate name of "*American devil*" has been applied—not only to intimate its presence, but for miles round to make every being who is not an outer barbarian long for it to be swamped. The ordinary admonition to move slow is protection sufficient for all who deserve to live. The application of the screech-horn—to which the screech-owl is as Mozart to a tom-tom—to the call of men to labour in the dim hours of a winter morning is an assault on the innocent sleep—"sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care"—undreamt of in southern latitudes, and only tolerated in the commercial capital of long-suffering, dimly conjecturing, omnivorously believing, orator-behumbled Hyperborea.

Sounds of labour are among the least offensive, because they are continuous, and do not take the ear by surprise, and partly because the sense of their utility doth add to them a reasonableness that breeds content. They are the throbs of the world's great heart, and seldom intrude on our hours or resorts of privacy. The chipping of stones for masonry is a natural accompaniment to the reading of Ruskin; to the cutting of wood, if it be not for political purposes, and a few yards off, we can be habituated or reconciled; the hammering of a dock suggests the flag that "*braves the battle and the breeze*;" "*Week in, week out*" you can hear the smith's bellows blow with patience, as long as it is with measured beat; so on Sundays we condone or approve the sexton according to the quality of the village bell.

Noises of removal, on the other hand, are irregular, suggestive of change of government, and vexatious. The rumbling of vans, as of trains, might be indifferent were it not for the shouting in the one case and the whistling in the other. But the limit to our endurance of cabs and omnibuses is overstepped in the experience of some Paris

streets and Liverpool squares, where vehicle after vehicle rattles with steed after steed—

"His four feet making the clatter of six,  
Like a devil's tattoo played with iron sticks,  
And kettle-drum of granite."

The master nuisance of household affairs is the unhallowed practice of *carpet-beating*, which in late April, early May, and November makes the suburbs of half our cities wholly untenable. The one advertisement exempt from all tax should be, "*Don't beat your carpets, send them to be cleaned.*" Otherwise they should be conveyed like convicts to some far corner among the hills. To fling men, and women too, with the fury of soldiers leading a forlorn hope, on your filthy rag, to flaunt your brow-beaters in front of your neighbour's house, to cannonade his slumbers and thunder through his day, is an outrage on

human nature that links us to the chimpanzee and makes pale the wildest dreams of Bulgarian atrocity.

Finally, there is no sphere or phase of life in which there is so clamant a call for a Bismarckian rule as in that of heedless, ruthless noise. If the noblest of our senses is to be the source of "pleasure and exaltation," instead of distraction and despair; if we are to be rescued from the creed of "Ecclesiasticus" and "Candide," of Schopenhauer and Hartmann; if our aspirations are to exceed the everlasting rest of Nirvana, these perpetual and growing assaults on our most sacred rights must be brought to a close. The lacerated ear of the world, despite the shade of Cobden and the body of Bright, demands PROTECTION.

W. ROSS BROWNE.

### SANDOWN BAY.

O H, the summer sunshine  
Flooding Sandown Bay,  
Making gladness gladder  
While the children play!  
Building mimic mountains,  
Digging mimic lakes,  
Leaving great things dearer  
For the small things' sakes!

Loud waves, grey and curling,  
Foam in freshening spray,  
God's mysterious music  
Mingling with the play.  
All the broad sea's glory  
Dimly stretched away,  
Like that unknown story  
Children know some day.

Rippling baby chatter!  
Sunny baby smiles!  
What can greatly matter  
While you keep your wiles?  
Does God hear this music  
Mingling with the sea's?  
Does He love the laughter  
Sounding on the breeze?

F. M. OWEN.







"They all, as by one consent, went into Sir Samuel's study."



"Here he stood, staring at the beehives."

## SARAH DE BERENGER.

By JEAN INGELow.

### CHAPTER XXV.

AMIAS rose early the next morning and went into the dewy garden. It was looking its best. Red lilies and white ones stood side by side scenting the air; a thick bush of climbing clematis leaned towards him from a tall cherry-tree. Towering hollyhocks in a long row went straight across the garden, and directed the eye to the old yew-tree hedge, which looked almost black in its shady station.

"I must leave it and leave *her*," thought the lover, and turned to look at the white-curtained windows, behind which he supposed Amabel to be sleeping. Felix was seen advancing, and forthwith Amias began with diligence to examine the beehives, before which he had been standing.

A certain something, of which he had hitherto been scarcely aware, now made itself manifest to him. It was this: that he had begun to think Felix was a man to be

much considered, that it was natural to respect him.

Felix had been pleasant and brotherly, of course, but his manner now and then had been changed a little, just for the moment. Amias had been sensitive to this change—had shown a certain deference towards Felix, which it now occurred to him that the latter had taken advantage of. Had he accepted it as his right? Amias could not help thinking that he had, and he chose to pretend to himself, as Felix approached, that there could be no reason for this, and that it had better be done away with.

Well, then, he would do away with it, and address Felix exactly as he should have done in the old days, without thinking of what he was going to say. Ridiculous! The idea of considering how he should address his own brother, on occasion of their first meeting in the morning! But here he stood, staring at the beehives, and knowing that he *was* desirous to please Felix, and undecided what

to say, knowing now that Felix, standing beside him, felt no answering embarrassment.

"I feel exactly as I might if he was her father," thought the poor victim; and now the whole thing was confessed to himself. And still he watched the bees coming out, and still Felix did not speak.

"What a strong smell of clary there is!" he said at last.

"Yes," said Felix indifferently; "so many bees settling on it and fluttering about it, cause it to give forth that strong odour."

Amias, while he said this, had time to remember that the last thing the girls had done before they went to the seaside had been to pull the clary blossoms and spread them on sheets of paper in a spare attic, to be dried for making wine, and that the scent of clary was so strong on their gowns and capes when they came in that they had been obliged to change these habiliments. Mrs. Snaith had hung them in the air on a clothes-line. How interesting they had looked—especially one of them.

"Fool that I am; he is thinking of the same thing," thought Amias. "What could possess me to mention the clary, for——"

"That reminds me——" said Felix calmly, and paused.

"I knew it would," thought Amias, and he interrupted: "I always think the emanations from that plant must have substance. Surely, with a magnifying glass, one could detect the particles floating over the flowers?"

"I think not," said Felix, who, not being himself embarrassed, could easily get on without returning to his first opening. "I think not. But, Amias, I'm glad you rose so early, for I particularly wanted to speak to you."

"To speak to me, old fellow? Oh—well, let us sit down, then." He moved on with a pretence of calmness, possessed himself of a stick as he went, and acknowledged to himself that he was quite sure what the talk was going to be about. "How beautiful and how dewy everything looks!" he said, as they sat down on a rustic bench.

"Yes," said Felix again.

Amias took out his knife and began to whittle the stick, because he had an unwonted consciousness of his hands; they seemed to be in his way.

"I wanted," said Felix, "to speak to you about Amabel."

Amias could not say a word.

"Have you considered that she is not yet out of the schoolroom?"

Amias said nothing, and Felix quietly went on.

"I should like to know whether you are aware how extremely young she is?"

Then he felt obliged to answer. "Yes, Felix, I am; I know she was sixteen on the twelfth of last month."

"I think you have been taking some pains to please her."

"I don't know that I have any cause to suppose that you would dislike the notion of my having succeeded."

"Have you succeeded?"

"I don't know."

"You must not make any more efforts in that line—at any rate, for the present."

Here the worm felt as if he was going to turn. But he did not; he remained silent.

"I think I have a right to say that you are not to pay her any more of these half-playful attentions," continued Felix, "or we shall get nothing more done in the schoolroom; and also that I cannot allow her, at her tender age, to receive any letters."

"Playful attentions—playful!" repeated Amias, with a burning sense of wrong. "Do you mean to say that you think I am not in earnest?"

"No, my dear fellow," said Felix, with perfect gentleness; "I had no idea of saying anything to annoy you. But perhaps I may say now, that she certainly is not old enough to know her own mind, and therefore, for your own sake as well as for hers——"

"My own sake!" exclaimed Amias with scorn. "Pray leave me to take care of my own feelings; speak only for her sake, and of hers."

"I take for granted that she is old Sam's grand-daughter," continued Felix, "and that he has ascertained the fact, because, though he has never been at the pains to let me know it, he continues to treat the girls with constantly growing affection. If, therefore, you think he has a better right over her future, or think that the general facts of the situation throw her more naturally upon his care than on mine, you may go and speak to him if you wish it."

"I think nothing of the kind, Felix. I beg your pardon for my heat. If she had been a brother's child instead of a cousin's, you could not possibly have done more—only——"

"Only what?"

"It hurts me deeply that you should disapprove in this general way. If you have any particular fault to find with me——"

"I have certainly a particular fault to find with you, and no other. It is that you have made love to a good little girl, who was very



happy, obedient, and childlike. I notice a difference in her; you have robbed her of a full year of childhood."

"Have I?" said Amias in a choking voice.

But he hardly knew whether the accusation was most bitter or most sweet. He thought he would rather have died than have made this sweet creature restless and unhappy. But then her unrest, if she felt it, was on *his* account!

"If she was a year or two older, then? if I was willing to wait?" he began; but, oh, what a long time even one year seemed! He paused to consider it.

"Yes," observed Felix; "if she was two years older—that is, if you like to wait two years and then come—you may say what you please to her with my approval, provided nothing whatever is said now, and nothing written."

"I meant to say something decisive before I went," said Amias, under a deep conviction that some other fellow would seize upon his jewel, if she was left free for such a long time. He expressed this alarm to his brother at great length.

Felix was not in the least impressed. "Amabel is not the only young girl in the world, that every man must needs fall in love with her," he remarked.

Amias thereupon, at equal length, argued that she was, as it were, *almost* the only young girl in the world—so much more charming, desirable, sweet, &c., &c. He rather hinted this than said it. Felix would not have found any raptures bearable; and, besides, his raptures were far too deep to be spread forth to the light.

For all reply to this Felix said, "But she never sees anybody."

"Never?" cried Amias.

"Excepting a curate now and then."

Amias admitted to himself that he was not afraid of the curates.

"But in the shooting season, and at Easter, Uncle Sam has a houseful of fellows."

"And she will see them at church," answered Felix. "Yes, she will. Well, you must run that risk." He spoke of the risk with a contempt which Amias thought not warranted.

"And they will see *her*," he continued.

"And ask Sir Samuel who she is," observed Felix. "I should much like to know what answer he will make to that question when it shall be so asked that he must answer."

"And *you* see her," Amias was about to

add; but he paused, and yet the flash that came into his eyes, and his sudden checking of himself, were so manifest that Felix noticed them.

"Well?" he inquired.

"It was nothing—at least, nothing that I care to utter."

"Then it must have been what I suspected." He laughed, and his dark cheek mustered colour. "Why, you ridiculous young fellow!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder, "are you preposterous enough to be jealous of—*me*?"

"No, I am not; but any other man might be!"

Felix looked at him.

"How can you possibly suppose I could fall in love with one of these dear little girls?" he said, in a tone of strong remonstrance. "I stand almost in the relation of a father to them."

"I should say, on the contrary, that your position toward them makes it quite inevitable that you should fall in love with one of them, unless you already love some one else."

"Besides," said Felix, not directly answering this last thrust, "I should not care to be more nearly allied to John—poor fellow!—if John's they are. And if they are not, I certainly should not care to be allied to nobody knows whom."

Amias winced a little on hearing this, but Felix had not done with him.

"However, it is not impossible that you may be right," he continued, not without a touch of bitterness. "It may make you feel more at ease to learn that I have been *these many years* attached to some one else."

No more jealousy was possible now, but also no more rebellion. Felix was master of the situation.

"And so," he said, as he rose, "if you wish this time two years to see Amabel, you will come here again; and in the meantime I consider you are bound in honour to leave her absolutely alone, and not make her an offer till she is eighteen."

He looked at Amias, who had to answer, "I consent."

And just as he said it, Amabel and Delia came down the garden, as if on purpose to show him how hard this newly vowed consent was to be. He did not say a word, but his eyes dwelt on Amabel's face. There was a tender sadness on it—a certain, almost forlorn expression. We understand people so well when we love them. Amias felt that this fair young creature had been so waited

on, so attended to, so watched and loved by her nurse, that, this tendance and this fencing in from loneliness withdrawn, she was looking about her, as if she felt herself pushed out into some colder world, and knew not how to order herself in it. He remembered the flattery of observance with which "Mamsey's" eyes had dwelt on her young lady. Sometimes he had thought that his eyes, waiting on her, had not been unmarked either. But she was not thinking of him now.

"Is there any letter, Coz, from Mrs. Snaith?" she asked.

"No, my dear—none."

"What do you think she means, Coz? It cannot be that she is ill?"

"No, my dear; I feel confident that she is not ill."

"But have you any idea what it all means?"

A certain something passed over the face of Felix then, which Amias noticed as well as Amabel.

"You have, Coz?" she said.

"I have no *definite* idea," answered Felix.

"Even if I had, I could not tell it to you."

Amias noticed that he pitied the two girls in this withdrawal of their faithful maid and old nurse, far more than he did himself in the loss of an excellent domestic.

All this time the girls had been standing before the two brothers, who were seated; but now Delia made herself room beside Felix, and Amias, starting up, moved to Amabel to take his place; so now Felix was sitting between the two girls, and Amias was looking at the group. That Felix remembered just then what had so lately passed between him and his brother was evident, for as the two girls seemed to lean towards him for comfort and support, his dark face again took on a hint of colour, his eyes flashed as if with involuntary amusement, and he even looked a little embarrassed.

Foolish Amias! how could he have put such a thought into his brother's head?

But here was Aunt Sarah coming also, her carrot-coloured curls flying, and her pink morning wrapper jauntily fastened up with a silver clasp.

It was rather a narrow gravel walk that led to the house, and the girls went in to breakfast down it, pressing their skirts to them lest the dewy bending flowers should wet them. Sarah followed next, then Felix, and lastly Amias, which arrangement he naturally felt to be very disagreeable.

"Should he read to them that morning?"

he inquired of the girls after breakfast, in the presence of Felix.

"No, they had no time, thanks; they were going to be extremely busy."

Amias sighed, and after breakfast disconsolately wandered about indoors, or read the various newspapers that he always had sent to him wherever he was. At last, about eleven o'clock, he saw the two girls sitting together under the walnut trees, shelling peas for the early dinner. He joined them. Jolliffe was very busy, they said, and they had asked her what they could do to help, now dear Mamsey was gone. So she had asked them to gather some fruit and the peas, and then to shell them.

"You might have let me help!" exclaimed Amias.

"Coz never helps at that kind of thing," said Delia, as if this was an exhaustive answer.

"Fancy Coz shelling peas!" said Amabel.

Dick was gone; he had departed the previous evening to stay two days with a boy-friend.

"Dick will be back to-morrow," observed Delia, "and then we can make him help." There was no emphasis on the word "make;" it only expressed a familiar truth in simple language.

"Dick is a lucky dog," said Amias, forgetting himself: "he will have another three weeks here before he goes back to school." He spoke with such bitter regret in his voice that the girls both looked at him.

"Don't you like going away?" asked Delia composedly.

Here he remembered his promise. "Not particularly," he said.

"Then why don't you stay?" she inquired. "I'm sure Coz would be very glad—and so should we," she added, and stooped to seize another handful of pods with her dimpled fingers. Amabel had a more slender hand; she held it out just then, half full of peas, and as they ran out into the dish he noticed a handsome pearl ring. He had observed it before, with certain misgivings. How could he possibly go away with any doubt as to the meaning or history of that ring? There had been neither assent nor dissent in her face when Delia had said "so should we;" she had not looked up at him.

His thought was urgent for utterance, but it would have been contrary to his promise to ask such a question as he would have liked to do. He said, "That ring runs a risk of being stained with the peas."

"Does it?" exclaimed Amabel hastily; and she drew it off, colouring with anxiety, as he thought, while she looked at it.

"And pearls, you know, will not bear soap and water," he continued.

"It's all right," said Delia; "I saw you," she continued, in a rallying tone, to her sister. "I saw you take off your glove in the ribbon-shop the other day, and let your hand hang out over the ribbon-box—pretending to choose; I saw you stick your finger out, fastening your cuff, the other day on the pier, that those two lieutenants might see it. Dear creature! And she promised to give me one too," continued Delia, with a sigh.

"*She* promised!" exclaimed Amias, with involuntary delight. "Oh, it was a lady who gave it, then?"

"It was dear Mamsey," said Amabel, taking up the ring and putting it gently to her cheek, and then to her lips. "She saved out of her wages for three years and bought me this. It has some of her hair in it. And I asked her to let her name be engraved on the inside, and she had it done; but only her Christian name, you see."

She let Amias receive the ring in his hand. He wished he might have kissed it too, but he only looked at it and saw the name, "*Hannah*."

Amabel was beautifully shy now. She blushed, because she felt that Amias would know she had been glad to explain to him about this gift of a ring; but just as he, finding no pretext for holding it longer, was stretching out his hand to return it, Aunt Sarah came out again, meddling old woman! He thought she looked inquisitive, and perhaps Amabel thought so too, for she shelled the peas with great diligence for a few minutes more, and then the task was finished. One of the girls carried in the peas, the other the basket of pods, and Sarah and Amias were left alone together.

Amias did not see Amabel again till the early dinner, and very soon after that Sir Samuel appeared. He had brought two ponies, and proposed to take both the girls out for a ride.

Circumstances were helping Amias to keep his promise. The girls considered it a great treat to go out riding with Sir Samuel.

While they were gone up-stairs to put on their habits, Mrs. Snaith's departure was mentioned by Sarah. She wished very much to know what she might have confided to the old man; whether it was through her,

or through John himself before his death, that these girls were known by him to be his grand-daughters. That he did know it she had no doubt, else why was he so fond of them?

"Not gone for long, I suppose?" he said coolly.

"Yes, gone for good," she replied.

"Where is she gone, then?" he inquired sharply.

"That we cannot tell, uncle. You can see the telegram."

Sir Samuel turned the telegram about, read it with earnestness, and almost, as it seemed to Sarah, with consternation.

"It does not signify, of course?" said Sarah, in a questioning tone.

"What does not signify?" he replied. Having scrutinised the telegram thoroughly, he was now folding it up, and presently he put it in his purse, and stood for some minutes so lost in thought, that when the girls came in ready for their ride he did not notice them.

"Well, good-bye, my dear," he said at last to his niece Sarah. "I cannot have you to luncheon to-morrow, though I said I would. I am going out."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

AMIAS was exceedingly vexed when, about two hours after this, Sir Samuel rode up to the rectory door alone.

He had been pacing about on the lawn, and cogitating over his chance of lifting Amabel down from her pony.

Sir Samuel laughed when he saw him. It was a good-natured laugh, but not altogether devoid of a little harmless malice. Amias had come up to him to ask what he had done with the girls, but this laugh awoke in him an uneasy suspicion that the "grandfather" might have observed his devotion, might have other views for Amabel—might not approve.

"Ah, Mr. Lecturer," said Sir Samuel, and laughed again. "You were not aware, I suppose, that I was among your auditors the other day when you were holding forth on the common?"

Amias felt rather foolish; wondered whether he had been extravagant in any of his assertions. He was relieved to find what the laugh meant, but he longed for some opening for asking about Amabel.

"I did not mind it," continued the old man, naturally feeling that Amias would rather he had not heard that particular speech. "You are a born orator, my lad.

Tom—Tom always used to stutter so when he tried to speak. I shall never make anything of Tom. I should like very well to see you in the House, where you would have matters worth mention to spend your eloquence on. Should you like it? Eh?"

"Very much, uncle; but there is no chance of such a thing for a long time to come."

"You had no notion that your old uncle was present, had you?"

"Of course not," exclaimed Amias, quite shocked.

"And if I am not mistaken, there was no personal feeling in your invectives—none of them were directed specially against me?"

He touched the young man's shoulder with his riding-whip so gently, that it was almost like a caress; he spoke as kindly as a father might have done.

"How should I have any personal feeling against you, uncle?" exclaimed Amias. "I always think of you as the kindest person I know. What do you take me for?"

"You young fanatic," said Sir Samuel, laughing, "do you really think it your duty to keep out of my way?"

"No!" exclaimed Amias, with genuine astonishment.

"Then why do you never come near me when I am in London?"

Amias here felt extremely ashamed of himself, for the whole conversation was such a confession of liking on the part of the old man, and he felt that on his part nothing had signified but that he should know why Amabel did not appear. It was hard on the old uncle. It was a shame!

That last question really made him able to think of the matter under discussion, and at the same moment came a flash of recollection that this was *her* grandfather who was so kindly disposed towards him.

"You quite astonish me, uncle," he said. "If you invited me to come to your house in London, I should be truly pleased, but——" Here he paused.

"'But you never do,' was what you were going to add, wasn't it?" said Sir Samuel. "That is true. Well, I thought, if I did, you might be afraid I should tempt you to join me again."

"I never could have had such an idea," exclaimed Amias, very much surprised.

"Well then, come and see me whenever you have nothing better to do."

"I will, uncle," said Amias, with cordial earnestness.

"For," continued the old man, "I feel sometimes a great wish to have some of my own people about me." ("He never shows any care to have Felix about him," thought Amias.) "Tom has been away so long."

"He'll be home soon for his long leave," observed Amias consolingly.

"But he'll go to his wife's people," said the old man. "I shall see very little of him. His wife's people are everything to him. And since I lost John—— You don't remember John very well, do you?"

"I was almost a child when he went abroad," said Amias, faltering a little over those last words. He remembered no good of John, of course. "I can recall his face sometimes," he added.

"Ah! he was a fine fellow—a dear fellow. He would have come home long before this and been my companion," said the father. "Tom's a good fellow too, only he's taken up with other things. He has been very long away, and you know the proverb says, 'Better is a neighbour that is near, than a brother afar off.' That son John of mine—he is very far off, though always in my thoughts."

"Why, what a strange quotation, and what a confused speech!" thought Amias; "but he never can bear to speak of John." Then, intending to console, he said, "But I am more than a mere neighbour, uncle, you know. I am a blood relation, and of course I cannot help feeling an affection for you—and for Amabel's grandfather," was the addition in his mind. It gave a natural and pleasant earnestness to his tone, which was as cordial as his feeling.

Sir Samuel smiled, and was manifestly pleased. "The young," he said, "never return the affection of the old, but they give them what they can, my boy. God bless them! they give them what they can."

Amias could not be so base as to pretend for a moment that he had any such degree of regard toward Sir Samuel as the old man had made evident toward himself; he felt at that moment that he had always been aware there was, according to the proverb, a "good deal of love lost" between them, and that now he must cultivate some return. Amabel would make this easy, and now he ventured to say, "Where's Amabel, uncle, and where's Delia?"

"I left them at the Hall.—Oh! here you are, nephew parson. I came to find you and your aunt Sarah. I left the girls at the Hall; they are going to dine with me, and I'll send

them home at night in the carriage, unless you can spare them for a few days. In fact, I have been thinking that you might be glad, as Mrs. Snaith is gone, if I took them in."

Amias was desperately disappointed, but not a word could be said by him, and Sarah arranged the matter, and sent off her maid in charge of the various things that they would want.

"Come and dine with me to-morrow, Amias," said Sir Samuel as he rode off; and this, at least, was a consolation.

"I wonder whether it would make any difference to his liking for me," thought Amias, "if he knew that I loved his favourite grand-daughter?" He revolved this in his mind till the evening, when Dick came home, and was extremely sulky when he found that the girls were out; very angry with them, too, for accepting the invitation, and much inclined to be uncivil to his aunt Sarah, when she enlarged on the convenience of the plan.

"It's a disgusting sell!" quoth Dick. "What is a fellow to do loafing about the place by himself?"

"In my opinion," said Aunt Sarah—"yes! in my opinion—a 'fellow' could not do better than get some cow-parsley to feed the rabbits."

"I shall feed Delia's rabbits," replied the schoolboy; "but as to Amabel's, she should not have left them. She is old enough to know better."

"Well, you may leave Amabel's to me, then," said Amias, with what was meant to be a gracious air, but which had far too much eagerness, and too much the manner of one seeking for a privilege.

And what a privilege it was! What interesting rabbits those were! All the information that Dick volunteered about them was so delightful: "Delia 'swapped' that old doe with Amabel for two bullfinches; the bullfinches fought and killed one another, and then Delia said she ought to have the doe back again, but Amabel wouldn't give it to her."

"And very right too," exclaimed Amias.

"But Amabel generally gets the worst of it in all her bargains with Delia," observed Dick. "Delia's such a shrewd little puss, she can take anybody in."

"Gets the better of Amabel, does she?"

"Yes; Amabel's rather *soft*. However, they both cried like anything when a third of the bullfinches picked his brother's eyes out. That's the only thing I don't like

about girls—they're so tender-hearted. Felix took the blind bullfinch away, and did for him out of their sight."

Amias inspected all the pets and helped to feed them, waiting on chance for a word about Amabel; then he went and found his brother Felix.

Felix was up in the church-tower. The parish clock was unconscionably slow. Felix was having it put right, and agreeing with the man who had regulated it to let a good many of the cottagers know of the change. He never had any alterations made during working hours, or either the farmers or the labourers would have felt themselves aggrieved.

Amias looked out upon the chimneys of the rectory house, and at the long white road in the park that led up to the Hall. Then the two brothers got on to a convenient little platform on the roof and enjoyed the cool air, for it was a hot evening.

"I have been thinking, old fellow," said Amias, "about some of the things you said this morning of Uncle Sam."

Felix had actually forgotten for the moment the sentence that he was alluding to.

"The fact is," continued Amias, "I always knew that he liked me."

"Of course," said Felix; "he never sees me without asking after you. I believe he likes you almost as well as he does Tom."

"Well, and I like him well enough."

"So I suppose. If I had to drive bargains with him, I should not like him; as it is, we get on excellently well. I should think he will take the girls away when they are grown up."

"I have been thinking, Felix, if it really would not annoy you at all, I should like to do as you said this morning. I was either to abide by your wishes, you know"—he said this half reproachfully, for Felix did not seem quite to understand him—"or you said I might consult him about Amabel. I think I chose amiss. I wish you would consider that the matter has yet to be decided."

"Well?" said Felix.

"Of course I shall always feel that you have been everything to the girls. If I ever win Amabel, I shall feel deeply grateful to you; in fact, I do now."

"And you want to lay the matter before old Sam instead?"

"Yes."

"You are bold."

"Am I, Felix? Well, I shall ask for nothing but his consent. He hates laying money down. In my case he will know, for

I shall tell him, that I expect none, and in fact——”

“In what should have been the sequel to those last words lies the gist of the matter; and if he is to give his beautiful grandchild nothing, she ought not to marry a man of very moderate means.”

“Very true, Felix; but I tell you I love her, and the more doubt there is as to his consent, the more I feel urged to speak. Besides, he has asked me to come and see him in London, and expressed great regard for me. I must not go and see him and make myself as agreeable as I can, and all the time feel that I am doing it not for his sake but for hers.”

“You are aware that I know nothing about her parentage?”

“Know nothing?” repeated Amias.

“I conjecture a good deal, but I *know* nothing. As I said this morning, I take for granted that these are John’s children, and that is all.”

“Yes, Felix, I am aware of the fact. It makes no difference to me.”

“If old Sam knows anything more, it sometimes occurs to me that it cannot be agreeable, or why should he keep it to himself?”

“I am not such a fool as to dislike the notion of the Dissenting minister’s daughter.”

“Of course not. Who is?”

“I have always known that there was some sort of doubt as to their parentage.”

“Some sort of doubt. That exactly expresses the matter; and occasionally it occurs to me that this doubt is less a disadvantage to them than the truth would be. Therefore I never probe it; I ask Uncle Sam no questions.”

“I am astonished that the girls never ask any.”

“They are good and pure-minded little girls, and know little of disgrace and nothing of sorrow. No one, by talking of either parents, has excited any imaginary love or fancied regrets. They do not forbear to question, but simply no questions occur to them.”

“Old Sam always treats Amabel as his grand-daughter.”

“And such I am persuaded she is. But that does not prove that she has a right to his name.”

“She shall have a right to it, though,” cried Amias, “if she will only take it. But you used always to feel sure that John had married Fanny. What has made you doubtful?”

“Nothing but time. In course of time I feel that this almost must have come out. What motive could her family have for concealing it?”

“She might have run away with him.”

“Yes, poor little fool, she might,” said Felix with a sigh, “and have concealed herself from them; but her marriage certificate in such a case could assuredly have been found, if old Sam had set to work to do it.”

“Why, you seem to have almost taken for granted now that everything was as I most wish it might not have been.”

“No; it would have cost a good deal of money to investigate the matter. I believe he also had his doubts—chose to take the children as they were, and also to save his money, hoping for the best.”

“Or John might have married somebody else?”

“Even so.”

“Mrs. Snaith gave over their little fortunes to you, did she not?”

“Yes, and told me nothing.”

“I am very sorry she is gone.”

While Felix and Amias, as evening drew on, sat looking over the harvest fields, and across to the somewhat over-wooded park, and the long, quiet mere or pool where Amias had chased the white owl and her chicken, Sir Samuel watched the two girls as he sat over his claret and they flitted about in the flower-garden, and his regret was the very echo of his nephews’. He thought bitterly of Mrs. Snaith. “I am sorry she is gone,” he also repeated; revolved in his mind how to find her, and regretted the whole course of his own conduct for the last twelve years.

Felix had done him no wrong: it was mainly because he grudged the expense, that he had made no investigations. The love of money almost always increases with age, and it has no relation whatever to the uses its possessor may be supposed to intend it for.

Money accumulated with Sir Samuel every year. His eldest son was dead. His son John was dead also. His son Tom was as saving as himself. He had more sense for his only remaining son than for himself. He sent a very handsome sum to his daughter-in-law, and proposed that Tom should buy her some jewels, as they were in the part of the world where these are finest; also a costly Indian shawl or so. Tom persuaded her, who was nothing loath, to save this also. Sir Samuel began to feel disturbed; he himself always kept a handsome



fashion? I shall now have to bribe her to appear, and buy the information she possesses at whatever sum she chooses to ask for it. I am sorry. I would do differently if my time came over again."

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

table, a proper stable, a due staff of servants, &c. He loved money, but he was not a miser, and he began to fear that Tom was.

"And I am saving all this for him, and neglecting the claims of my dear John's children. Ah, he was no miser," thought the old man. "But then, as long as that woman stayed, what was the good of setting expensive investigations on foot, which would have ended in my having to make the darlings a handsome allowance?"

Sir Samuel never admitted the least doubt on that head. "I could not have let Felix keep them for so small a sum, when once I had *proved* that they were my dear John's daughters. But I am sorry. How could I guess that woman would run off in such

SIR SAMUEL went for a long drive the next morning, and did not take Amabel and Delia with him. He went to a hotel in a town about twelve miles off, and there met a man from a "private inquiry office,"—a man whom he had sent for from London.

He wanted to have a certain woman found for him. He would give a handsome sum to those who could put her in communication with him; and they might offer any sum that was necessary to induce her to appear.

He began, of course, by giving her a wrong name.

Her name was Hannah Snaith; she was a widow. She was a nurse when first he met with her, and after that she had lived nearly twelve years as an upper servant in the family of his nephew, the Rev. Felix de Berenger. She left clandestinely, and tele-

graphed to the family many hours after her departure, to say that they need not expect to see her again.

"Did she leave her place through any fault?"

He did not think so.

"Had she left anything behind her—books, clothes, letters?"

That he did not know.

"Well, Sir Samuel, if you should hear that a *friend* of Mrs. Snaith's is making inquiries about her in the village and at the rectory, you will not be uneasy. Anything that I gather up you will learn of me by letter from a distance, and nobody hereabouts will know that you had anything to do with my inquiries."

Sir Samuel then had his luncheon and drove home again; but before he reached his gates, a man, travelling by railroad, walked down the village and called at the back-door of the rectory.

Mrs. Jolliffe opened it, and he asked for Mrs. Snaith's address.

Mrs. Jolliffe was sorry she could not give it. "Was he a friend of Mrs. Snaith's?"

"Yes, he was very much her friend. He wanted to tell her of something to her advantage. In fact, if he was not mistaken, an advertisement would come out in the *Daily Telegraph* the next day, setting forth that if Hannah Snaith, lately in the service of the Rev. F. de Berenger, would apply to —, and certain friends named in the advertisement, she would hear of something to her advantage."

Mrs. Jolliffe was deeply interested. "If you'd put it in an Ipswich paper, now," she observed, "instead of a London one, 'twould be more likely to meet her eye."

"You think so?"

"Yes, because she always took an Ipswich paper."

Here was a valuable clue. Mrs. Jolliffe would by no means have given it, if she had known that this man wanted to find Mrs. Snaith, whether she would or not.

The man felt his way. "Ah, true, it would have been better. An Ipswich paper? Which was it, I wonder? There are mostly two, one on each side." He seemed to be questioning more with himself than with Mrs. Jolliffe. "When there's a nice little sum of money lying ready for her, it seems hard she should miss it, just for the sake of not knowing."

Mrs. Jolliffe asked him in; and out of a drawer in the adjoining room forthwith produced several copies of the *Suffolk Chronicle*.

"She was a widow?"

Mrs. Jolliffe's manner became cold and rather stiff. "She was very respectable; I should judge she was a widow. But if you are an old friend, I should judge you should know."

"Did she leave anything behind her—clothes, letters, books, or what not?"

"Yes, everything she had."

"Could you let me see them?"

"Certainly not, sir, unless Mr. de Berenger knew of it."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of putting you to the inconvenience of asking him."

"You can keep the old newspapers, sir, if you like. Do you think the money is coming to her from Australia?"

"Why should it?"

"Well, to be sure, she never said she had friends out there; but, then, she was a close woman—wonderfully close."

"Well,"—taking out a pencil—"I shall advertise for her in the Ipswich papers, as you think she came from those parts."

"I never said a word of the sort, sir."

"But if her letters chiefly came from there?"

"If you'll believe me, sir," said Mrs. Jolliffe, "she never had a letter from year's end to year's end."

"It's usual to put in the maiden name as well, in an advertisement of that sort. Let me see—how did she spell it?"

"I thought you said you was an old friend," said Mrs. Jolliffe; "and you seem to know less about her than I do. Well, I don't rightly remember how she spelt it."

The man looked angry. "I shouldn't have thought you would have stood in the light of your friend," he said; but he did not like to ask what the name was.

Now, Mrs. Jolliffe was not very great at her spelling, but, feeling herself reproved, she found a way out of her difficulty. "I have no call that I see to go over every letter of it to you," she observed; "if I just tell you it was Goodrich, you may write it down yourself and make the best you can of it."

Having said this, she immediately felt angry with herself, remembering afresh that it was odd this "old friend" should not know more concerning Mrs. Snaith.

"Then you think you cannot help me any further?" said the man blandly, but by no means intending to go.

"I don't see but what you can find any woman by as much as I have told," said Mrs. Jolliffe, "if she wants to be found."



"And why should she not want to be found?"

"How should I know? I never heard a word breathed to her disadvantage," said Mrs. Jolliffe shortly. "I suppose you'll say next that I told you she wanted to hide herself."

After this nothing prospered with the visitor. He soon put Mrs. Jolliffe into a good temper again, and induced her to talk of Mrs. Snaith, but she either could not or would not say any one thing that was of the least use to him.

He went away, knowing, through Mrs. Jolliffe, no more than this of Mrs. Snaith: that her maiden name was Goodrich, that she had no correspondence even with her nearest relatives, and that she took in a newspaper called the *Suffolk Chronicle*.

The copies of this paper which had been presented to him, had all arrived during the time that Mrs. Snaith had been at the seaside. After anxious scrutiny the man decided that there was nothing in them that could help him, and he left the neighbourhood for the present.

Sarah de Berenger was to dine with the old baronet that evening, as well as Amias. She entertained him as they drove over with remarks on the sums of money that Felix gave away in his parish. "I suppose he will never leave off while I live."

Amias smiled.

"Of course I shall *tie it up*," she continued.

"Tie what up, aunt?" said Amias, purposely not understanding her.

"Why, the property, of course. Felix is no man of business. Yes! dear fellow, he must let my house; and I shall take care to leave all proper directions for his guidance in my will."

"Do, when you *make it*, aunt! I don't believe you ever have made one yet," said Amias, smiling.

"What!" exclaimed Sarah. "Never? What can you be thinking of?"

"You best know whether what I thought was correct," answered Amias. "And it is no business of mine."

"I cannot imagine what put such an idea in your head—yes!"

"Oh, I always think so when people talk often of their wills," said Amias. "Why, there are the two girls walking in the park, when it's just dinner-time."

"And why not?" answered Sarah. "There is a dinner party to-night, and of course they cannot be present; they are not *out*."

So this was the occasion that he had

pictured to himself in such glowing colours. A family party of five. Sir Samuel drawing out the two girls and delighting in their girlish talk—in Delia's little affectionate audacities, and Amabel's sweet modesty. He should sit and look on, and then afterwards, when they retired in his aunt Sarah's wake, would come the great opportunity. He should be left alone with Amabel's grandfather, and should ask leave to make himself agreeable to this fairest creature. And she was not *out*—not to sit at the dinner-table. Oh, what should he do? How ridiculous his request would appear!

Sarah was placed at the head of the table, and a good many guests were present, all of whom seemed to Amias to be more or less stupid.

He was not to see Amabel, and nothing that Felix had said produced such an effect on him as this proof of what the world thought concerning his sweet little school-girl. But she would be in the drawing-room after dinner. Yes, there she was, she and Delia, in white muslin frocks and blue sashes; she certainly did look rather young, among the young lady guests.

She and Delia were told to play a duet, and she was decidedly shy about it.

"Poor Sir Samuel!" murmured one stately dame to another.

The answer floated back to her so softly that Amias wondered it could reach him, though he alone of the guests was standing near. "Lovely creatures! I think he has made up his mind. He *will* introduce them, you'll see."

Amias heard this, and understood all that it implied, with an almost unbearable pang. The deep disadvantage so slightly hinted at weighed his spirits down. Did every one take it for granted, then? He had thought, when he thought about it, that their retired bringing up had kept them out of all unkindly observation; he was bitterly angry with their grandfather for the moment. Here they were for the first time, and two women of rank, belonging to the chief families in the county, were familiarly hinting at their supposed position, as if everybody knew all about it.

For the first time in his life a kind of faintness and giddiness oppressed Amias, that made him long for air. He stood perfectly still for two or three minutes, gathering strength and steadiness to move; then, just as he observed that his old uncle's attention was attracted to him, he turned toward the nearest window and got out into the flower-

garden. He walked quickly through it, amazed to find that he was denouncing his uncle, and those ladies, and John de Berenger, and his aunt Sarah aloud; that his passion was quite beyond his own control, and yet that he was trembling all over, even to the lips, so that the angry words, that came thick and fast, were so confused that he hardly knew them, any more than he did the husky voice, for his own.

He got over that stage of feeling as he walked vehemently on. This had been a stunning blow. And yet what was it more than Felix had hinted at the previous evening? Oh, it was this more—that then they had seemed to have the subject all to themselves, as if it was or might have been sacred from all other observation, and at least more likely than not to yield comfort on investigation.

And now this painful thing had met with him in a drawing-room, so gently, so dispassionately uttered, that it seemed to admit of no denial.

Whether truth or fiction, it was a familiar opinion. Lady Lucy did not doubt that Lady Ann would understand her allusion. Lady Ann saw nothing dubious in the situation. As Sir Samuel had been silent, was it not manifest that there was nothing to say? Not that she thought so just then; the neighbourhood had settled the matter years ago.

So much for letting things drift. He almost put himself in a passion again as he thought this over, and urged his way along the straightest drive in the park, walking at the top of his speed as if to get away from it. And how should he get away? He could not bear to think she should ever know what was said. He would emigrate with his darling; he would expatriate himself, that no disadvantage might ever attach to her or to their children. But what if she should find it out, and the thought should distress and sully her maiden heart?

How powerless he was! What should he do? He had walked beyond the confines of the park before he came to himself. His passionate emotion was over. He wondered at them all, at their inconceivable inertness and obtuseness. Nothing had been said, as was evident, and no awkward questions were ever asked; but these circumstances ought alone to have been enough to show what was felt.

His heart bled. It would be better for him to give up all hope. Sir Samuel was no fool; he did know, and know the worst.

He got back to the same open window that he had left, just as the last carriage full of guests drove off in the mild summer moonlight. Sir Samuel met him, seemed to have been waiting for him.

Servants were in the room, putting out the lights in the chandeliers. One preceded them into Sir Samuel's own study, carrying a lamp. Amias sank into a chair, and the moment they were alone, "What, in the name of Heaven, is the matter, Amias? You staggered out of the room!" exclaimed Sir Samuel. "A walk at this time of night, and such a walk—and now you look—— What is it, my dear fellow?"

There was alarm and there was wonder in the voice.

"You are ill; you want some wine."

"No, I don't," said Amias. "Let me alone, uncle."

There was a knock at the door, and Sarah de Berenger came in. Both she and Amias were to sleep that night at the Hall. Sarah said she wanted some letter-paper; the note-paper in her bed-room was not large enough for her purpose. Amias was sitting listlessly, with hands in his pockets, pale, and his great brown eyes wider open than usual; but the shaded lamp made these circumstances less evident, or Sarah's mind was full of other things, for she scarcely noticed his presence. She took a few sheets of paper and withdrew to her own room, and then and there she made her will for the first and only time.

Amias put his hand to his throat; his lips were dry and parched.

"What is the matter?" asked the old man, with sympathetic gentleness.

"Matter!" repeated Amias. "Matter, uncle! You have let me love Amabel and never told me."

Sir Samuel gazed at him.

"How could you be so cruel!" he continued, in a husky voice. "Not that it makes any difference. I would, I must have loved her just the same, but you might have given me warning; I should have been prepared." He spread out his hands before him, as if to express his helplessness.

Sir Samuel thought of his own morning interview at the hotel with confused alarm. Could the man possibly have come back and told Amias anything?

He brought his nephew a glass of water from a carafe which was standing on the table, and gave it to him with a trembling hand. "What have you heard?" he muttered.

Amias mastered himself and told it.

Then Sir Samuel put himself into just such a passion as Amias had done, and reddened to the roots of his white hair. He too denounced everybody he could think of, but it seemed to Amias mere bluster; the conviction had so thoroughly forced itself on him during his walk, that his uncle must have investigated everything.

"Only tell me what I have to hear at once," he said, and was amazed at himself when he heard a sound of sobbing, which he scarcely knew to be his own, till he felt the hot tears splashing on his hands.

"I have nothing certain to tell, Amias, my boy," said the old uncle, almost piteously.

"What, all your investigations have been fruitless?"

"No, Amias—no; but till this morning (there seemed no occasion) I never made any."

"Then it was true what Felix said!" exclaimed Amias, with scathing scorn. "You sat down in presence of this doubt, and grudged the money to be spent on giving a name to your own grand-daughter." He was choked here with both emotion and passion, but astonishment enabled him to subdue the one and swallow the other, when the old man took out his handkerchief and wept quietly, sitting opposite to him, and finding for some moments not a word of answer.

"It's true, Amias," he said at last, humbly and despondingly. "I don't understand how it was, but I did let things drift; only you must remember I might have solved the doubt the wrong way. I might—"

This seemed to Amias now so more than likely, that it brought him to reason again.

"Uncle, I beg your pardon," he sighed out, for it distressed him to see the old man so utterly subdued. "I had no right to be so violent. The wrong you have done is not against me, but against them, and against yourself. How could you know—sweet creature!—that I loved her?"

"And it will be a great blow to my dear little girl if she hears this opinion. She is a very modest girl, and very religious."

"Yes, I know."

"She will be greatly shocked if she hears that her mother was a disgrace to her. But I hope for the best. She is almost a child. There is ample time for the uttermost to be done that can be done, Amias, before you can come forward; and though you have confided your love to me, I hold you to nothing, considering the circumstances."

"I meant to ask you for her," said Amias; "and hoped to show you that, though she

was somewhat above me, I had reasonable hope of being able to maintain her in comfort by the time she was old enough to bless me with her hand. But if she is a poor little waif, that a man may take and thank no father, but only God, for her, I desire no more of you than that you take her and her sister quite away from this neighbourhood, and put them to a good school, so that all knowledge that would be bitterness to them is kept far away. In the meantime, I shall try to get something to do abroad, in Canada, or—well, I hardly know where I can go that ill news may not reach her. She may boast of her family, and bring out the truth, but I'll do my best."

"It's not the time to say that I should be well pleased, if all proves right, to give her to you—" began Sir Samuel.

"Yes, it is, uncle," interrupted Amias. "I feel more glad of the regard that I know you feel for me, than I ever did before. I know very well that you are the only human being that can truly sympathize with me now."

"And if there's anything in reason, or not in reason, that I can settle on her, to make it up to you—" and then he paused, suddenly remembering the affair of the necklace.

"I don't want anything," said Amias pointedly. "Spend her fortune in finding me a good mother for her."

Extraordinary as it may seem, this speech actually raised the old man's spirits. Though he knew that some of his descendants must have his money, having to settle anything, even on his favourite Amabel, during his lifetime, he could not contemplate without a pang. He would have done it; but to be told it was not needed, was balm.

Amias sat a few minutes, getting the mastery over himself and recovering his manhood; but the side issue raised about the money had a strange attraction for the poor old man.

"She has a trifle of her own already," he said; "and people are never the worse for beginning on small means."

"And she has never been accustomed to luxury. Then you have begun some investigations? What are they?" asked Amias.

Sir Samuel told him. But Amias wanted a mother, not a nurse. He wanted an unimpeachable marriage register, and proposed that such a sum should be offered as would have set every parish clerk in the three kingdoms searching or forging; then he wearily gave it up, remembering that, if it brought

nothing else, it would bring the most undesired publicity.

It was very late when the old great-uncle and Amias went, each his way, to his own apartment. Sir Samuel spent a miserable night, reviewing his own past conduct, wondering at himself, and not at all aware that the instinct of avoiding all outlay of money was so strong in him, that if parallel circumstances should occur, he would do the like thing again, in spite of this warning. Amias had exhausted himself, as much by exertion as by expression, and he slept profoundly.

He was just about to go down to breakfast the next morning, when his aunt's maid knocked at his door, and said Miss de Berenger begged that he would go first to a little morning-room that she always had the use of when she was at the Hall.

He found his aunt there, and Sir Samuel.

"Yes," said Sarah, looking very much flustered, and not a little important, "I wanted you to witness the signature of this document for me, Amias—in short, my will."

Sarah's will was such a joke in the family, that, in spite of their discussion the night before, Sir Samuel and Amias exchanged amused glances on hearing this.

She tossed back her curls. "Yes, and Peach"—Peach was her old maid—"Peach shall be the other witness."

So then, with as many flourishes and as much fuss as could be got out of the occasion, the document was duly signed and witnessed.

"I deliver this," said Sarah, with awful emphasis, "as my act and deed."

Peach, as nobody else spoke, murmured, "Very well, ma'am."

Then the document was sealed up in a large envelope by Sir Samuel, who carried it down-stairs. Sarah, Amias, and Peach followed. The latter seemed to think that she had not done with it yet. Sir Samuel opened an iron safe, and put in the document. Peach looked on, and when she saw it lying in state among several other documents, on a little iron shelf, she appeared satisfied, and, curtsying, withdrew.

Sarah followed, to tell her on no account to mention what had happened.

"This time," said Sir Samuel, "she can have left nothing to you, Amias, my boy. I am sorry. How many wills does this make, I wonder?"

"One," answered Amias, decidedly. "And I think she has left her property to Felix;

she intimated to me yesterday that she should."

"Well, so long as she leaves it to one of you, I do not care; but, last week, she talked of building a fine new spire for D——minster."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER breakfast that morning the two girls were sent out for a ride, under charge of an old coachman, and Sarah was fetched into Sir Samuel's own peculiar den, which he called his study, that she might tell him, in the presence of Amias, all she could remember as to her first finding of Amabel and Delia. To describe her delight when she found that there was a love-story going on under her very eyes, and to describe the trouble she gave, both to the old man and the young man, would be needlessly to try the patience of any other man, or woman either. She yielded up her testimony with so much besides, she doubled back on what she had told with so many confusing comments, she took so much for granted, and she was so positive in all her conclusions, that it was not till Amias took a large sheet of paper, and, sifting out the bare facts, wrote them down, that even Sir Samuel knew on what a slender foundation he had taken for granted that Amabel and Delia were his grand-daughters. But Sarah, though to the last degree romantic and unpractical, had an accurate memory, and was not untruthful. She was vexed, even to the point of shedding tears, when Amias, having done questioning her, asked Sir Samuel if he would stand an examination also; and she could not help seeing that Amias was yet more anxious to prove that the children were no relation at all to her, than she had ever been to show the contrary.

Sir Samuel was very direct and straightforward.

Amias read over his own selections from the evidence, and his countenance cleared.

"The matter seems to stand thus," he said. "Aunt Sarah saw two little girls at the seaside, forty miles from her home. Their name was De Berenger. She asked if they were John's children; their nurse declared that they were not—that they were no relation whatever to our family. The nurse took them away. Two years after this Aunt Sarah saw them again, with the same nurse, who told the same story. Aunt Sarah after this wrote and urged the nurse to bring them here. The nurse did so; but she told Jolliffe she came in order to get away from

scarlet-fever, which was in a village where she had been living with them. She always said she had the sole charge of them. Aunt Sarah told Uncle Samuel of them, and he went to see them. The nurse declared to him also that they were not related to him, and that he owed them no kindness at all. She professed not to have heard of such a person as Mr. John de Berenger; but during the same interview she proposed to get a letter forwarded to him, and did it. Three years after this she gave over to Felix the money that had been intrusted to her for their maintenance, and he became their guardian. The nurse declared that the children were born in wedlock, and that she could easily prove it if she pleased.—“Now,” said Amias, after reading aloud, “have you, uncle, or have you, aunt, anything to add to this?”

Sir Samuel said “No.” Miss de Berenger added a good many opinions and sentiments, and also some reproaches to Amias.

“But have you any fact to add?” he persisted.

“Yes, the fact that Felix believes they are John’s children.”

“But you made him think so, aunt. And why are these sweet and lovely creatures to have their status in society taken from them, and their honest descent called in question, that you may indulge a romantic fancy, after dragging them here that their little fortunes might help to educate Dick, and eke out our housekeeping?”

“That is a very cruel way of putting it, Amias,” said Sarah, wiping her eyes, “as well as depriving my dear uncle of his grandchildren.”

“If they are the grandchildren of this house,” said Amias, “let the grandfather prove it; but, till then, all justice and mercy make it incumbent on us not to give them the benefit of the doubt, but of the positive and repeated assertions of this woman that they are not related to us at all.”

“How could she get a letter sent to John if she knew nothing about him?”

“I have known for years that my cousin John had communication with people here. He wanted sometimes to hear about his father, and one or two other people.”

“Who told you that?” asked Sir Samuel, pleased to think that his much-loved son should have cared to hear of him, and not thinking much about those “other people.”

“Jolliffe knew it, uncle. I have heard her hint over and over again, that such-and-

such things would be known to Mr. John very shortly.”

“And you never told me,” cried Sir Samuel.

“I was a mere child, uncle, and I cannot say I had any distinct idea that you did not know his address; besides, children seldom or ever do tell things that they suppose to be matters of secrecy.”

“There was always known to be a mystery about those children,” Sarah now said. “Yes, you must admit that there was great secrecy, Amias. They know nothing whatever about their parents, and the nurse told nothing excepting—yes, she told that she brought them from London. She told it to the woman whose lodgings I first saw her in.”

“Why should they not have been the children of some petty London tradesman, then—a baker, a greengrocer?” observed Amias.

“Why should they?” cried Sarah, very indignant at such a supposition.

“Let him alone, Sarah,” exclaimed Sir Samuel; “he has as much right to his suppositions as we had to ours, and they are much kinder.”

Amias turned to the old man. “Well, I thought it might be so, because the sum left for maintaining them is so small. The woman, dragged by you, Aunt Sarah, among people of superior class, may have felt that to have their antecedents known would be a disadvantage to the children. This trumpery motive may alone have kept her silent. The mother might have been a dressmaker, and the father a cobbler, for anything we know.”

“Precious creatures!” cried Sarah; “and here they come. They look like a petty tradesman’s daughters, don’t they?” And she rose and bustled out of the room to receive the girls. To do her justice, she had a keen and tender affection for them; they were the only young things that had ever fallen at all under her dominion, and besides, they were so pretty.

Sir Samuel looked at them. Delia’s dimpled face was rosy with exercise, Amabel had her usual sweet pensiveness of expression. It seemed so suitable a look for the circumstances under discussion, if she had but known them. There was a portrait of John over the chimney-piece. Sir Samuel turned, and, leaning on the back of his chair, looked up at it. His deep and enduring affection for this favourite son had been one main reason for the interest he had taken in Amabel and Delia. He had pleased himself with the thought that they resembled

John. Amias also looked up; remembered what a bad fellow John had been, acknowledged a certain likeness in hue and in delicacy of appearance, but not in beauty, expression, or grace. The portrait-painter had done his best, but only the bereaved and unsatisfied affection of the father could have imparted anything noble and lovable to the commonplace face.

We all try to be merciful to the delusions that come of love. Amias felt a pang of

pity when he said, "Uncle, I hope you have not thought me unkind?"

"No, Amias, no. You must think of yourself, and of them. I promised you they should go to school, and they must."

"And in the meantime we must make long investigations; then, if we are so happy as to bring them home as your granddaughters, with a full and proved right to your name, you will not be more deeply thankful than I shall."



"He found his aunt there, and Sir Samuel."

"The girls may know something about themselves that they never told us," observed Sir Samuel. "Who knows what the nurse may have said to them before she went away; or, indeed, what recollections they may have of their infancy?"

"Aunt Sarah is not the proper person to question them, and Felix would make a sad bungle of it; but, of course, it should be done."

"A very delicate matter to manage. Do you want me to undertake it?"

"If you will."

But it did not prove half so difficult as might have been expected.

Soon after luncheon Amias drove his Aunt Sarah back to the rectory. All prudence and propriety now made him feel that to say anything decisive to Amabel was out of the question. She was to go to school. He must go to school too—a much harder one. That she did not take leave of him without a fluctuating blush, and a good deal of agitation, he might well be pardoned for

perceiving; for her feeling, whether it was disappointment, or maiden shyness, or presentiment of some deeper affection, was not successfully concealed.

They all, as by one consent, went into Sir Samuel's study, for there Sarah's pony-carriage could be seen, and Sarah, with her nodding feathers, and Amias. Then, when they were out of sight and there was nothing to do, Delia asked if they might stay, and Amabel wanted to mend the pens; Coz had taught her how to do them.

"Ah, and so you saw Coz this morning?"

"Yes, because we wanted to hear whether there was any letter from Mrs. Snaith."

"And was there, my little girl?"

"No."

"Had she ever led you to expect that she should go and leave you?"

"When she was unwell, just before she went to the sea, she once or twice said things to Delia. She often said things to Delia."

"Ah, indeed! I wonder what they were?"

Delia was seated beside Sir Samuel, on a sofa; he had always petted her a good deal. She was now smoothing the top of his velvet sleeve with her little dimpled hand; pleased with its softness, she next laid her cheek against it. Sir Samuel looked down at her childlike, untroubled face, as she lifted it up. "I don't love anybody so much as you," she said; and she leaned her cheek against his coat again, with a certain fondness by no means devoid of reverence. "But Mamsey *always* said, 'The baronet is very kind to you, Miss Delia; but he has no call to be, unless he chooses.'"

The old story.

"Did she, my pet? And what answer did you make to that?"

"I said I should love you as much as I pleased; so did Amabel."

"And what was it that she said when she was ill?"

"She said she had had a vast deal of trouble in life, and sometimes she could hardly bear to think of it; we should be surprised if we could know what she had gone through. But if she ever had to leave us, we were to be sure she loved us all the same, and she hoped we never should forget her."

"And we never shall," Amabel put in; "but still, we did not suppose she would really go."

Sir Samuel was not at all interested either in the nurse's misfortunes or her affection. He brought the conversation round again, and said, in a cheerful voice, but with a pang at his old heart, "And so she said I had 'no

call' to love you. Did she never tell you anything more?"

Delia's face took on a more tender expression, and Amabel said, "She told us once—a long time ago—something more. I was a little girl then, and I was ill. It was in the night, and I cried and said I wanted a mamma too, like other little girls, that she might pet me; and then Mamsey cried."

"Well, tell me what else took place."

"Delia woke, and got into my bed to comfort me; and Mrs. Snaith cried a long time, and said she took it unkind that we should fret after a mother, when she had always been so kind to us. Then she said that our mother was not such a mamma as I had wished for. And she told us that our mother was not a lady."

Sir Samuel started, in spite of himself. Surely this was bad news. He knew not how to ask any further question, but Amabel presently continued—

"But she said it would be very shocking and very ungrateful to God if we were ever ashamed of her, of our poor mother (who had never done any wrong to us or to any one). And she should pray for us that we never might be."

"Did she tell you when your mother died?" asked Sir Samuel.

"No; but it must have been when we were almost babies, for neither of us remember her. Mrs. Snaith said, 'Your poor mother was a most unhappy wife; your father was not kind to her.'"

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is the very whole."

"Excepting about the picture," observed Amabel, in correction, and she looked up at the portrait over the chimney-piece. "When you were in London we came here once with Mrs. Snaith, and she saw it."

"Well? Speak, my dear."

"You should not have told that," said Delia, her face covered with blushes.

"I wish particularly to know what Mrs. Snaith said."

"It was rude, though."

"No matter."

"She said he was a shabby-looking little man, and had sloping shoulders."

Sir Samuel was wroth and reddened.

"Well, what next?" he inquired.

"Delia whispered to her, 'Mamsey, did you ever see our father?'"

"Well, my dear little girl, go on."

"She said she had seen him, and he had a handsome face—a beautiful face—and a brown moustache." When Delia had said

this she burst into tears, and when she had wiped them away, she pressed her cheek again against Sir Samuel's sleeve, and said, "But I wish we could be something to you *somewhat*."

The brown moustache had plunged Sir Samuel afresh into his delusion. "John wore one," he thought, "some years after that portrait was taken, and when he was a more personable and finer man."

"Now listen to me, my dear little girls," he said cheerfully. "Are you quite certain that Mrs. Snaith never happened to mention to you what church or what town your mother and father were married in?"

"No, she never did."

"Did you never ask her any questions, my dears?"

"Yes, when Aunt Sarah told us."

"And what did she say?"

"Sometimes she would say, 'I am not half such a foolish woman as Miss de Berenger takes me for.'"

"Here the mystery crops up again," thought Sir Samuel. "What could that woman's motive be?"

"And so the main thing Mrs. Snaith told you was, that your mother was a good woman, but not in the same rank of life as your father."

He did not intend to misrepresent matters when he said this, and Delia answered, in all simplicity, "She used sometimes to make use of strange phrases, and she said——"

"Well, she said?"

"She said a true church parson put on your mother's ring, and you have no call to think about your father at all."

Sir Samuel here lifted Delia's sweet face and kissed it; then he kissed Amabel. "Unless I find out something more, and can prove that these dear children are mine, as they should be, or as they should not be, I have 'no call,' as that woman said, to give them anything." This was his thought. How little he knew when he said this, that every morning, when "that woman" prayed, she besought of God that he never might so mistake matters as to leave her children anything that ought not to come to them!

Her prayer was answered at that moment. Sir Samuel had received affection, and given it. He had received pleasure, and given it; so far all was fair. He had taken no trouble, and he was to give none. The only time he was ever to interfere in their concerns was to be for good.

And what about those investigations?

At first he paid money to make them, and

they always failed. Where he heard that there were people of his own name, he looked them up; but as time went on he tried more and more to do this cheaply, and at last he first forbore them, and then justified it. For Amias was at work himself. Sir Samuel knew this, and why should the same thing be paid for twice over?

Amias left his brother the next morning without having said anything to him on this subject; he seemed to be in such low spirits, that Felix took for granted there had been some objection made by the old man to the proposed engagement. There might be another cause, and that Felix took care not to investigate.

Amias went away, and a few days after the two girls were brought home by Sir Samuel, who afterwards privately, to the great astonishment of Felix, said that he and Amias wished them now to spend a couple of years at school. He produced a cheque for so much more than Felix could have thought needful, and gave it with so much composure, that for a few minutes astonishment at the proposal was lost in astonishment at this unwonted conduct.

"I am not sure that I shall wish them to go," he said, after examining the cheque with deep but perfectly unconscious scrutiny. He had taken the children into his charge through the management of Sarah, he had gradually got used to them, then become fond of them, and now they were almost his sole amusement and delight.

He expressed this to Sir Samuel, who in return, and not without putting himself into a passion over the story of what his two guests had said, related all that had passed.

"Seven hundred pounds is a great deal to spend upon two years at school," said Felix, who was a good deal nettled at being thus set at nought, and expected to do exactly as other people chose—other people who had taken no trouble about the girls, and incurred no responsibility.

But the matter was soon so set before him, that he himself saw the wisdom of the step. The thing must be done, and in less than a month it was done. The most ample inquiries were made, the most excellent references required; a handsome outfit, with every little luxury and comfort, was bought for the girls; and Felix, after taking them to the lady who was to have the charge of them, found himself at home again, "monarch of all he surveyed," walking about his solitary garden, called in to his solitary meals, and wondering what to do with himself.



## THE NEWPORT MARKET REFUGE.

MY first visit to this really charitable institution was on a cold, wet evening in the month of December, 1879. In fact, so unfavourable was the weather that had it not been for a promise given to one of the honorary secretaries who had kindly offered to meet me at the Refuge, and explain to me the working of the institution, it is more than probable that my courage might have succumbed before reaching it; and so I kept manfully on my road, and it is only common justice to say that in the end I was well rewarded for my perseverance.

On entering the building I was received by my friend, and he kindly offered to conduct me over the whole of the establishment, with the exception of the industrial school, which he proposed to show me on the following day. "My reason for the delay," he continued, "is that we shall presently take in the night applicants for relief, and the greater portion of these are generally much fatigued, and after their suppers are anxious to get to bed. Now one of the points we are particularly proud of in our school is the efficiency of our military band, which I should like you to hear somewhat at length, but by now doing so we should greatly disturb the sleepers, for which they would not be thankful." I readily admitted the excuse, and we then commenced our tour of inspection.

We first visited the kitchen, and examined its management and appointments somewhat minutely. The result was that although I could find nothing whatever to object to, I found much not only to approve, but to admire. The quality of the food which was then in process of cooking for the expected guests appeared excellent in quality, while that already cooked, and which awaited them, might have been partaken of with pleasure even by the most fastidious; and an air of strict cleanliness pervaded the whole kitchen which could not have been surpassed in the home of any respectable private family. I may further state that the same air of cleanliness was to be remarked in the whole of the building, and which was the more praiseworthy when the quality and habits of many of the poor who apply to the Refuge for relief are taken into consideration.

The time had now arrived for the admission of the applicants, who had already assembled in considerable numbers; but I did not see them as they then were, as they

would all have to pass singly before me before they were taken in. I was now shown into a small office, where I and my friend seated ourselves behind the superintendent, who had to examine the applicants in rotation. It would occupy too much time to go at any length into a description of these poor creatures, who all, by the way, wore an aspect of great poverty; one or two examples must suffice. The first who particularly attracted my attention was a tall, care-worn, elderly man. His name, age, and two or three other necessary inquiries having been answered, he was asked what had brought him to the destitute condition he was in.

"Want of work, sir," was the man's reply.

"What are you?"

"Well, sir, I was formerly in a small way of business, and managed by it to keep my wife and family off the rates. We had no easy matter to do it, however, but we had nothing much to complain of till an opposition shop in the same line—we were in the general way, I suppose you would call it a chandler's shop—with more money than we had started against us, and then things began to go wrong. My wife was taken ill too and died, and then that completely upset me. I still, however, struggled on, and then my eldest boy, about fourteen, went wrong and got into trouble. Then things went on worse than ever, till at last I was sold up. I then tried to get a place as light porter, and succeeded; but that did not answer. I was not strong enough for the work—or rather the hours were too long, and then there was no one to look after my little girls, one ten and the other six. Well, the elder was then struck down by fever, and then I lost my place, the wife of my employer thinking that I might bring the disease into her family. I removed my poor girl into the fever hospital, where she died—fortunate for her perhaps, though it almost killed me. And then the little one gradually sank, though there did not seem to be any disease about her, at least so far as I could make out. I took her to the hospital, however, and they examined her, and they said that I must take her back again, as medicine was of no use to her. What I must do was to feed her up. It was very easy for the doctor to say 'feed her up,' but not so easy to do it. And then when I had got almost to my last shilling of ready-money she died. As I could not bear the idea of her being buried by the parish, I sold off

every stick of furniture I had, and, that gone, I had not one penny to put upon another. I was also so shabby it was no use my looking for employment in any shape, and at last I was near starving. I then asked a sandwich-board man how he became one. He told me, and I determined to try it, and by it I contrived to keep body and soul together for more than a month. And then this rainy weather came on, and I could get no work. During the last three days I have not been able to earn a farthing, and I have nothing worth pawning—and that's my case, sir, and a true one too. If you could give me a night's lodging and a meal I should be most thankful to you; if not, I must wander about the streets till to-morrow morning, for I won't apply to the workhouse for relief. I have never done so yet, and it's hardly worth while to begin now."

The poor fellow was of course admitted, and then another applicant presented himself—a young man not more than twenty-five years of age. He was dressed in a well-made suit of clothes, which, however, were threadbare and thoroughly wet through, and his coat was tightly buttoned up to his throat, evidently more with the intention of concealing the absence of a shirt than from dread of the weather. His boots were also in a most dilapidated condition, the soles with difficulty keeping their hold of the upper leathers. His face was deadly pallid, his eyes deep sunk in his head, and altogether there was an expression of wildness on his features which was particularly distressing.

"Have I not seen you before?" said the superintendent who was seated at the table.

"Yes, sir; last year."

"Did we not do something for you then?"

"Yes, you were very kind to me, and I should be ungrateful indeed if I ever forgot it."

"Let us hear what you have been doing since," said the superintendent.

"Well, sir, after I left you last year I went as you advised me to Woolwich to try to get admitted as a recruit into the Artillery, and I applied to a recruiting-sergeant, and told him I wanted to enlist. After looking at me for a moment he told me he thought I should do, and he the next day took me to the doctor, but he would not pass me."

"I remember you now quite well," said the superintendent. "You came back to us, and we got you employment in a shop in the country. Why did you leave your situation?"

The applicant made no reply to the question, although he certainly heard and understood it. He gazed wildly over the head of the superintendent for some moments, and then, evidently without object, nervously round the room.

"Why do you not answer me?"

For an instant the applicant's gaze was fixed on the superintendent's face, and he then said in an undertone, but very distinctly—

"Drink; there's no use denying it."

"But yours, then, is a case we cannot entertain," said the superintendent. "Our aim is to help the deserving and unfortunate, not the incorrigible. We have already done what we could for you, and in return you have proved to us that you are no object for commiseration. Your case is one for the casual ward, not for us."

"For God's sake don't say so," said the applicant, "or you'll drive me mad—and I am more than half-way there already. If you'll only take me in to-night, I promise faithfully I will never trouble you again." Then noticing an expression of doubt on the features of the superintendent, he continued, "Oh, you may believe what I say, sir. If drink has been the cause of my going wrong, I am sober enough now, at any rate. Not a drop of anything nor a scrap of food has passed my lips for the last twenty-four hours. I am so weak I can barely stand upright, and my brain seems hardly my own."

Then the applicant's voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears. The superintendent evidently felt for the poor fellow, and he turned round to my friend and two other members of the managing committee who had joined us, but placed in such a position that they could not be seen, to ascertain their views as to the admission of the applicant, and an affirmative sign having been made to him, the poor fellow was taken in.

Judging from the description I have given of the latter case, the reader might imagine that the society was open to a charge which in one instance was somewhat recklessly made against them—that of encouraging vagrancy, by indiscriminate assistance being rendered alike both to the deserving and undeserving, those really objects of legitimate sympathy and the habitual idler and vagabond. Such a conclusion, however, would be a most erroneous one, for, as a rule, the greatest caution is taken by the officials of the Refuge in separating those worthy of sympathy from those who are not. No better or more convincing proof of the truth of this statement could be given than the following

figures, quoted from the sixteenth report of the operations of the Refuge. In the first three months of 1877, out of 1,133 applicants, men and women, only 488 were admitted; yet only on three nights during the whole time were the wards entirely full, those rejected being left to apply for shelter to the workhouse casual wards, they not being considered fit objects for private charitable relief. Again, in the winter three months of 1878, this judicious caution was carried out in a still more marked manner; the number of cases admitted being 486, the number rejected being 729; yet during the time the men's wards were only completely filled on seven nights. "The figures," the report continues, "will show to what proportion of these men we are able to point out as having been permanently saved through our agency from sinking into the ranks of pauperism." It should also be mentioned that the men are received for seven days only, unless there is special reason for a longer delay. Charity Organization Society's cases are kept on as long as the committee may request, for months in some cases—in one case for as long as six months.

Of the many male applicants I saw admitted into the Refuge, perhaps the former of the two cases I mentioned would offer the ordinary type. And the reader could not form a better idea of this class than by watching attentively for a few moments a string or line of what are called "Sandwich-board" men. Any experienced medical man could give evidence to the fact that out of ten of these poor creatures not more than one is capable of doing an average day's hard work—if, indeed, one such could be found among them. It is almost impossible to select one among them who, from physical disability alone, has not an indisputable title to be admitted into the workhouse and be maintained for the remainder of his life at the cost of the ratepayers, and where he would be far better housed, fed, and clothed than he possibly could be on his miserable earnings, even if there were not wet days in the year to keep him inactive—not idle, though willing to labour. These poor creatures, rather than suffer the degradation of pauperism, will endure a daily ten hours' slow march through the street-gutters, with the incessant risk of being crushed or run over by an omnibus or cart, and be thankful to providence should the day be sufficiently fine to allow them to undergo their task, so as to escape from the degradation of poor-law relief. And yet

there are some rigid (so-called) philanthropists who consider such men as these are debased by receiving some temporary assistance from the really benevolent, such, in fact, as those who take an interest in charitable institutions similar to the one I am describing.

I had no opportunity of being present at the reception of the female applicants, which took place in another part of the building, that duty being performed by Sister Zillah, whose name is now a household word in the locality, and always mentioned with affection and respect. I regret my absence the more (though I believe it is against the rules for any male visitor to be present on these occasions, and if so, the rule is worthy of commendation), for certainly the scene would have been a most interesting one, at least judging from the list of ordinary applicants which had been given me. Among the 3,326 nights' lodging given to female applicants in the course of six months were to be found all sorts and conditions of womanhood. Among them were dressmakers, book-folders, charwomen, embroideresses, governesses and school-teachers, laundresses in great numbers, nurses, flower-makers, bookbinders, and even actresses and artists; in fact, there appeared no class of female occupation which was not represented. Although the secrets of Sister Zillah's confessional ought to be respected, the thought struck me how interesting some of the confidences made to her must have been, and still more what had been the effect of the advice she had given in return. Though destitute of all powers of absolution she is certainly endowed with another scarcely less to be respected. If she cannot release souls from purgatory, she has snatched many from the brink of perdition and assisted them to remain honourable women. If she cannot forgive sins, she has kept hundreds from sinning, who were being driven to it by those terrible adversaries, hunger and destitution.

When the admission of the male applicants was completed I rose to leave the Refuge, accompanied by my friend, the honorary secretary. After quitting the office some further conversation passed between us relative to the amount of good performed by him and his fellow-workers, and in what manner the funds were obtained to cover the working expenses. His replies fully confirmed me in a conclusion I had already arrived at, and that was—of the many admirable philanthropic institutions I had visited, there was not one in which that most ex-

cellent gift of charity could be found more pure and undefiled, or more thoroughly unostentatious, than within the walls of the Newport Market Refuge, of course including the excellent Industrial School which I shall presently mention. The care and attention given by those who have the management of the funds is worthy of all praise. Nor are these charitable efforts confined merely to their contributions and personal superintendence, they carry them far beyond the walls of the building. By the report of their proceedings for the year 1879 alone I found that more than 9,000 nights' lodgings had been given to destitute men and women, as well as nearly 20,000 breakfasts, dinners, and suppers to poor creatures, many of whom, when they applied for relief, were so narrowly removed from starvation that another day's total privation might have terminated their earthly existence. And many of these when they left the refuge were not sent forth without further assistance, should it be found that they absolutely required it. From the same report I found that no fewer than 179 men, and, still better, 135 women, had been provided with respectable employment or homes. The value of this last act of charity it would be impossible to rate too highly, especially in the case of women. All who have had any experience in such matters will admit the lamentable effects of destitution on the temporal and spiritual welfare of women, and how noble is that act of charity which provides them with the means of earning a respectable livelihood after removing from a terrible temptation.

But another beautiful result may be noticed in the administration of the charitable funds placed at the disposal of the managing committees of the Newport Market Refuge and other kindred institutions, and one which traces an ineffaceable line between them and poor-law relief, and that is—gratitude. Nothing is more common than for an applicant who enters the Refuge with a marked feeling of latent anger against all others in better circumstances than himself, to leave it the next morning not only in a better frame of mind, expressing himself, and evidently truthfully, as thankful for the kindness he has received; but who ever heard of a grateful pauper? And yet the amount expended on the latter, including house-rent, was perhaps double that of the inmate of the Refuge. This feeling of gratitude is particularly noticeable among women. Nor is the lesson which has been taught them altogether lost, even after a considerable time may have elapsed

since they learnt it, and they frequently prove it in the most gratifying manner. Nothing is more common than for a woman who has received hospitality and shelter in a charitable Refuge, when in better circumstances to bestow it again on some poor woman or girl requiring it, not only sharing her room and her bed with her, but her food as well, and without estimating the while the comparatively more liberal act of beneficence she was performing, one which, if rightly considered, fully equalled the beautiful lesson taught by the widow's mite. Lessons such as these are frequently learnt by women who have themselves been recipients of acts of charity; but who ever heard of a charitable feeling engrafted on the mind of a casual in any poor-law establishment, notwithstanding the considerate treatment they as a rule really receive from the officials, notwithstanding the stereotyped abuse it is customary to heap on them? But after all it is doubtful whether the poor are to be blamed for the want of gratitude they exhibit for the relief afforded them by the poor-law. The poor themselves, proportionate means being taken into consideration, are the heaviest ratepayers. The needlewoman who pays two shillings a week for a back top-room in a Peabody dwelling has included in her year's rent the sum of £1 10s. for municipal taxation, the heaviest item in it being for the poor's rate; and yet when in distress herself she shrinks with aversion from applying to it for assistance, while she will receive not only without shame, but with positive gratitude, any pecuniary or other assistance which may be afforded her from kind-hearted individuals or charitable sources.

On the following afternoon I again visited the Refuge for the purpose of inspecting the Industrial Schools, and on my arrival found Mr. Charles Ramsden, who for more than ten years has ably performed the duties of general superintendent, waiting to receive me, and he at once conducted me to that portion of the building set apart for the boys. He first took me into a very large and lofty room fitted up as a gymnasium as well as a play room, with every appliance in it calculated to develop the muscular power of the pupils. They were at the moment going through a variety of exercises under the direction of a teacher, and certainly they showed great address and agility. One thing particularly struck me, and that was the healthy condition, as well as the strength of the poor lads, totally different from what I had expected to find them, the majority, as I under-

stood, having been before their admission in a sickly, half-starved state, the result of long-protracted privation. On mentioning this fact to Mr. Ramsden, he replied:—"I can assure you that the description you have heard of their condition when first admitted into the school was by no means exaggerated, but of that I will give you an opportunity of judging for yourself." So saying, he led me into a small side room, calling by name to two young boys to come with us.

"Take off your jackets and shirts, my lads," said Mr. Ramsden. His order was immediately obeyed, and two more emaciated creatures than these poor children it would be difficult to imagine. The boys then dressed themselves, and two others were called for. "The two lads you have just seen were admitted in the course of last week," said Mr. Ramsden. "These have been with us for about six months, and were in the same condition as the others when they entered." The new arrivals now took off their shirts, and the contrast they presented to the others in muscular development was very great. They were not only well fed, but the hardness of their flesh on the arms and shoulders proved it to be healthy.

Mr. Ramsden also showed me the boys' copy-books, and other proofs of the good education bestowed on them, all of which were fully on a par with that of a first-class elementary school. On my inquiry as to the state of their education before being admitted, he informed me that fully a third had been unable to read and write, and the others but very imperfectly.

I was now conducted into a large room on the first floor, where I found, standing in three ranks, some twenty-five or thirty boys with military musical instruments in their hands, and their bandmaster (Mr. Dust, late of the Royal Artillery band) at their head. At my request they played three somewhat difficult pieces with great precision—in fact, little less so than an average military band. On making the remark to Mr. Dust he told me that he hoped the greater portion of them would soon be able to occupy positions of the kind—in fact, he was training them for that purpose. I suggested that he might have some difficulty in carrying out his wishes. "I am very hopeful, from the success I have hitherto had," he replied, "that will not be the case." Mr. Ramsden then informed me that already no fewer than 21 pupils from that school had been admitted into the bands of the different regiments of the Guards, 12 into

the 93rd Highlanders, 13 into the 97th Foot, 21 into the 99th Foot, and no fewer than 64 more into the bands of other regiments, all of whom had given satisfaction.

Before quitting the building I asked a few more questions of Mr. Ramsden, and among them were the following, and his answers to them:—

"What was the average cost, all expenses included, of each boy in the school?" and I found it to be about 30 per cent. less than the cost of a child in one of the metropolitan district schools.

"Have you any difficulty in finding respectable employment for these boys?"

"None whatever," was his reply. "We can get them out as fast as we please. Out of every 100 boys for whom we have found employment only 4 have turned out unsatisfactorily."

"To what class do the majority of their parents belong?" I inquired.

"The poor working classes generally," he said. "Out of the 60 boys at present in the school no fewer than 44 are the children of widows, principally needle-women, laundresses, and charwomen, who have still 193 more children to support out of their miserable earnings."

I cannot conclude this short article better than by quoting *verbatim* the termination of a description of the Newport Market Refuge which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* in the autumn of 1877, and which is perfectly applicable to the present time:—

"Now that the weather is fine and the trees can shelter there are not so many taps at the Refuge door, not so many pitiful appeals for admittance. But the summer will soon be over and the icy winter will be at hand; the leaves will fall from the plane-trees in the park, and London will be once more desolate. It is then that the good work will begin again, and then that the treasurer of this excellent institution will look despondingly at the diminishing contributions, and probably regret the absence of a fixed income, however small. True it is that the Refuge has baffled the storm for more than thirteen years, thanks to the energy of good friends; but the end may come sooner than any one expects. It cannot be that 'the cry of the children,' the anguish of the men, or the whisper of the women will be neglected when there is so great a reward contained in the motto of this beautiful charity, 'I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'"

WM. GILBERT



Larnaca.

## A TRIP TO CYPRUS.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

### PART II.

SIX months had scarcely gone since Cyprus had been a word of interest to every English ear. Daily journals, weekly reviews, monthly magazines, all made it a topic of animated discussion. Forgotten history was searched to find episodes of early English dominion in the island. Political parties made its acquisition matter of grave parliamentary debate, and even popular preachers drew pulpit parallels between the record in Holy Writ of Saul and Barnabas sailing for Salamis, and British civilisation in the shape of a brigade of regular infantry and a division of Sepoys landing at Larnaca.

Nor was it to be greatly wondered at that the mind of the British nation should have eagerly fastened upon the new possession with a considerable amount of popular enthusiasm. It had come after long months of doubt and manifold anxieties, the sole solid bit of "boot," in the exchange which gave us "peace with honour" for armed expectancy and distrust. It possessed associations connected with the earlier ages of our recorded history which rendered it a familiar name to every school-boy. It was to be another link in the chain of ocean fortresses which bound us to our vast Eastern possessions. Its occupation by us was accompanied by many incidents that cast around it more the éclat of warlike conquest than the less demonstrative acquisition of peace

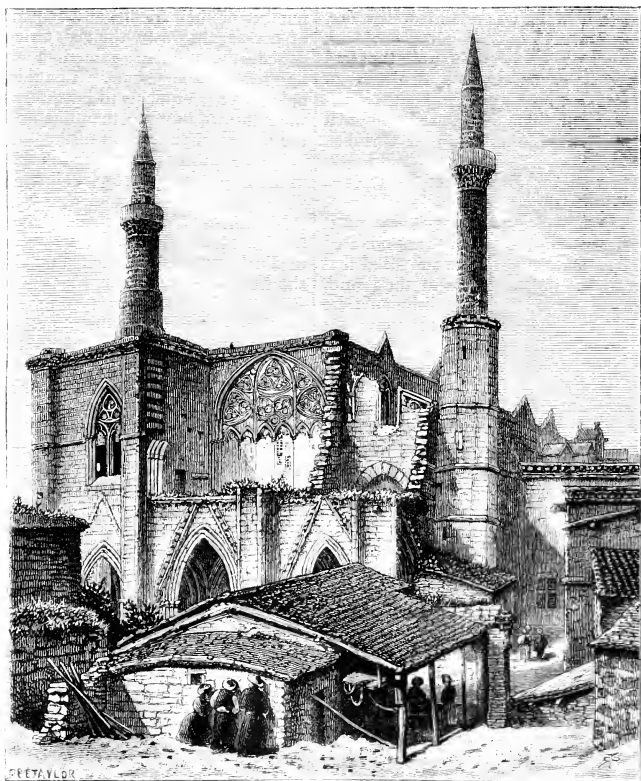
or purchase. The popular mind once excited, becomes capable of strange enthusiasms. Cyprus grew in imagination into an earthly paradise; "Paphos of the hundred streams," the snow-fed rivulets that flowed from Olympus, all the pictures woven of sensuous fancy of the Greek and Roman poets were reproduced, with the morning muffin, to swell the chorus of delight that greeted our acquisition of this once-famed isle.

Maps soon appeared showing zones of cultivation, the very titles of which were sufficient to cause English readers intense anticipations of pleasure: the zone of the olive, of the orange, of the fig, of the grape and of the pine, were like so many terraces of delight, gradually ascending from a lower world of cotton and tobacco—where the Zapteah, the Mudir, and the Kaimakhan (we are wont sometimes to confuse Eastern titles) fulfilled the natural destiny of the black or coloured races by unremitting toil—to one where, under the pines of Olympus, the Anglo-Saxon proprietor sipped his cup, cooled by the snows of Troados, or lay lazily lulled by the murmur of the wind through the pines of triple-peaked Adelphi.

And there were other persons of less æsthetic tastes who regarded the new island with more practical outlook. It was to produce an excellent outlet for the talents

and the energies of the younger son. We required such an opening, and Cyprus gave it to us. The professions had all become immensely overcrowded. Competitive examinations had sadly interfered with the efficiency of the services civil and military. The colonies had developed, under representative institutions, a tendency to bestow their

little gifts of place and emolument upon their own younger sons instead of upon ours; but here, in Cyprus, no such unjust prejudices were likely to prevail, and any little difficulties of education resulting from too close an attention on the part of our younger sons to Ruff's Guide and the Racing Calendar would be of small moment in a



Cathedral at Nicosia.

country where the official language was Turkish, and where the people were either black or olive-coloured. Thus wagged the little tongues of that great Babel called public opinion, and ere a week had passed from the date of the announcement of our Cypriote acquisition, a picture had arisen of our new possession as utterly false to the reality as though some German, deeply read in the

Roman History of Britain, had become the purchaser of a property in Sussex, and expected to find existing in full sway upon his estate the manners and customs of Boadicea.

The Cypriote canticle had in fact been pitched in too high a key, and a collapse was inevitable ere that song had reached its second part.

The men who sailed for Cyprus, and who

had been likened by the popular preacher to Saul and Barnabas landing at Salamis, were for the most part persons not disposed to be hypercritical in matters of heat, glare, and barrenness; they came from Malta in July, and in July Malta fulfils as many conditions of heat, glare, and sterility as can be found on this side of the Sahara. But to the eyes and the senses of these men Cyprus was a place of almost intolerable heat and blinding glare; compared to it Malta was a land of verdure, of running streams, of spring-like coolness, and the worst day of sun and sirroc that had ever blistered or stewed the denizens of Valetta was as nothing compared to the fierce heat and blinding dust-storm that burned and swept the camp at Chefflick Pasha.

But when a question of fact becomes a matter of political discussion it loses a great deal of the force it usually possesses, and is not at all the stubborn thing it is credited with being. One might have supposed that the salubrity or unhealthiness of the island, the question of whether Englishmen were well or ill there, was easy of solution; but nothing proved more difficult.

Fever or no fever became not a common every-day matter of fact, but assumed the much graver and more important bearing of a great parliamentary and political question. The papers took sides upon it, hon. members made motions upon it, people wrote to the leading journals upon it, and even a vote of censure was openly hinted at by some of the most extreme leaders of opinion.

But on the other hand the Government stoutly averred that the whole thing was a delusion from beginning to end. They were in receipt, it was said, of most conclusive testimony to the excellent sanitary state of the troops in Cyprus. The few cases of fever that had prevailed after the arrival of the troops had been of the febricular type, which, it was explained, was fatal only in the event of its being complicated with symptoms of a hepatic character. This was reassuring, so far as it went; but an hon. member pointed out that in the actual operations of war a man sick was almost as bad as a man dead. This point was not made a question of discussion, and, to use the phrase of the morning papers, the subject dropped.

But while thus theories took the place of facts the army of occupation began to sicken rapidly, and stray waifs of fever were waited to the English shore. Clubland soon became enlightened upon the real nature of a summer in Cyprus. "I would not for the

world say it to every one," said the veteran Puffin in the morning room of the Inseparable Noodles; "I am too good a Conservative to let it be known; but I will tell you in confidence that there is not such another cursed hole on earth." As this confidential communication was made to at least seventy members of the Inseparable Club seven times, and as these seventy had retailed it without loss of time to at least an equal number of their friends and acquaintances—of course always in the very strictest confidence—the opinion gained a widespread notoriety in a few hours. The tide of public opinion began quickly to turn, serious doubts were thrown in more than one quarter upon the projected cultivation of the olive and the grape by the ordinary English agriculturist in a temperature of 165° Fahrenheit in the sun.

The theory of zones also underwent amplification which was not at all satisfactory. A medical journal published a map of Cyprus showing, in colours, the zones of disease—there was the malarious fever zone occupying the low coast-lands; there was the enteric fever zone, mostly confined to the towns; there was a zone of aguish fever, where the limestone formation touched upon the disintegrated granite; and finally, there was a dysenteric zone, the limits of which had not yet been traced with any degree of certainty by medical investigations beyond 4,000 feet above sea-level. But amid all this revulsion of feeling and collapse of brilliant expectation one theory remained intact: it was the younger son theory. It might almost have been said to have gained strength from the fact that fever was found to be a calculated factor in the programme of his emigration. This was, however, in the circle of his family; for himself he showed a singular amount of obstinacy in the matter, and although, during a brief sojourn in a Cypriote sea-port, he had succeeded in establishing a race meeting, and had inculcated the Greek population into the mysteries of "handicapping," "laying off," and "hedging," and also proved to them that it was by no means necessary that the best horse should win, he nevertheless, on his return to the bosom of his inconsolable family with the proceeds of a "Consolation Stakes" and the seeds of a malarious fever, steadily refused to again tempt the goddess of Fortune in the Island of the Goddess of Love. Indeed, at the sherry and bitter table of the "Waif and Stray" Club, he set his opinion upon record. "The place isn't fit for a gentleman," he said. "It will take a dozen



years before they're civilised enough to lay you more than two to one on anything, and no fellow who hasn't something to leave in a will should attempt to go there."

\* \* \* \*

A lonely sea washes the shores of Cyprus. Commerce seems almost to have completely fled the nest in which it first had life. The wanderer who now from the thistle-covered site of Salamis looks eastward to the sunrise, or he who casts his glance from the shapeless mounds of Paphos, beholds waves almost as destitute of sail-life as though his standpoint had been taken upon some unmapped island in the South Pacific.

To the north and south this characteristic of loneliness is but little changed. Across the bluest blue waters of the Karamanian Gulf the icy summits of many mountains rise above a shipless horizon, and the beauty of the long indented north shore of Cyprus, from Kyrenia to far-away Cape Andreas, is saddened by the absence of that sense of human existence and of movement which the white speck of canvas bears upon its glistening wing. To the south commerce is not wholly dead. Between the wide arms of Capes de Gat and Chitti ships and coasting craft are seen at intervals, and the sky-line is sometimes streaked by the long trail of steamer smoke from some vessel standing in or out of the open roadstead of Larnaca; but even here, although the great highway of the world's commerce is but a day and a half's sail away to the south, man's life upon the waters is scant and transient. But the traveller who stands upon the shores of Cyprus will soon cease to marvel at the absence of life upon the waters outspread before him; the aspect of the land around him, the stones that lie in shapeless heaps at his feet, the bare brown ground upon whose withered bosom sere and rustling thistles alone recall the memory of vegetation—all tell plainly enough the endless story of decay; and, as he turns inwards from a sea which at least has hidden all vestiges of wreck beneath its changeless surface, he sees around him a mouldering tomb which but half conceals the skeleton of two thousand years of time.

Stepping out upon the crazy wooden stage that does duty for a jetty at Larnaca, the traveller from the West becomes suddenly conscious of a new sensation; he has reached the abode of ruin. And yet it is not the scant and dreary look of all things which heretofore, to his mind, had carried in their outward forms the impression of progress. It is not the actual ruin, the absence of

settlement, or the mean appearance of everything he looks at, that forces suddenly upon him the consciousness of having reached here in Cyprus a place lying completely outside the pale of European civilisation; it is more the utter degradation of all things—the unwritten story here told of three hundred years of crime; told by filthy house, by rutted pavement and squalid street; spoken by the sea as it sobs through the sewaged shingle, and echoed back from the sun-baked hills and dull, brown, leafless landscape that holds watch over Larnaca.

And yet they tell us that it is all improved—that the streets have been swept, the houses cleaned, the Marina no longer allowed to be a target for rubbish. The men who tell us this are truthful, honourable men, and we are bound to believe them; but the statement is only more hopelessly convincing of unalterable desolation than had Larnaca stood before us in the full midnight of its misery.

As the day draws on towards evening we are taken out to visit the scene of the encampment of troops at Chefflick Pasha when the island was first occupied. We are in the hands of one of the chief regenerators of the island—Civil Commissioner is the official title: and we are mounted on the back of an animal which enjoys the distinction of having made himself almost as uncomfortable to the First Lord of the Admiralty, during a recent official visit to the island, as though that Cabinet Minister had been on the deck of the Admiralty yacht in a gale off the Land's End.

But if the spirit of ruin had been visible in Larnaca, the ride to Chefflick Pasha revealed the full depth of the desolation that brooded over the land—the bare brown land with its patchwork shreds of faded thistles over which grey owls flitted as the twilight deepened into darkness. As we rode along through this scene, my friend, the assistant regenerator, appeared to regard the whole thing as superlatively hopeful—the earth was to bloom again. What a soil it was for cotton, for tobacco, for vines, for oranges, citrons, olives! Energy was to do it all—energy and Turkish law. He had been studying Turkish law, he said, for seven weeks, and he was convinced that there was no better law on earth. We thought that the East generally had been studying the same law, or codes similar to it, for seven hundred years, and had come to a different conclusion regarding its excellence. "What Cyprus had been in the past it would be again in the future. It only wanted British administration of Turkish law over the island

to set everything right. Man had done the harm; man could undo the harm." And so on, as we rode back through the lessening light into Larnaca.

Was it really as our friend had said? Could man thus easily undo what man had done? All evidence answered "No."

For every year of ruin wrought by the Turk another year will not suffice to efface.

The absence of good government may mar a people's progress. The presence of good government can only make a nation when, beneath, the foundation rests upon the solid freedom of the heart of the people. The heart of Cyprus is dead and buried. It was dying ere ever a Turkish galley crossed the Karamanian Gulf, and now it lies entombed beneath three hundred years of crime, no more to be called to life by the spasmodic efforts of half-a-dozen English officials than the glories of the Knights of Malta could be again enacted by the harmless people who to-day dub themselves Knights of St. John, and date the record of their chapters from a lodging-house in the Strand.

The mail-cart running between Larnaca and Nicosia usually left the former place at five A.M.; but as the English mail-steamer had arrived from Alexandria at midnight, the hour of the post-cart's departure had been changed to half-past three A.M. A few minutes before that time we had presented ourselves at the point of departure, only to find office, stable, and stable-yard sunk in that profound slumber which usually characterize the world at that early hour. A glow of ruddy light falling across the street from a large open door suggested some one astir, and we bent our steps in its direction. The red light came from a blacksmith's forge. At the anvil beat and blew a swarthy smith, and yet a courteous son of Vulcan too, for he stopped his beating and his blowing as we came up, and put a candle-end in a bottle, and put the bottle on a bench and placed a rough seat beside it for our service. He hails from Toulon, he says. Simple services all of them, but of great value when it is borne in mind that ten minutes previously we had called at the post-office and received from the wearied official in charge a packet of English letters and papers just sorted from the mail; so, as the blacksmith beat we read, waiting in the small hours for the mail-cart to Nicosia.

Suddenly there was a clatter of horses and a rush of wheels along the street. The mail-cart had started! We rushed wildly into the still dark street. It was too true, the cart

was off! With a roar that ought to have roused Larnaca, we gave chase. The roar failed to arouse the sleeping city, but, doing still better, it halted the flying mail-cart. Ten seconds more and we were beside the vehicle, and beside ourselves with breathless rage. A Greek held the reins, another Greek sat on the back seat. When the driver found that the roar had only proceeded from a passenger who had been left behind, he was about to resume his onward way; but it could not be allowed. A short altercation ensued. The Greek driver, reinforced by the proprietor of the cart, a Frenchman, gesticulated, swore, and threatened the combined penalties of Turkish and English law. We calmly replied that, acting under the direction of the French proprietor, we had presented ourselves at the mail office at half-past three A.M., that for two mortal hours we had waited for the cart, and that now the cart must wait until our bag, still at the forge, could be brought up and placed beside us. The Frenchman declared, "It was impossible; the delay of a minute would be his ruin. The mules must proceed."

"No; not until the bag was brought up."

"Forward!" roared the proprietor. The driver shook his reins and shouted to the mules. There was nothing for it but to seize the reins and stop further progress. The mules, four in number, instantly declared themselves on our side of the controversy; they stopped dead short, and the imprecations of their owner and driver being alike powerless to move them, the bag was brought up, the imprecations ceased, and we jolted out of Larnaca. Day was breaking.

Softly came the dawn over the face of the weary land. Over hill-tops, over swamps, and shore and sea, touching miserable minaret and wretched mosque and squalid building with all the wondrous beauty that light has shed upon this old earth of ours since two million mornings ago it first kissed its twin children, sea and sky, on the horizon of the creation.

And now, as the sun came flashing up over the eastern hills, Cyprus lay around us, bare, brown, and arid. Water-courses without one drop of water; the surface of the earth the colour of a brown-paper bag; the telegraph poles topped by a small grey owl; a hawk hovering over the thistle-strewn ground; a village, Turkish or Greek, just distinguishable from the plain or the hill by the lighter hue of its mud walls and flat mud roofs—east, west, or north, on each side and in front, such was the prospect.

The owls on the telegraph-posts seemed typical of Turkish dominion. The Ottoman throned on the Bosphorus was about as great an anomaly as the blinking night-bird capping the electric wire.

Twenty-five miles from Larnaca the road ascends a slight rise. As the crest is gained the eye rests upon a cluster of minarets—houses thrown together in masses within the angles and behind the lines of a fortification, and one grand dark mass of Gothic architecture towering over house and rampart. Around lies a vast colourless plain. To the north a broken range of rugged mountains lift their highest peaks three thousand feet above the plain. Away to the south-west higher mountains rise blue and distant.

The houses, ramparts, and minarets are Nicosia, and the Gothic pile, still lofty amid the lowly, still grand amid the little, stands a lonely rock of Crusaders' faith, rising above the waves of ruin.

If the Turk had marked upon Larnaca the measure of his misrule, upon Nicosia he had stamped his presence in even sharper lines of misery and of filth. People are often in the habit of saying that no words could fitly express the appearance of some scene of wretchedness. It is simply an easy formula for begging the question.

The state of wretchedness in which Nicosia lies is easy enough to express in words—in these matters the Turk is thorough. There is nothing subtle in his power to degrade; there is no refinement in his ruin. The most casual tourist that ever relied on Murray for history, and Cook for food and transport, could mark and digest the havoc of the Ottoman.

The Goth might ravage Italy, but the Goth came forth purified from the flames which he himself had kindled. The Saxon swept Britain, but the music of the Celtic heart softened his rough nature, and woaded him into less churlish habit. Visigoth and Frank, Heruli and Vandal, blotted out their ferocity in the very light of the civilisation they had striven to extinguish. Even the Hun, wildest Tartar from the Scythian waste, was touched and softened in his wicker encampment amid Pannonian plains; but the Turk—wherever his scimitar reached—degraded, defiled, and defamed; blasting into eternal decay Greek, Roman, and Latin civilisation, until, when all had gone, he sat down, satiated with

savagery, to doze for two hundred years into hopeless decrepitude.

The streets of Nicosia, narrow and tortuous, are just wide enough to allow a man to ride along each side of the gutter which occupies the centre. No view can anywhere be obtained beyond the immediate space in front, and so many blank walls, by-lanes, low doorways, and ruined buildings lie around without any reference to design or any connection with traffic, that the mind of the stranger soon becomes hopelessly confused in the attempt at exploration, until wandering at random he finds himself suddenly brought up against the rampart that surrounds the city.

It is then that ascending this rampart, and pursuing his way along it, he beholds something of the inner life of Nicosia. The houses abut upon the fortifications, and the wanderer looks down into courtyards or garden plots where mud walls and broken, unpainted lattices are fringed by many an orange-tree thick-clustered with golden fruit.

In the ditch on the outer side lie, broken and destroyed, some grand old Venetian cannon, flung there by the Turk previous to his final departure. His genius for destruction still "strong in death," he would not give them to us, or sell them, so he defaced and flung them down.

We wander on along the northern face. Looking in upon the city all is the same, mud and wattle in ruin, oranges, narrow streets, brown stone walls, minarets, filth, and the towering mass of the desecrated cathedral.

But as the sunset hour draws nigh, and the wanderer turns his gaze outwards over the plain, he beholds a glorious prospect. It is the sunset-glow upon the northern range.

Beyond the waste that surrounds the ramparts—beyond the wretched cemeteries and the brown mounds, and the weary plain, the rugged range rises in purple and gold. What colours they are!

Pinnaced upon the topmost crags, the gigantic ruins of the Venetian castles of Buffavento and St. Hilarion salute the sunset last of all, and then the cold hand of night blots out plain, mountain, mound, and ruin; the bull-frogs begin to croak from the cemeteries, and night covers with its vast pall the wreck of Time and of Turk.



## THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

By J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

## IV.—BEAUTY.

"There's beauty all around our paths,  
If but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'mid familiar things  
And through their lowly guise."

IN the preceding papers it has appeared incidentally how beauty enters in many ways into our daily life—how in the building, decorating, and furnishing of our homes beautiful objects and arrangements minister to refined enjoyment. And the assumption was made, perhaps somewhat gratuitously, not only that beauty has a bodily existence, but that it can be readily distinguished, taken possession of, and applied; and yet its positive entity is by some called in question, and people in general are content with the vaguest impressions, and know or care so little that they can look even upon ugliness with impartiality and indifference. Nevertheless truly is it written that "Beauty has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained." And it appears to me that in the present time we have special need for this high service. Just in proportion as the pressure of life, the heat and the burden of the day, become hard to bear; just in measure as the practical details of business and the hurry and worry of the world wear wearily on body and mind, is the need felt for such calming and healing beauty as nature and art can give. And it furthermore would seem that if beauty be a want we shall do well to discriminate between the true and the false, so that we may not be taking poison for food. And it is to be feared that in these matters the mind is peculiarly prone to deception, and that even when intent on being guided aright it clings by some unaccountable perversity to the thousand and one forms of the unbeautiful that crowd and disfigure the world. I think, then, some practical good may be gained by a few simple suggestions, which while eschewing metaphysical subtleties shall serve to show what beauty—the life and soul of art—really is, and how it may be distinguished from its contraries.

How can beauty be discerned—what are her outward signs? In the first place, I would premise that we are here not within the sphere of certainty, or of positive science. There are no axioms or definitions by which beauty can be precisely or dogmatically designated. Yet she can be described, pre-

sented by examples, and approached by way of probabilities. As to description or illustration, a classic capital, an Etruscan vase, a Gothic window tracery are all beautiful, and yet the reason why, it is not easy to say.

Accordingly all authorities, however otherwise they diverge, agree that the sign, if indeed not the very essence of beauty, is the pleasure it incites. The mind is made for beauty just as the eye is framed for light. A thing of beauty leads from joy to joy, bringing sunshine within the soul, and lighting up faculty after faculty till every chamber of consciousness glows with warmth and colour. The mind greets with rapture the approach of beauty, and garnishes a dwelling for her; the affections grow kindly, and the currents of life flow evenly and gently; unruly passions are laid to rest, and discords soften into harmonies. Beauty, too, like Spring garlanded with flowers, is jocund and health-giving. Thus Addison of such states of delectation writes, "Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motion. For this reason, Lord Bacon, in his essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his readers a poem or a prospect." In fine the proof and the purpose of beauty is the pleasure it brings, the intent being to adorn life and add to the sum of human happiness.

I have sometimes felt it derogatory to the arts to hold that beauty, their vital breath, is chiefly if not exclusively pleasure-giving. But a sufficient reply seems to be that the pleasures of the mind become high or low according to the faculties called into play. There are not only the pleasures of the senses, but the poets sing of "the pleasures of hope" and "the pleasures of the imagination." Beauty has many phases or modes of manifestation; there is physical beauty as seen in a Greek athlete, æsthetic beauty as sometimes found in highly wrought and artistic types of girlhood and womanhood, intellectual beauty as portrayed by the poet

Shelley, moral and religious beauty as displayed by martyrs and saints and depicted in sacred art. And these divers forms of beauty corresponding with cognate states of mind evoke varying pleasures. The beauty is of a base order that appeals to passion, but beauty becomes soul-moving when it inspires to worship. And the dignity of the arts may in like manner be appraised by the worth of the ideas delineated and of the emotions evoked. The doctrine has often been propounded, and is not destitute of reason, that there subsists an underlying union between beauty, truth, and goodness; beauty answering to the æsthetic sense, truth to the intellect, and goodness to the conscience, each and all being essential to a perfect work either of nature or of art. Beauty thus indissoluble from truth and goodness becomes ideal—it is without blemish, it stands the attribute of high minds, the source of pure and noble pleasure. The belief that mind alone inspires beauty finds expression in the following oft-quoted lines; the first are by Akenside, the second from Michael Angelo:—

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,  
The living fount: in its self contains  
Of beauteous and sublime."

"Deep in that source whence our existence flows,  
Beauty's transcendent forms are all combined  
Beyond all other attributes of mind."

And when once we have learnt to think worthily of beauty, we may next consider its distribution and favourite habitats. These are primarily in nature and derivatively in art. And here I wish to guard against the notion that beauty is a boon "too bright and good for human nature's daily food." We are taught by the poet of nature that "the lowly have the birthright of the skies," that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," that "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;" and so is it with beauty, she is near and dear to the simple and true-hearted.

Perhaps it may be of some use to point out how we may distinguish beauty in nature and what the artist can do for us. In the world beauty is scattered, unequally distributed, and often sorely defaced. To this her marred and mutilated estate may be applied Milton's famous simile concerning truth: "Her lovely form is hewn into a thousand pieces and scattered to the four winds," and artists and others "imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, have gone up and down gathering limb by limb as they could be found;" yet all the scattered fragments have not been

found, but still the search goes on, hoping that every joint and member may at length be moulded "into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." Now the function and mission of the artist has ever been to collect the dispersed beauties of nature into a consistent composition and a concentrated whole. And these the finer essences of created things, sculptors, painters, and art-workmen help to infuse into our daily life, mitigating its severity and ruggedness, and rarefying its denseness and grossness.

Let us recur for a moment to the practical question of how the beauties of nature may be assimilated. The main difficulty is that the majority of persons are not rightly attuned. The mind nowadays hankers after novelty and excitement, it becomes dissipated and distracted by vain shows, life is discoloured and taste tortured by frivolous fashion, wild invention, and caprice, till at length the modesty, the law, and the order beloved by nature are ignored by society. A wholesome mode of escape from "the busy dance of things that pass away" may be found in an excursion to the country with a volume of Wordsworth in hand. "The presences of nature in the sky and on the earth, the visions of the hills, and souls of lonely places" bring healing to the fevered pulse. Still better restorative is sketching among silent woods or babbling streams, for their beauty speaks as it were personally to the mind, and seems to enter at pencil-point and permeate through nerve and fibre till the artist or amateur grows into the life of nature.

When thus the mind, "by interchange of peace and excitation, finds in nature its best and purest friend," the thoughts become attuned to beauty, and intuition is a sure guide. The perfections of nature find, so to say, replicas within the mind, and a thrill of delight announces the sense of the beautiful. But this rarer essence in created things is not left to the testimony of intuition only, nature usually affixes some stamp as a visible sign. It will be found that the most highly-developed forms, the perfected types, are usually beautiful, while ugliness attaches as a stigma to what is physically sickly or abortive. The observance of nature's laws tends to the perfecting of animal and vegetative structures, in other words to the embodiment of beauty. And nature appears in perpetual struggle to cast aside and obliterate what is faulty or unsound, and to strengthen and mature the higher germs of life, and so through successive stages to insure a progressive beauty.

It would seem for us a profitable pastime in our daily walks to seek out diligently the latent beauties in the landscape and its living tenantry, so as to observe and inwardly muse over whatever is lovely in the forms and colours of animated nature, birds of the air, foreground flowers, mountain distances, and sunset skies. The memory well stored with such images becomes a perpetual feast.

Beauty as placed in the world is not free from perplexities. Lord Bacon, with his usual breadth of vision, writes in view of these anomalies: "That is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." The fact is such strangeness perpetually crops up owing to the presence of ugliness, which, as tares among wheat, grows up in the fields of beauty. It is not very easy to tell why all things were not created beautiful; it is not, for example, quite evident why some few women should be made ugly. But as we have the best authority for suffering the foolish gladly, so we shall not be far wrong in receiving the ugly with resignation. And nature certainly makes kindly effort to recompense for occasional shortcomings; accordingly it is proverbial that she endows persons lacking in beauty with compensating goodness. Thus much it seems necessary to say, otherwise the objection might hold that the picture here drawn of beauty is wanting in truthful shadow and relief. And I think the contrast which nature and even art obtains in a certain small percentage of ugliness is not without a lesson. Beauty is apt to cloy; furthermore it may enervate; therefore the sweet is spiced with the bitter.

Beauty has received varying treatment from art. Unhappily some painters, such as Brauer and Jan Steen, instead of striving to express "the best part of beauty," have grovelled in the mire, while others have glossed art with tinsel show, riband, star, and belted rank. But the painter who works as nature works will cast aside whatever in man is ignoble, and, seeking to carry out the general scheme of development, will improve upon the actual model and by felicity of invention push onwards to the perfect type. And thus beauty in art as in nature becomes progressive—a beauty which rises in the scale of existence according to the worth of the idea it embodies.

Yet Sir Joshua Reynolds deplors that the artist must be content to suffer the sublime distress which a great mind alone can feel,

"that having dedicated his life to the attainment of an ideal beauty, he will die at last without having reached it." And Hogarth, in a more comic strain, relates how a certain "dancing-master once declared that after much study and successive improvements, he still despaired of being able during the rest of his life to do complete justice to, or to bring out fully the capabilities of, his favourite dance." Whatever be a man's calling, singleness of devotion cannot fail of reward, and though to the end of life ideal beauty may still be beyond our reach, yet year by year it can be approached more nearly. The resolve is itself sufficient reward.

In our search after beauty much may be learnt from the practice of the greatest artists in divers countries over long periods of time, and under diversified civilisations. The painter and sculptor are perpetually on the look-out for pleasing and perfect aspects in nature and in life, and thus the works that have been handed down may be said to serve as historic shrines or emporiums of beauty. And as good society is the best teacher of polished manners, and the reading of select authors one of the surest means of forming a good literary style, so the study of the master works of art is the most direct way of cultivating the taste and rectifying the sense of the beautiful. It will not be amiss therefore to enumerate a few examples in art which may be accepted as standards. Let us place in the front rank Grecian temples and Gothic cathedrals; some excel others, but all are more or less beautiful. Then consummate after their kind are Greek and Etruscan vases and tazze, and Classic and Italian cameos and intaglios; also marble reliefs, of which the Elgin are nearly faultless. In the same category come ornamental compositions of foliage, flowers, and figures in Classic, Italian, and French styles. Of course it will not be right to accept any work blindly; each component part must be examined critically, the chaff will have to be sifted from the wheat, and the essential beauty when found should be analyzed, and the effects referred to their causes. Nothing short of this is educational.

As types of the ideal, and as analytical exercises to bring out prominently the principles and properties of beauty, we cannot do better than to take a few of the best-known pieces of sculpture, such as the Fates of Phidias, the Faun and Cupid by Praxiteles, the Venus of Milos, the Apollo Belvedere, the Lizard Slayer, and the Antinous and the Genius of the Vatican. These and other

figures are now happily made familiar to students and the public at large by casts in the class-rooms of art schools throughout the country. They are rightly used as models of truth and beauty, and being raised above common nature, and freed from the accidents and flaws of individual humanity, they reach the generic and the immutable. Deformity, like error, dies out; while beauty, like truth, lives on. The student will do well to distinguish one species of beauty from another. In Greek and the best Roman sculpture the subtle essence is concentrated and sublimated; it dwells apart as in serene heights undisturbed by the tumult of lower spheres.

A new and inspired spirit of beauty dawned with the advent of Christian art. There would seem good reason to believe that the inward graces of faith, hope, and charity were by the old painters translated into form, and transferred to panel and canvas, so that the beauties of the soul, though in themselves invisible, became the objects of sense. And the foundation for this belief grows more assured from the well-accredited narrative that Fra Angelico went direct from prayer to his easel to paint the vision received from heaven, not daring to alter a line because all was given by God. Endless examples might be adduced of how many early, and a few late Italian masters—Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Francia, Fra Bartolommeo, Da Vinci, and others—created and made eternal a world of beauty, and the revelation inspired a love and a worship. And in these modern times, when beauty has become less spiritual and more carnal, it is no slight benefit that the masterpieces of early Italian art have been brought by the publications of sundry societies within the reach of rich and poor alike. Such supersensuous beauty, touching sometimes the confines of the supernatural, thrown into the quiet pauses of daily life, raises the mind above the level of common things. The subjects may pall somewhat by sameness, yet besides such lovely and oft-repeated creations as Madonnas and Holy Families, a world of beauty opens on the sight in angels, and heavenly choirs, and winged creatures flocking the sky or visiting the lower earth. In such pictorial compositions the lines and movements seem attuned to heavenly music. But again and again changes come over the spirit of the dream, and beauty as conceived by Raphael grows supremely symmetric and even geometric, thus "Sibyls" and the figures in the "Poesia," perfect in equipoise, become wholly rhythmical, mind and body blending harmoniously without jar or dissonance. And

so the austere and self-immolating beauty of primitive epochs little by little relaxes till we come in the Venetian school to such rapturous and passionate scenes as Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Venice enthroned," by Veronese, "Mercury and the Graces," and "Ariadne and Venus," by Tintoret. I wish to indicate how Italian painting unfolds not a narrow or exclusive, but a wide and representative beauty. And it becomes instructive to spell out and read the old pictures as if they were historic records of the conditions of churches and commonwealths, or as if they were books or so many pages transcribed from the life. The beauty which ever varied with the life and the faith of a highly sensitive people ministers all the more sympathetically with the pulsations of our own highly wrought existence.

The vital principle that has endowed with immortality the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, inspires, though perchance in less degree, subsidiary and decorative handicrafts. The living spark of beauty which shines in the lowly flower animates the humblest work of art; and it is interesting to observe with what care and devotion smallest objects have been preserved and handed down through centuries, provided only they are impressed with beauty. The world hitherto has not been enamoured by ugliness, nor has it as a rule sought to perpetuate deformity. But lovely objects, a jewel or a casket, or a piece of iron or brass, such, for example, as the treasures of metal-work in Westminster Abbey, are deemed priceless, for if destroyed the void felt could not be filled. Ugly forms are allowed to pass out of mind into oblivion, but the many illustrated volumes on decorative sculpture, on ivory or wood carving, on metal-work, tapestry, and textile fabrics, prove with how great solicitude designs of beauty are preserved, recorded, and handed down. Thus by means of drawings, engravings, and reproductions, poetry of form and colour are woven into the tissue and texture of our lives. And if I may adduce my own experience I would speak of the advantage of treasuring within the memory representative examples of the beautiful—some typical vase, some rare cameo or jewel, some choice form in glass or porcelain, some faultless arrangement in wall-decoration, wood-work, or drapery. Such models of excellence serve as standards whereby to measure the departure from correct taste in ordinary and average households. In the present day there can be no excuse when the furniture and decoration of a dwelling, when

wall-hangings, mantelpieces, chairs, couches, curtains, table-cloths, lamps, candlesticks, inkstands, paper-knives, &c., show themselves unsightly, because all things ugly in our surroundings stand reproved by a host of historic testimonies. And judging from the experience of the past, it becomes positively sure that whatever works are malformed and hideous will gravitate downwards, will pass from higher to lower grades in social life, from the palace to the cabin, till at last they are swept away and lost, while all things of beauty live on, and the older they grow the more they are revered.

Beauty has received loving regard from philosophers, poets, and painters alike. Lord Bacon takes an impartial but not wholly favourable view in the closing words to his essay, as follows: "Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and for the most part it makes a dissolute youth and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if beauty light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush." The poets toy with beauty, the term becomes clothed in metaphorical meanings; a landscape and a lady, a mountain and a monument, a piece of music, a poem and a picture, being esteemed indiscriminately beautiful. Instruction and delight come from the perusal of many metrical musings on beauty, and the mind does well ever and anon to pass from the literature of the subject to the visible embodiments in art. Some poets, such as Spenser and Shelley, pen hymns to intellectual and heavenly beauty, and, like Michael Angelo, drink deeply of the philosophy of Plato. Spenser writes:—

"Therefore it comes that the fair souls which have  
The most resemblance to the heavenly light  
Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave  
Their fleshly bower, most fit for their delight."

"For of the soul the body form doth take;  
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Passing from poets to metaphysicians, we find that Sir William Hamilton has most nearly arrived at the abstract theory of beauty. His doctrine may be briefly stated as follows: "Beauty brings into action both the imagination and the understanding. Imagination has its delights in the variety of parts, while the understanding finds pleasure in combining the multifarious parts into a whole; the greater the number of parts given by the imagination, and the more complete the unity wrought by the understanding, the greater will be the pleasure excited, and the more perfect the beauty attained." Number-

less are the passages bearing out this view, and certain artists, among whom stands conspicuous Hogarth, taking side glances at metaphysics, have dashed off specious theories. Hogarth, in his "Analysis of Beauty," written with "a view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of taste," believed he had discovered the whereabouts of beauty in variety, multiplicity, uniformity, regularity, symmetry, simplicity and fitness. And this theory—if so it may be called—which fits loosely within Hamilton's definition, Hogarth was good enough to illustrate by diagrams. Thus he sketched on a painter's pallet a serpentine line, and wrote beneath, "The Line of Beauty;" and furthermore, on the title-page of the "Analysis" he delineated a pyramid, and within its three sides drew a serpent, and then wrote below, the word "Variety." And so we arrive at yet another manifestation of the ever-recurring maxim, "unity in variety." Again, I repeat, these ingenious speculations stand at dubious distance from practical results, and yet, I think, like the tentative outlines and first sketches which have come down to us from the old masters, they shadow forth permanent truths, and may be used as stepping-stones in the temple of beauty.

The ideas comprised within this short essay might with greater ease have been expanded into a volume. However, in settling the scheme of these papers, I deemed that beauty should find a prominent place, because I hold faith in its high function in life. An inevitable curtiness in treatment may possibly have entailed confusion, or indeed incomprehensibility. I can only ask the reader patiently to consider what has been imperfectly expressed; and to aid him in forming some definite conclusions, I beg to submit, as the issue of the preceding argument, the following propositions.

Forms accounted beautiful come with the greater sanction when they have been accepted over long periods of time, or over wide areas of space, or when they have been identified with high states of civilisation. Such manifestations acquire a historic stability, and are more trustworthy than the phantoms of fashion or the devices of individual or momentary caprice.

Beauty usually accords with geometric proportions or numeric ratios; thus, in outline and composition it often falls within such figures as the circle, ellipse, or pyramid, and arranges itself according to numbers, such as 2, 3, 5, 7, &c. This numeric theory is supposed to have originated with Pythagoras,



and in recent days it found a fanatic advocate in Mr. Hay, of Edinburgh. The conjecture has been that such ratios rest on the undulatory theory, and determine alike beauty of form, colour, and sound; in other words, that the beauty of the human figure, of the prismatic rainbow, and of a Beethoven sonata obey like fundamental laws.

Forms of beauty, whether elementary or complex, are primarily found in nature, but the creative idea is often marred, dross debasing the pure gold. Yet nature strives to purge away impurities, to cast out deformities, and to preserve and develop the normal type; whenever nature reaches her standard of perfection she is beautiful.

Beauty constitutes the ideal, and the true ideal in art corresponds to the perfected real in nature.

Outward and visible beauty is announced and determined by the response and approval of the mind, the mind being made for beauty as the eye is constructed for light: the inward intuitions planted in man pulsate, as chords of a lyre, to the vibrations or impressions from without.

Beauty obtains a twofold sanction when it exists as the perfection of outward nature, and when it obtains the approving response of the best minds.

Beauty stands in some undefined relation with truth and goodness. Partial and in-

completed beauty often contains an admixture of error and badness, but perfect beauty is without alloy, and lies in continuity with truth and goodness; the three conjoined making an unbroken circuit, each fortifying the other.

All beauty becomes the more confirmed when it has been sanctioned and made manifest by the great artists of the world, and when it is embodied in the masterworks of the foremost architects, sculptors, or painters. Beauty resides within every true and good work of art, just as the soul dwells within the human body,—it is there to a certainty,—we have only to find it out.

And forms of beauty appear with overwhelming evidence when they obtain, as just indicated, a threefold warranty: when they possess the impress of the Creator in nature; when they have gained the approval of the artist by a place in universal art; and lastly when they have awakened within humanity an allegiance and a love.

And these manifold phases of beauty declare what they are by the pleasure they impart: beauty always pleases, and what displeases is unbeautiful; it is her privilege to lead from joy to joy. The worth of any beauty is measured by the dignity of the emotions awakened; the use of beauty is to elevate, adorn, and add to the enjoyment of life.

## MAXIMILIAN HORBLOWER'S EVENING IN VENICE.

BY LIEUT.-COL. L. W. M. LOCKHART.

### TABLEAU I.

I HAD made an Herculean effort, and failed. The picture that was to have shown the world that a new era in painting had begun arrived too late—the doors of Burlington House were closed. I represented to the hanging committee the fatal mistake they made in refusing it entrance. But in vain; they would none of it.

Disappointed and disgusted I cast over in my mind what I should do. The feverish toil of months was telling on me mentally and bodily, and I felt I could handle a brush no longer. A craving for a new life and fresh scenes came over me. In another country, in a different atmosphere, my undermined constitution would revive. The thought acted like a tonic, and roused me to action. To Venice! I exclaimed, there to muse on men and manners, and with

such light *hors d'œuvres* as the jottings of my pen on art and poetry, to please and titillate the public palate until I can feed the world with my true *pièce de résistance*.

Yes, I said to myself at last, the voices of the people should not be silent. Genius should not cramp itself into a single groove. Utterance denied at one point should be sought at another. Even the fugitive thoughts of a certain kind of man are valuable, either intrinsically or from their suggestiveness. I fancy I am of that kind. The lives of commonplace men only are commonplace. Emphatically I am not of that class. Romantic and dramatic incidents cluster habitually round the path of genius. The clear-seeing mind's eye has microscopic properties. The eagle beholds a world of life and movement

in that which is blurred, black, and chaotic to the owl and the bat. I am an eagle. My vision is microscopic as well as telescopic. Scanning the book of human nature by the light of humorous sympathy, I see in what is often an empty page to the mere eye endless revelations of the beautiful, the pathetic, the heroic, the comic, and the farcical.

To think is with me to act. From philosophical musing I can pass with energy to the business of every-day life. My arrangements were soon made, and the scheme carried into effect.

The evening of my arrival in Venice, tempted forth by the beauty of the moonlight, I stood, not on the Bridge of Sighs, but in front of St. Mark's, contemplating it with an admiration which can be understood. Fair was the scene indeed, and exquisite the night. Not a breath stirred the calm air where I stood; but, up above in the clear heavens, some light current carried now and then a gauzy cloud across the full moon's disc, so that her beams played fitfully on all that elaborate wealth of intricate, wondrous sculpture which enriches the goodly frontal of St. Mark's. And thus was lent a simulated motion to alabaster flower and marble leaf, and stem and branch of porphyry and jasper; and the birds set among them by the sculptor's hand seemed quivering with life, and weird movements of expression came to pass upon the solemn graven faces—faces that seem to regard each other as if in mystic commune touching the destinies of the venerable fane. Venice! the heart of Venice! it was hither that Hope and Freedom and nascent Civilisation had fled desperate, when hunted to the death. It was here, in the embrace of the Adriatic—within the loving circle of her outstretched arms—that they had found a refuge and a strength. It was here that, amid sterile foam and solitary marsh, sprang up—strange as the fabled town which rose to the magic of mysterious strains—a state, a city, and a life, the glory and exemplar of the world!

And so I mused, now swelling into rhapsody uttered aloud, now groping my way through the recondite labyrinth of some metaphysical subtlety. Venice! the heart of Venice! "Come!" I cried, "let me gaze." I did so. And gradually the long perspective grew peopled with shadowy spectres; and gradually the spectral shadows became substantial forms, and I knew them and called them by their names. Divided by no Dantean circles they moved about, and

scanned each other with strange inquiring glances, that changed to looks sometimes of reverence, and sometimes of horror and of hate. These were the doges, the councillors, the grand seignors, the illustrious in arts, in arms, in commerce—a great and goodly company!

Haughty miens, reverent courtiers, waving plumes, burnished armour! Rustling silk, flowing velvet, the sheen of silver and of gold, the flash of every gem the world knows—a goodly sight, a lordly company!

Ha, Paolo Anafesto! I greet thee first, as first of all the dukes. And here comes noble Ziani—hailed as a conqueror. Pass on, noble Doge; right lovingly I greet thee! But who is this without a head? Ha, ha! without a head! groping, with wrinkled hands, his way among the crowd that shrinks to let him by! Marino Faliero! Thou? Headless even here! Ill use thou madest of thy subtle brain on earth; so shalt thou be headless in the land of shadows. Pass on, old man, and headless; 'tis better so. Ha, ha! And ye would limn the hoary traitor, ye three that, with crayons and with tablets and with backward glances, pass in front of him? Ha, great and gentle Titian! excellent Tintoret! bright-eyed Giorgione! I greet ye well!

Noble was thy life, Andrea Dandolo, and thy memory is green, for thou hast left memorials of Venice and thine own virtue. Thy grave is with us to this day—a worthy tomb!

Pass on, right honourable Andrew, remembered and beloved! Francis Foscari! Henry Dandolo! mighty men of valour, I greet ye well; but pass and make way, and let me behold. For who is this with dusky gaberdine, with scales and knife in hand? A Jew! Dog! what dost thou in such worshipful company? What sayest thou, greybeard? Ne'er wast thou in the flesh, yet more than all these doges hast thou been for men a living man! Thy name is Shylock. It is sooth! Sadly it is sooth. Away then, Shylock! get thee to the Bridge of Sighs, and weep and mourn for Jessica and all thy kin, and for thyself, and drop some tears on my account, and heave a sigh or so for me. And Shylock disappeared.

Finding myself in good thinking trim, I lit a cigar and took another look at St. Mark's, to strike, as it were, the key-note of a new train of thought, and, finding it, was off at once. From looking at the splendid idiosyncrasies and gorgeous confusions which characterize the architecture of St. Mark's,

from observing here the predominance of the Gothic, and there (to speak generally) of the Oriental, I began to think of it, on the whole, as probably a fair and progressive expression of Venetian thought and life and feeling, as they were during the progress of its creation, and to perceive, on reflection, that this was really the case. *Eureka*, I have it! The Temple of—

The brusque intrusion of sharp antithesis from the outer and lower world is what all contemplative men of genius have constantly to suffer. No sooner had I pronounced the magic word "*Eureka*," than a person emerged from the shadow, approached and addressed me. He was a little Englishman of dapper appearance, and with a manner lacking that slavish deference which, I confess, I like in the first approaches of a stranger, showing as it does that he recognises my—my *je-ne-sais-quoi*, and saving the trouble of explanation. I am bound to say, however, that the man was civil.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said; "but I think, in case you are not aware of it, I ought to let you know that you have been making and—raising, I should say, your voice to a very remarkable height. I heard you at the other end of the Piazza, and I believe the police here don't like noise in the streets at night, and—in short, perhaps you had better be a little quieter. You'll forgive the intrusion?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied; "and even with thanks. Like all great thinkers, I have a *mauvaise habitude* of thinking aloud; and when I get far away into the vast empyrean of thought, I am told that I sometimes shout as though alone in the unpeopled desert. I thank you for your considerate *interruption*."

I made a ceremonious bow, and emphasised the last word to indicate that, though condoned, an interruption had taken place, and might now terminate. He missed my meaning, however, and remained beside me, presently offering his snuff-box. Now, I abominate snuff; but when proffered by the Frank, it has something of the significance of the Bedouin's bread and salt; so I took a pinch.

"*Viva!* ha! ha!—too pungent for you," exclaimed my new acquaintance as I slightly sneezed.

"We won't blame the snuff, sir," I said good-humouredly. "I have a delicate membrane; my whole organism is delicate and tense. We won't blame the snuff."

"Well, it would be difficult to say a word against that snuff. It's the very best 'Black-guard'; but, for some noses, a dash of

'Taddy' or 'Lundyfoot' might improve it. That's what you would say now, I dare say?"

"On the contrary, sir, I have no opinion to offer on the subject."

"Well, I've always stuck to the 'Black-guard.' Many's the dispute I have with my uncle about it. My uncle has tried everything, from the 'Regent' to the 'Blackguard,' and every sort of mixture: but for many years past he has used nothing but 'Lundyfoot,' nothing. He says in his waggish way—for he is a bit of a wag, my uncle—" "Lundyfoot" is my only joy."

I could feel no possible interest in his uncle's habits, so I remained silent.

"And my uncle," he went on, "is about right, for he is a very heavy snuffer. I have known him to empty his box—an ounce box—in an evening. The doctor says that by this time his canals and ducts must be coated with 'Lundyfoot'—when I say 'coated,' I mean thickly encrusted—and that there will be a complete block some day. His post-mortem examination, the doctor says, will be something to make you open your eyes and sneeze."

I continued silent. In death as in life, his uncle was nothing to me. My silence was also intended as a rebuke. I felt this introduction of his uncle to be an impertinent intrusion. Nothing, indeed, short of his uncle's agonising death from the total obstruction of all his canals and ducts by "Lundyfoot" could have justified it; and, even then, propriety and good breeding would have suggested some such form as this:—"A man I knew (in fact, an uncle of mine), whose canals and ducts had become encrusted with 'Lundyfoot' tobacco-snuff, died," &c., &c.; or, "The subject of the autopsy had died from inordinate use of 'Lundyfoot,' his canals and ducts being," &c. "He stood to me, by the way, in the relation of uncle."

But "*my uncle*" implied that his uncle was not only a well-known public character, but known also in his relation to my interlocutor, and so universally as to convey to me at once the idea of an individuality with which I was bound to be acquainted. Napoleon III. might have spoken of "my uncle" without impropriety, but no one else I know of. It was intolerable.

I am not, however, vindictive or churlish, so I thought I might properly address a few civil words to him before we separated.

Waving my hand, therefore, in the direction of St. Mark's, I said, "All this is very noble and suggestive."

"Which?" said the little man.

"All this," I replied, with a wider sweep of my arm, to include many other celebrated buildings.

"Well, that's not much in my line, you know; but I dare say you're right."

"I think, sir, that the *nil admirari* and *poco-curante* spirit might hesitate to assert itself here, even in a whisper."

"Perhaps it does," said the man, looking a little puzzled.

"Yet, apparently, it does *not*."

"Doesn't it, indeed?"

"I should say that *you* were able to speak with perfect precision on that point."

"Well, no; the fact is, it ain't much in my line; but how do you find Venice, sir—as to the life of the place? I find it as dull as ditchwater—flat and sodden as a yesterday's pancake."

"Venice, sir, is in a state of transition. We must not be too hard upon her. One perhaps might expect to find here that the *genius loci* would have a quickening effect upon the inhabitants, but——"

"You'd be disappointed if you did. They're in the slows here, and no mistake."

"I think the expectation would be unphilosophical. Use blunts everything—from a saw to a sentiment. You don't find inquiry alive or noble speculation common among the Alps; and, on much the same principle, you will find that under the shadow of the Vatican and here in Venice inquiry and speculation are at a standstill."

"Right you are, sir. I have no correspondent here; but I took a cast round to-day, and there seems to be no inquiry in any line. As for speculation—Powf! How are they to do it?"

"Well, they are in a state of transition: give them time."

"That's what all bankrupts cry for; but I don't seem to see it."

"Englishmen are apt to be a little impatient."

"Not when they see their way; but no Englishman would see his way here."

"I see you are not sanguine."

"Perhaps not; I know I don't like long dates."

"Long dates, sir?"

"Yes, long dates. I like six better than nine, and three better than six."

"Your metaphor is a little fantastic and remote, sir; but perhaps I grasp your meaning, and I may——"

"And then 'renewals' are always doubtful. I put no faith in them."

"Still, we have had some great instances of renewals. I can't share your feelings about them. I protest I have every faith in renewals—Renaissances, that is."

"I don't know how Renaissances manage their affairs, and every man to his taste, and of course you know your own system best; but, in my experience, the fattest men are not the renewal men; and I dare say you would be a fatter man to-day yourself if you agreed with me."

"I protest, sir, I entirely fail to comprehend you," I said stiffly.

"There are none so deaf as those who won't hear; none so blind as those who won't see."

"I lose myself in your metaphors. Perhaps" (sarcastically) "you are a poet?"

"Well, yes, I am—that is, I was; it's queer that you guessed it. Yes, I was on the poetry lay for a bit—well thought of, too. I could repeat yards of mine; but I didn't seem to fatten, and dropped it. Then I took to the travelling line. I have a roving turn, and never could abide steady routine and desk-work. Am I right?"

"I confess to a certain sympathy with you there. The roving element is essentially one of the factors of the poetic temperament. If a man desires to live in a world of beautiful illusions he must change his *venue* frequently; without locomotion you have stagnation. Realism is the child of stagnation; stagnation too often leads a man to *realise*——"

"It's a bad job when it comes to that; but, of course, if stagnation is obstinate many a poor soul is driven to realise everything, and at a ruinous loss too."

"Well, the loss is, in some sense, ruinous, though your utilitarians would tell you differently."

"I don't care who tells me differently. The man who does so is a donkey—D-O-N-K-E-Y!" And the little man snapped his fingers rapidly to the spelling.

"Well, I don't object to your enthusiasm at all," I said with a good-humoured smile; "for my part, I sympathize with it."

"If you don't you're a D-O-N—No, I don't mean that; but you'd be wrong. It's a matter of common sense and plain figuring."

"Well, well, sir, to return to Venice. I have found it a place eminently favourable to speculation. If the inhabitants are, as you say, dead-alive, the traveller, at least, may reap and carry off a noble harvest."

"Well now, that's exactly what I've been saying he can't do. I took a cast round to-

day, as I tell you, and there was nothing to be done. No inquiry."

"I was speaking of myself, sir," I said haughtily.

"What!" cried the little man, "are you a traveller?"

"I am, sir. Is there anything to wonder at in that?"

"Well, yes; I wouldn't have guessed by your cut that you were one of us."

"I can't say that the admission does credit to your perceptive powers. But, be that as it may, I have this very night come to a most remarkable conclusion on a speculation which may have the most stupendous results."

"You don't tell me so!" cried the fellow with unwonted interest.

"I do, sir."

"What, here?—in Venice?"

"On this very spot."

"Well, I'm blowed! Was it on your own account?"

"I protest, sir, I don't see on whose account such a process could be carried on, except on my own," I said with a laugh; the man's questions and remarks were occasionally so inconsequent.

"Well, then," said he, "your principals have nothing to do with it?"

"The remark seems irrelevant. I am not aware that I have mentioned any special principles as directing my speculations. All such processes are necessarily more or less dependent on the laws of association."

"Oh, I see! it's a 'limited' concern."

"When I ask your opinion on the subject you will, perhaps, kindly favour me with it," I said loftily.

"No offence, sir—no intrusion; it's not my line. I won't ask another question, if you don't like it. I know how to respect trade secrets and trade susceptibilities, as the Mounseers say. Mum-m! is the word."

"Trade secrets, sir?"

"Yes, sir. A man who don't respect trade secrets won't respect domestic dittos. Am I right?"

"Well, of course; but what on earth——"

"'Glue' is my Christian name, sir, and 'Wax' the name of my family in both departments."

"Now, sir——"

"Now, sir, I'm not going to spy or to pry into your 'undertaking,' but I'll give you a bit of friendly advice. I heard you talking to yourself, you know—don't be alarmed—I only heard you mention 'Ford's Eureka.'"

"I may have unconsciously pronounced the word 'Eureka,' but——"

"Well, it's an old cry."

"It has been on the lips of the arch discoverer in all ages."

"Ah! well, very likely; but you take my advice, and drop it. Ford used it up *completely*."

"Ford, sir?"

"Yes, Ford—F-o-r-d. Why, bless you, where were your eyes? Some twelve or fourteen years ago it was all over London and the provinces. I gave it a lift myself—I did. The best poetry I ever did was on the 'Eureka.' I had a lot of copies struck from the advertisement. I kind of fancied them; and I've got some in my pocket-book at this moment. Here, I'll give you one."

He took out his pocket-book, and gave me from it what appeared to be a newspaper slip, and went on with great volubility—

"But, bother it all, leave old Ford his word. Don't go pirating it. I've got a kind of a personal feeling about the 'Eureka.' Besides, it wouldn't pay. If you want a catchword it *must* be original, particularly if what you're bringing out is in the same line. I ask no questions."

"Pray, sir," I said, "have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Come, I say, needn't be so proud. And, after all, what do *you* travel in?"

I was puzzled with the fellow's strange talk, and peevish with him; so, answering the fool according to his folly, I replied—

"If you can't see that I am in broadcloth and tweed, sir, I must attribute your eccentricities to the effects of liquor."

"Well, I should like to know how I was to tell. You might just as well have been in coals, or in wine; in fact you've got rather a coal, or even winey air about you; and to a man who turns out to be only in cloth, I take it that's rather a compliment. And, by my wig! if you're in cloth, you needn't turn up your nose at Ford's shirt. Cotton and calico's as good as broadcloth and tweed. Better even. Don't you go turning up your nose at the old Eureka shirt. It ain't professional. It ain't gentleman-like."

"Donner und Blitz! who and what do you take me for? Who and what are you?"

"Why, you've just been telling me who you are. As to who I am—no objection in the world to explain. Haven't got a card, but I'm Tom Spankie; commonly called 'Hankie Spankie,' travelling for Fogo, Roker, and Shunt—with a share. Fogo's my uncle. We're in seed; and we're to some extent in cotton—not much now. We work for Oom-

raurette and Dhollerah exclusively, but inquiry has been languid since '66, so we've let cotton run loose a good deal. Then we sometimes dabble a bit in coffee, and rice, and shellac—even in tallow. Bless you! we're pretty general, but seeds is our staple. My uncle, who is a bit of a wag, says, 'The seed is the *root* of the business.' Twig?—ha! ha! I keep them up to the general line—part of my roving character—eh?—ha! ha! Well, they didn't do badly when they made me their traveller. My uncle said at the time, 'Tom is a bad salesman, but he may travel well. Try him.' Our Mr. Roker shook his head, but it's a different tune now. Tom is growing warm, sir—warm!—a very much warmer bird than he was when he soared aloft on the wings of song for Hyam, Meehi, Doudney, Mappin, and many city cheap-jacks."

"It comes to this, then," I gasped when I could collect my senses, which had collapsed under the shock; "it comes to this, that I have been all this time conversing with a Bagman!"

"Bagman, yourself!"

"Have a care, sir! have a care!—this rattan——"

"Now, come, don't be so rusty, governor. If I travel in seeds, you travel in cloth; one's at least as good's t'other. I've no pride: 'bagman,' if you please—it ain't a word liked in the profession—what of that? Still, what's sauce for the goose kitchens the gander; and if I'm a bagman, you're a bagman: come now!"

"You must be stark-staring mad, sir! You *actually* suppose me to be a commercial traveller?"

"Rather! Didn't you tell me so yourself? Are you mad? Didn't you tell me you were a traveller? Didn't you say you found no spirit of speculation here? Didn't you say there was no inquiry for any sort of commodity in Venice? Didn't you say you didn't mind taking Venice people's paper at long dates? Didn't you say you went in for giving them time and renewing their bills? Didn't you tell me you had fixed up a speculation to-night? Didn't you say you were working for a 'Limited Company'? Haven't you just said you are in cloth? Well, bother it all! a firm's as good as a 'Limited Company'; and a traveller for a 'Limited Company' is as much a bagman as a traveller for a firm. Come now, put your pride in your pocket, and confess. Come now, be candid!"

"This is too horrible! I wish you a good night, sir. Not another word, I beg—I can't

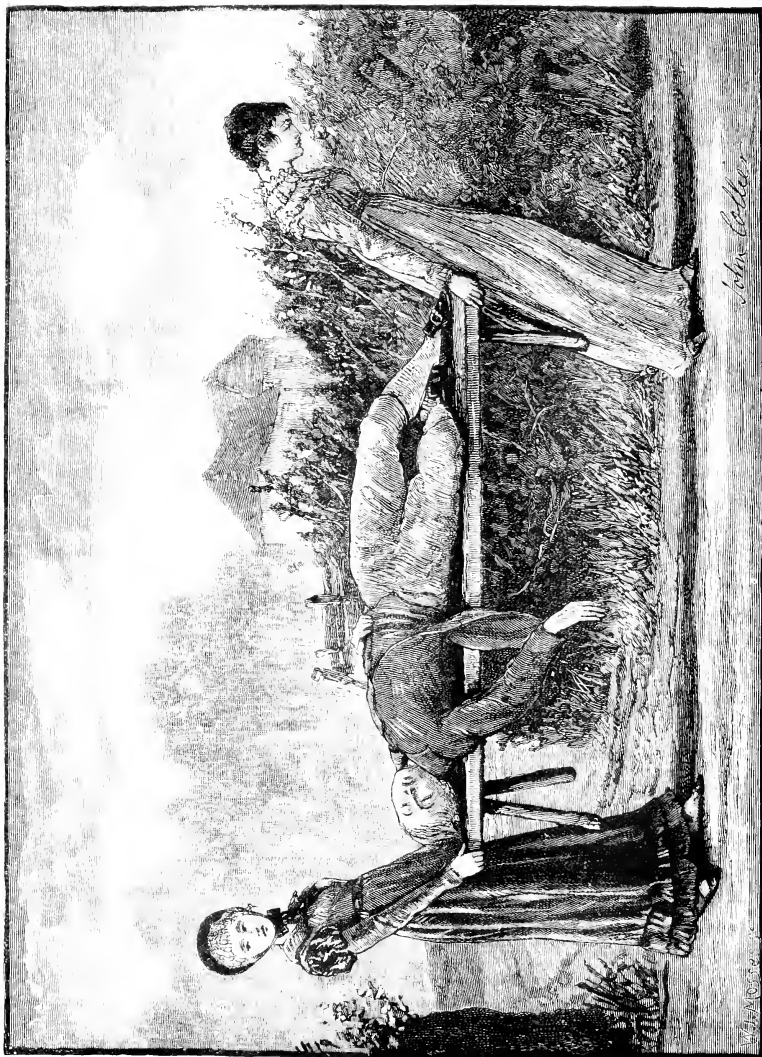
bear it. Go, sir, go! I feel I may offer you a personal violence if you remain. Go, sir, for your own sake!"

The little man went off in high dudgeon, pretty hurriedly at first, but slackened his pace, when at a safe distance, to assert and reiterate that a "Limited Company" is no better than a firm—that it takes nine tailors to make a man; so that (logically), if my cloth company was not composed of, at least, twenty-seven shareholders, he (Tom Spankie) had, even numerically, a more important constituency in Fogo, Roker, and Shunt than I in the said blessed "Limited Liability Company." These and other sarcasms he kept bawling out as he retreated, till, at last, the Bocca di Piazza swallowed him up, and I saw him no more.

"Strange egotism!" I cried when I had to some extent recovered my composure; "how strange is the egotism of the viler classes! To think that this groundling should have been interpreting my philosophic diction, my philosophic thoughts, as the loathsome cant, as the guttery ideas of commercial life! Faugh! How it clouds even the *oculus externus*, distorting even the outward and visible symbols of heroism and culture into those of a miry, money-grubbing proletarianism. True, I had accepted him and placed him on the footing of a philosophical conversationalist; but we who live in the upper empyrean of thought overlook the pismire in gazing upon the mountain; and we are so rapt in the contemplation of our own ideas that the *nuances* of thought and style belonging to the mere men with whom we converse are naturally lost upon us. We think nothing of them, but conversation is practically a monologue, and it is well it is so."

After walking about for some time thus reflecting, I, half mechanically, fell to reading, by the light of the moon (profaned by looking on such garbage), the verses which the miscreant had given me. Although a man of some considerable stamina I felt so weak and sick after perusing them, that I sank down upon a step in a sort of stupor, only conscious of intense moral and physical nausea. How long I continued in this condition I know not. Gradually I seemed to be awaking from some hideous dream, and at last the cool, bland air and sympathetic moonbeams restored me to myself; and, to give an idea of my recuperative power, I was able in a short time to go at some length, and with sufficient spirit, into the theory that "curvature" is essential to the beautiful in form.





"They proceeded with their burden at a slow pace to the lower garden gate."



## THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXI.—MIDNIGHT VISITORS.

MISS GARLAND and Loveday walked leisurely to the inn and called for horse-and-gig. While the hostler was bringing it round the landlord, who knew Bob and his family well, spoke to him quietly in the passage.

"Is this then because you want to throw dust in the eyes of the *Black Diamond* chaps?" (with an admiring glance at Bob's costume).

"The *Black Diamond*?" said Bob; and Anne turned pale.

"She hove in sight just at dark, and at nine o'clock a boat having more than a dozen marines on board, with cloaks on, rowed into harbour."

Bob reflected. "Then there'll be a press to-night; depend upon it," he said.

"They won't know you, will they Bob?" said Anne anxiously.

"They certainly won't know him for a seaman now," remarked the landlord laughing, and again surveying Bob up and down. "But if I was you two, I should drive home along straight and quiet; and be very busy in the mill all to-morrow, Mr. Loveday."

They drove away; and when they had got onward out of the town, Anne strained her eyes wistfully towards Portland. Its dark contour, lying like a whale on the sea, was just perceptible in the gloom as the background to half-a-dozen ships' lights nearer at hand.

"They can't make you go, now you are a gentleman tradesman, can they?" she asked.

"If they want me they can have me, dearest. I have often said I ought to volunteer."

"And not care about me at all?"

"It is just that that keeps me at home. I won't leave you if I can help it."

"It cannot make such a vast difference to the country whether one man goes or stays! But if you want to go you had better, and not mind us at all!"

Bob put a period to her speech by a mark of affection to which history affords many parallels in every age. She said no more about the *Black Diamond*, but whenever they ascended a hill she turned her head to look at the lights in Portland Roads, and the grey expanse of intervening sea.

Though Captain Bob had stated that he

did not wish to volunteer, and would not leave her if he could help it, the remark required some qualification. That Anne was charming and loving enough to chain him anywhere was true; but he had begun to find the mill-work terribly irksome at times. Often during the last month, when standing among the rumbling cogs in his new miller's suit, which ill became him, he had yawned, thought wistfully of the old pea-jacket, and the waters of the deep blue sea. His dread of displeasing his father by showing anything of this change of sentiment was great; yet he might have braved it but for knowing that his marriage with Anne, which he hoped might take place the next year, was dependent entirely upon his adherence to the mill business. Even were his father indifferent, Mrs. Loveday would never intrust her only daughter to the hands of a husband who would be away from home five-sixths of his time.

But though, apart from Anne, he was not averse to seafaring in itself, to be smuggled thither by the machinery of a press-gang was intolerable; and the process of seizing, stunning, pinioning, and carrying off unwilling hands was one which Bob as a man had always determined to hold out against to the utmost of his power. Hence, as they went towards home, he frequently listened for sounds behind him, but hearing none he assured his sweetheart that they were safe for that night at least. The mill was still going when they arrived, though old Mr Loveday was not to be seen; he had retired as soon as he heard the horse's hoofs in the lane, leaving Bob to watch the grinding till three o'clock; when the elder would rise, and Bob withdraw to bed—a frequent arrangement between them since Bob had taken the place of grinder.

Having reached the privacy of her own room, Anne threw open the window, for she had not the slightest intention of going to bed just yet. The tale of the *Black Diamond* had disturbed her by a slow, insidious process that was worse than sudden fright. Her window looked into the court before the house, now wrapped in the shadow of the trees and the hill; and she leaned upon its sill listening intently. She could have heard any strange sound distinctly enough in one direction; but in the other all low noises were absorbed in the patter of the mill, and the rush of water down the race.

However, what she heard came from the hitherto silent side, and was intelligible in a moment as being the footsteps of men. She tried to think they were some late stragglers from Weymouth. Alas ! no ; the tramp was too regular for that of villagers. She hastily turned, extinguished the candle, and listened again. As they were on the main road there was, after all, every probability that the party would pass the bridge which gave access to the mill court without turning in upon it, or even noticing that such an entrance existed. In this again she was disappointed : they crossed into the front without a pause. The pulsations of her heart became a turmoil now, for why should these men, if they were the press-gang, and strangers to the locality, have supposed that a sailor was to be found here, the younger of the two millers Loveday being never seen now in any garb which could suggest that he was other than a miller pure, like his father. One of the men spoke.

"I am not sure that we are in the right place," he said.

"This is a mill, anyhow," said another.

"There's lots about here."

"Then come this way a moment with your light."

Two of the group went towards the cart-house on the opposite side of the yard, and when they reached it a dark lantern was opened, the rays being directed upon the front of the miller's waggon.

"'Loveday and Son, Overcombe Mill.'" continued the man, reading from the waggon. "'Son,' you see, is lately painted in. That's our man."

He moved to turn off the light, but before he had done so it flashed over the forms of the speakers, and revealed a sergeant, a naval officer, and a file of marines.

Anne waited to see no more. When Bob stayed up to grind, as he was doing to-night, he often sat in his room instead of remaining all the time in the mill ; and this room was an isolated chamber over the bakehouse, which could not be reached without going down-stairs and ascending the step-ladder that served for his staircase. Anne descended in the dark, clambered up the ladder, and saw that light strayed through the chink below the door. His window faced towards the garden, and hence the light could not as yet have been seen by the press-gang.

"Bob, dear Bob !" she said through the keyhole. "Put out your light, and run out of the back-door !"

"Why ?" said Bob, leisurely knocking the ashes from the pipe he had been smoking.

"The press-gang !"

"They have come ? Who can have blown upon me ? All right, dearest. I'm game."

Anne, scarcely knowing what she did, descended the ladder and ran to the back-door, hastily unbolting it to save Bob's time, and gently opening it in readiness for him. She had no sooner done this than she felt hands laid upon her shoulder from without, and a voice exclaiming, "That's how we doos it—quite an obleeving young man !"

Though the hands held her rather roughly, Anne did not mind for herself, and turning she cried desperately, in tones intended to reach Bob's ears : "They are at the back-door ; try the front !"

But inexperienced Miss Garland little knew the shrewd habits of the gentlemen she had to deal with, who, well-used to this sort of pastime, had already posted themselves at every outlet from the premises.

"Bring the lantern," shouted the fellow who held her. "Why—'tis a girl ! I half thought so. Here is a way in," he continued to his comrades, hastening to the foot of the ladder which led to Bob's room.

"What d'ye want ?" said Bob, quietly opening the door, and showing himself still radiant in the full dress that he had worn with such effect at Weymouth, which he had been about to change for his mill suit when Anne gave the alarm.

"This gentleman can't be the right one," observed a marine, rather impressed by Bob's appearance.

"Yes, yes ; that's the man," said the sergeant. "Now take it quietly, my young cock-o'-wax. You look as if you meant to, and 'tis wise of ye."

"Where are you going to take me ?" said Bob.

"Only aboard the *Black Diamond*. If you choose to take the bounty and come voluntary you'll be allowed to go ashore whenever your ship's in port. If you don't, and we've got to pinion ye, you will not have your liberty at all. As you must come, willy-nilly, you'll do the first if you've any brains at all."

Bob's temper began to rise. "Don't you talk so large, about your pinioning, my man. When I've settled——"

"Now or never, young blow-hard," interrupted his informant.

"Come, what jabber is this going on ?" said the lieutenant stepping forward. "Bring your man."

One of the marines set foot on the ladder, but at the same moment a shoe from Bob's

hand hit the lantern with well-aimed directness, knocking it clean out of the grasp of the man who held it. In spite of the darkness they began to scramble up the ladder. Bob thereupon shut the door, which being but of slight construction, was as he knew only a momentary defence. But it gained him time enough to open the window, gather up his legs upon the sill, and spring across into the apple-tree growing without. He alighted without much hurt beyond a few scratches from the boughs, a shower of falling apples testifying to the force of his leap.

"Here he is!" shouted several below who had seen Bob's figure flying like a raven's across the sky.

There was stillness for a moment in the tree. Then the fugitive made haste to climb out upon a low-hanging branch towards the garden, at which the men beneath all rushed in that direction to catch him as he dropped, saying, "You may as well come down, old boy. 'Twas a spry jump, and we give ye credit for 't."

The latter movement of Loveday had been a mere feint. Partly hidden by the leaves he glided back to the other part of the tree, from whence it was easy to jump upon a thatch-covered out-house. This latter movement they did not appear to see, which gave him the opportunity of sliding down the slope and entering the back-door of the mill.

"He's here, he's here!" the men exclaimed, running back from the tree.

By this time they had obtained another light, and pursued him closely along the back quarters of the mill. Bob had entered the lower room, seized hold of the chain by which the flour-sacks were hoisted from story to story by connection with the mill-wheel, and pulled the rope that hung alongside for the purpose of throwing it into gear. The foremost pursuers arrived just in time to see Captain Bob's legs and shoe-buckles vanishing through the trap-door in the joists overhead, his person having been whirled up by the machinery like any bag of flour, and the trap falling to behind him.

"He's gone up by the hoist!" said the sergeant, running up the ladder in the corner to the next floor, and elevating the light just in time to see Bob's suspended figure ascending in the same way through the same sort of trap into the second floor. The second trap also fell together behind him, and he was lost to view as before.

It was more difficult to follow now; there was only a flimsy little ladder, and the man

ascended cautiously. When they stepped out upon the loft it was empty.

"He must ha' let go here," said one of the marines who knew more about mills than the others. "If he had held fast a moment longer he would have been dashed against that beam."

They looked up. The hook by which Bob had held on had ascended to the roof, and was winding round the cylinder. Nothing was visible elsewhere but boarded divisions like the stalls of a stable, on each side of the stage they stood upon, these compartments being more or less heaped up with wheat and barley in the grain.

"Perhaps he's buried himself in the corn."

The whole crew jumped into the corn-bins, and stirred about their yellow contents; but neither arm, leg, nor coat-tail was uncovered. They removed sacks, peeped among the rafters of the roof, but to no purpose. The lieutenant began to fume at the loss of time.

"What cursed fools to let the man go! Why, look here, what's this?" He had opened the door by which sacks were taken in from waggons without, and dangling from the cat-head projecting above it was the rope used in lifting them. "There's the way he went down," the officer continued. "The man's gone."

Amidst mumblings and curses the gang descended the pair of ladders and came into the open air; but Captain Bob was nowhere to be seen. When they reached the front door of the house the miller was standing on the threshold, half dressed.

"Your son is a clever fellow, miller," said the lieutenant; "but it would have been much better for him if he had come quiet."

"That's a matter of opinion," said Loveday.

"I have no doubt that he's in the house.

"He may be; and he may not."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I do not; and if I did I shouldn't tell."

"Naturally."

"I heard steps beating up the road, sir," said the sergeant.

They turned from the door, and leaving four of the marines to keep watch round the house, the remainder of the party marched into the lane as far as where the other road branched off. While they were pausing to decide which course to take one of the soldiers held up the light. A black object was discernible upon the ground before them, and they found it to be a hat—the hat of Bob Loveday.



"We are on the track," cried the sergeant, deciding for this direction.

They tore on rapidly, and the footsteps previously heard became audible again, increasing in clearness, which told that they gained upon the fugitive, who in another five minutes stopped and turned. The rays of the candle fell upon Anne.

"What do you want?" she said, showing her frightened face.

They made no reply, but wheeled round and left her. She sank down on the bank to rest, having done all she could. It was she who had taken down Bob's hat from a nail, and dropped it at the turning with the view of misleading them till he should have got clear off.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—DELIVERANCE.

BUT Anne Garland was too anxious to remain long away from the centre of operations. When she got back she found that the press-

gang were standing in the court discussing their next move.

"Waste no more time here," the lieutenant said. "Two more villages to visit to-night, and the nearest three miles off. There's nobody else in this place, and we can't come back again."

When they were moving away one of the private marines, who had kept his eye on Anne and noticed her distress, contrived to say in a whisper as he passed her, "We are coming back again as soon as it begins to get light; that's only said to deceive ye. Keep your young man out of the way."

They went as they had come; and the little household then met together, Mrs. Loveday having by this time dressed herself and come down. A long and anxious discussion followed.

"Somebody must have told upon the chap," Loveday remarked. "How should they have found him out else, now he's been home from sea this twelvemonth?"

Anne then mentioned what the friendly marine had told her; and fearing lest Bob was in the house, and would be discovered there when daylight came, they searched and called for him everywhere.

"What clothes has he got on?" said the miller.

"His lovely new suit," said his wife. "I warrant it is quite spoiled!"

"He's got no hat," said Anne.

"Well," said Loveday, "you two go and lie down now and I'll bide up; and as soon as he comes in, which he'll do most likely in the course of the night, I'll let him know that they are coming again."

Anne and Mrs. Loveday went to their bedrooms, and the miller entered the mill as if he were simply staying up to grind. But he continually left the flour-shoot to go outside and walk round; each time he could see no living being near the spot. Anne meanwhile had lain down dressed upon her bed, the window still open, her ears intent upon the sound of footsteps, and dreading the re-appearance of daylight and the gang's return. Three or four times during the night she descended to the mill to inquire of her step-father if Bob had shown himself, but the answer was always in the negative.

At length the curtains of her bed began to reveal their pattern, the brass handles of the drawers gleamed forth, and day dawned. While the light was yet no more than a suf-

fusion of pallor, she rose, put on her hat, and determined to explore the surrounding premises before the men arrived. Emerging into the raw loneliness of the day-break, she went upon the bridge and looked up and down the road. It was as she had left it, empty, and the solitude was rendered yet more insistent by the silence of the mill-wheel, which was now stopped, the miller having given up expecting Bob and retired to bed about three o'clock. The footprints of the marines still remained in the dust on the bridge, all the heel-marks towards the house, showing that the party had not as yet returned.

While she lingered she heard a slight noise in the other direction, and, turning, saw a woman approaching. The woman came up quickly, and, to her amazement, Anne recognised Matilda. Her walk was convulsive, face pale, almost haggard, and the cold light of the morning invested it with all the ghostliness of death. She had plainly walked all the way from Weymouth, for her shoes were covered with dust.

"Has the press-gang been here?" she gasped. "If not they are coming!"

"They have been."

"And got him?—I am too late!"

"No; they are coming back again. Why did you——"

"I came to try to save him. Can we save him? Where is he?"

Anne looked the woman in the face, and it was impossible to doubt that she was in earnest.

"I don't know," she answered. "I am trying to find him before they come."

"Will you not let me help you?" cried the repentant Matilda.

Without either objecting or assenting Anne turned and led the way to the back part of the homestead.

Matilda, too, had suffered that night. From the moment of parting with Festus Derriman a sentiment of revulsion from the act to which she had been a party set in and increased, till at length it reached an intensity of remorse which she could not passively bear. She had risen before day and hastened thitherward to know the worst, and if possible hinder consequences that she had been the first to set in train.

After going hither and thither in the adjoining field, Anne entered the garden. The walks were bathed in grey dew, and as she passed observantly along them it appeared as if they had been brushed by some foot at a much earlier hour. At the end of the garden,

bushes of broom, laurel, and yew formed a constantly encroaching shrubbery, that had come there almost by chance, and was never trimmed. Behind these bushes was a garden-seat, and upon it lay Bob sound asleep.

The ends of his hair were clotted with damp, and there was a foggy film upon the mirror-like buttons of his coat, and upon the buckles of his shoes. His bunch of new gold seals was dimmed by the same insidious dampness; his shirt-frill and muslin neck-cloth were limp as seaweed. It was plain that he had been there a long time. Anne shook him, but he did not awake, his breathing being slow and stertorous.

"Bob, wake; 'tis your own Anne!" she said, with innocent earnestness; and then, fearfully turning her head, she saw that Matilda was close behind her.

"You needn't mind me," said Matilda bitterly. "I am on your side now. Shake him again."

Anne shook him again, but he slept on. Then she noticed that his forehead bore the mark of a heavy wound.

"I fancy I hear something!" said her companion, starting forward and endeavouring to wake Bob herself. "He is stunned, or drugged!" she said; "there is no rousing him."

Anne raised her head and listened. From the direction of the eastern road came the sound of a steady tramp. "They are coming back!" she said, clasping her hands. "They will take him, ill as he is! He won't open his eyes—no, it is no use! Oh, what shall we do?"

Matilda did not reply, but running to the end of the seat on which Bob lay, tried its weight in her arms.

"It is not too heavy," she said. "You take that end, and I'll take this. We'll carry him away to some place of hiding."

Anne instantly seized the other end, and they proceeded with their burden at a slow pace to the lower garden-gate, which they reached as the tread of the press-gang resounded over the bridge that gave access to the mill court, now hidden from view by the hedge and the trees of the garden.

"We will go down inside this field," said Anne faintly.

"No!" said the other; "they will see our foot-tracks in the dew. We must go into the road."

"It is the very road they will come down when they leave the mill."

"It cannot be helped; it is neck or nothing with us now."

So they emerged upon the road, and staggered along without speaking, occasionally resting for a moment to ease their arms; then shaking him to arouse him, and finding it useless, seizing the seat again. When they had gone about two hundred yards Matilda betrayed signs of exhaustion, and she asked, "Is there no shelter near?"

"When we get to that little field of corn," said Anne.

"It is so very far. Surely there is some place near?"

She pointed to a few scrubby bushes overhanging a little stream, which passed under the road near this point.

"They are not thick enough," said Anne.

"Let us take him under the bridge," said Matilda. "I can go no farther."

Entering the opening by which cattle descended to drink, they waded into the weedy water, which here rose a few inches above their ankles. To ascend the stream, stoop under the arch, and reach the centre of the roadway, was the work of a few minutes.

"If they look under the arch we are lost," murmured Anne.

"There is no parapet to the bridge, and they may pass over without thinking."

They waited, their heads almost in contact with the reeking arch, and their feet encircled by the stream, which was at its summer lowness now. For some minutes they could hear nothing but the babble of the water over their ankles, and round the legs of the seat on which Bob slumbered, the sounds being reflected in a musical tinkle from the hollow sides of the arch. Anne's anxiety now was lest he should not continue sleeping till the search was over, but start up with his habitual imprudence, and scorning such means of safety, rush out into their arms.

A quarter of an hour dragged by, and then indications reached their ears that the re-examination of the mill had begun and ended. The well-known tramp drew nearer, and reverberated through the ground over their heads, where its volume signified to the listeners that the party had been largely augmented by pressed men since the night preceding. The gang passed the arch, and the noise regularly diminished, as if no man among them had thought of looking aside for a moment.

Matilda broke the silence. "I wonder if they have left a watch behind?" she said doubtfully.

"I will go and see," said Anne. "Wait till I return."

"No; I can do no more. When you come back I shall be gone. I ask one thing of you. If all goes well with you and him, and he marries you—don't be alarmed; my plans lie elsewhere—when you are his wife tell him who helped to carry him away. But don't mention my name to the rest of your family, either now or at any time."

Anne regarded the speaker for a moment, and promised; after which she waded out from the archway.

Matilda stood looking at Bob for a moment, as if preparing to go, till moved by some impulse she bent and lightly kissed him once.

"How can you!" cried Anne reproachfully. When leaving the mouth of the arch she had bent back and seen the act.

Matilda flushed. "You jealous baby!" she said scornfully.

Anne hesitated for a moment, then went out from the water, and hastened towards the mill.

She entered by the garden, and, seeing no one, advanced and peeped in at the window. Her mother and Mr. Loveday were sitting within as usual.

"Are they all gone?" said Anne softly.

"Yes. They did not trouble us much, beyond going into every room, and searching about the garden, where they saw steps. They have been lucky to-night; they have caught fifteen or twenty men at places farther on; so the loss of Bob was no hurt to their feelings. I wonder where in the world the poor fellow is!"

"I will show you," said Anne. And explaining in a few words what had happened, she was promptly followed by David and Loveday along the road. She lifted her dress and entered the arch with some anxiety on account of Matilda; but the actress was gone, and Bob lay on the seat as she had left him.

Bob was brought out, and water thrown upon his face; but though he moved he did not rouse himself until some time after he had been borne into the house. Here he opened his eyes and saw them standing round, and gathered a little consciousness.

"You are all right, my boy!" said his father. "What hev happened to ye? Where did ye get that terrible blow?"

"Ah—I can mind now," murmured Bob with a stupefied gaze around. "I fell in slipping down the topsail halyard—the rope, that is, was too short—and I fell upon my head. And then I went away. When I came back I thought I wouldn't disturb ye;

so I lay down out there, to sleep out the watch ; but the pain in my head was so great that I couldn't get to sleep. I had no baccy, that's how it was ; so I picked some of the poppy-flowers in the border, which I once heard was a good thing for sending folks to sleep when they are in pain. So I munched up all I could find and dropped off quite nicely."

"I wondered who had picked 'em!" said Molly. "I noticed they were gone."

"Why, you might never have woken again!" said Mrs. Loveday, holding up her hands. "How is your head now?"

"I hardly know," replied the young man, putting his hand to his forehead and beginning to doze again. "Where be those fellows that boarded us? With this—smooth water and—fine breeze we ought to get away from 'em. Haul in—the larboard braces, and—bring her to the wind."

"You are at home, dear Bob," said Anne, bending over him, "and the men are gone."

"Come along up-stairs ; th' beest hardly awake now," said his father ; and Bob was assisted to bed.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—A DISCOVERY TURNS THE SCALE.

IN four-and-twenty hours Bob had recovered. But though physically himself again, he was not at all sure of his position as a patriot. He had that practical knowledge of seamanship of which the country stood much in need, and it was humiliating to find that impressment seemed to be necessary to teach him to use it for her advantage. Many neighbouring young men, less fortunate than himself, had been pressed and taken ; and their absence seemed a reproach to him. He went away by himself into the mill-roof, and, surrounded by the corn-heaps, gave vent to self-reproach.

"Certainly, I am no man to lie here so long for the pleasure of sighting that young girl forty times a day, and letting her sight me—bless her eyes!—till I must needs want a press-gang to teach me what I've forgot. And is it then all over with me as a British sailor? We'll see."

When he was thrown under the influence of Anne's eyes again, which were more tantalizingly beautiful than ever just now (so it seemed to him), his intention of offering his services to the Government would wax weaker, and he would put off his final decision till the next day. Anne saw these fluctuations of his mind between love and patriotism, and being terrified by what she had heard of sea-fights, used

the utmost art of which she was capable to seduce him from his forming purpose. She came to him in the mill, wearing the very prettiest of her morning jackets—the one that only just passed the waist, and was laced so tastefully round the collar and bosom. Then she would appear in her new hat, with a bouquet of primroses on one side ; and on the following Sunday she walked before him in lemon-coloured boots, so that her feet looked like a pair of yellow-hammers flitting under her dress.

But dress was the least of the means she adopted for chaining him down. She talked more tenderly than ever ; asked him to begin small undertakings in the garden on her account ; she sang about the house, that the place might seem cheerful when he came in. This singing for a purpose required great effort on her part, leaving her afterwards very sad. When Bob asked her what was the matter, she would say, "Nothing ; only I am thinking how you will grieve your father and cross his purposes if you carry out your unkind notion of going to sea, and forsaking your place in the mill."

"Yes," Bob would say uneasily. "It will trouble him, I know."

Being also quite aware how it would trouble her, he would again postpone, and thus another week passed away.

All this time John had not come once to the mill. It appeared as if Miss Johnson absorbed all his time and thoughts. Bob was often seen chuckling over the circumstance. "A sly rascal!" he said. "Pre-tending on the day she came to be married that she was not good enough for me, when it was only that he wanted her for himself. How he could have persuaded her to go away is beyond me to say."

Anne could not contest this belief of her lover's, and remained silent ; but there had more than once occurred to her mind a doubt of its probability. Yet she had only abandoned her opinion that John had schemed for Matilda to embrace the opposite error—that, finding he had wronged the young lady, he had pitied and grown to love her.

"And yet Jack when he was a boy was the simplest fellow alive," resumed Bob. "By George, though, I should have been hot against him for such a trick, if in losing her I hadn't found a better! But she'll never come down to him in the world ; she has high notions now. I am afraid he's doomed to sigh in vain!"

Though Bob regretted this possibility, the feeling was not reciprocated by Anne. It

was true that she knew nothing of Matilda's temporary treachery, and that she disbelieved the story of her lack of virtue; but she did not like the woman. "Perhaps it will not matter if he is doomed to sigh in vain," she said. "But I owe him no ill-will. I have profited by his doings, incomprehensible as they are." And she bent her fair eyes on Bob and smiled.

Bob looked dubious. "He thinks he has affronted me now I have seen through him, and that I shall be against meeting him. But, of course, I am not so touchy. I can stand a practical joke, as can any man who has been afloat. I'll call and see him, and tell him so."

Before he started, Bob bethought him of something which would still further prove to the misapprehending John that he was entirely forgiven. He went to his room, and took from his chest a packet containing a lock of Miss Johnson's hair, which she had given him during their brief acquaintance, and which till now he had quite forgotten. When, at starting, he wished Anne good-bye, it was accompanied by such a beaming face, that she knew he was full of an idea, and asked what it might be that pleased him so.

"Why, this," he said, smacking his breast-pocket. "A lock of hair that Matilda gave me."

Anne sank back with parted lips.

"I am going to give it to Jack—he'll jump for joy to get it! And it will show him how willing I am to give her up to him, fine piece as she is."

"Will you see her to-day, Bob?" Anne asked with an uncertain smile.

"Oh, no—unless it is by accident."

On reaching Radipole he went straight to the barracks, and was lucky enough to find John in his room, at the left-hand corner of the quadrangle. John was glad to see him; but to Bob's surprise he showed no immediate contrition, and thus afforded no room for the brotherly speech of forgiveness which Bob had been going to deliver. As the trumpet-major did not open the subject, Bob felt it desirable to begin himself.

"I have brought ye something that you will value, Jack," he said, as they sat at the window, overlooking the large square barrack-yard. "I have got no further use for it, and you should have had it before if it had entered my head."

"Thank you, Bob; what is it?" said John, looking absently at an awkward squad of young men who were drilling in the enclosure.

"'Tis a young woman's lock of hair."

"Ah!" said John, quite recovering from his abstraction, and slightly flushing. Could Bob and Anne have quarrelled? Bob drew the paper from his pocket and opened it.

"Black!" said John.

"Yes—black enough."

"Whose?"

"Why, Matilda's."

"Oh, Matilda's!"

"Whose did you think then?"

Instead of replying, the trumpet-major's face became as red as sunset, and he turned to the window to hide his confusion.

Bob was silent, and then he, too, looked into the court. At length he arose, walked over to his brother, laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Jack," he said in an altered voice, "you are a good fellow. Now I see it all."

"Oh, no—that's nothing," said John hastily.

"You've been pretending that you care for this woman that I mightn't blame myself for heaving you out from the other—which is what I've done without knowing it."

"What does it matter?"

"But it does matter! I've been making you unhappy all these weeks and weeks through my thoughtlessness. They seemed to think at home, you know, John, that you had grown not to care for her; or I wouldn't have done it for all the world!"

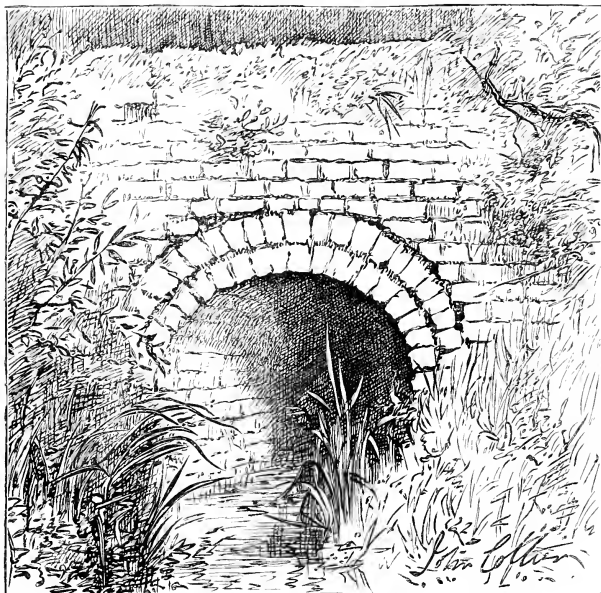
"You stick to her, Bob, and never mind me. She belongs to you. She loves you. I have no claim upon her, and she thinks nothing about me."

"She likes you, John, thoroughly well; so does everybody; and if I hadn't come home, putting my foot in it—That coming home of mine has been a regular blight upon the family! I ought never to have stayed. The sea is my home, and why couldn't I bide there?"

The trumpet-major drew Bob's discourse off the subject as soon as he could, and Bob, after some unconsidered replies and remarks, seemed willing to avoid it for the present. He did not ask John to accompany him home, as he had intended; and on leaving the barracks turned southward and entered the town to wander about till he could decide what to do.

It was the 3rd of September, but Weymouth still retained its summer aspect. The King's bathing-machine had been drawn out just as Bob reached Gloucester Buildings, and he waited a minute, in the lack of other distraction, to look on. Immediately that the King's machine had entered





"There is no parapet to the bridge."—P. 654.

the water a group of florid men with fiddles, violoncellos, a trombone, and a drum, came forward, packed themselves into another machine that was in waiting, and were drawn out into the waves in the King's rear. All that was to be heard for a few minutes were the slow pulsations of the sea; and then a deafening noise burst from the interior of the second machine with power enough to split the boards asunder; it was the condensed mass of musicians inside, striking up the strains of "God save the King," as his Majesty ascended from the water. Bob took off his hat and waited till the end of the performance, which, intended as a pleasant surprise to his Majesty by the loyal burghers, he probably tolerated rather than desired. Loveday then passed on to the harbour, where he remained awhile, looking at the busy scene of loading and unloading craft, swabbing the decks of yachts, at the boats and barges rubbing against the quay wall, and at the green-shuttered houses of the Weymouth merchants, with their heavy wooden bow-windows which appeared as if about to drop into the harbour by their own

weight. All these things he gazed upon, and thought of one thing—that he had caused great misery to his brother John.

The town clock struck, and Bob retraced his steps till he again approached the Esplanade and Gloucester Lodge, where the morning sun blazed in upon the house fronts, and not a spot of shade seemed to be attainable. A huzzaing attracted his attention, and he observed that a number of people had gathered before the King's residence, where a brown curricule had stopped, out of which stepped a hale man in the prime of life, wearing a blue uniform, gilt epaulettes, cocked hat, and sword, who crossed the pavement and went in. Bob went up and joined the group. "What's going on?" he said.

"Captain Hardy," replied a bystander.

"What of him?"

"Just gone in—waiting to see the King."

"But he's in the West Indies?"

"No. The fleet is come home; they can't find the French anywhere."

"Will they go and look for them again?" asked Bob.

"Oh, yes. Nelson is determined to find

'em. As soon as he's refitted he'll put to sea again. Ah, here's the King coming in."

Bob was so interested in what he had just heard that he scarcely noticed the cavalcade in which rode the King, the Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge, and a body of attendant gentlemen. He went on thinking of his new knowledge: Captain Hardy was come. He was doubtless staying with his family at Portisham, a few miles from Overcombe, where he usually spent the intervals between his different cruizes.

Loveday returned to the mill without further delay; and shortly explaining that John was very well, and would come soon, went on to talk of the arrival of Nelson's captain.

"And is he come at last?" said the miller, throwing his thoughts years backward. "Well can I mind when he first left home to go on board the *Helena* as midshipman!"

"That's not much to remember. I can remember it too," said Mrs. Loveday.

"'Tis more than twenty years ago anyhow. And more than that, I can mind when he was born; I was a lad, serving my 'prenticeship at the time. He has been in this house often and often when 'a was young. When he came home after his first voyage he stayed about here a long time, and used to look in at the mill whenever he went past. 'What will you be next, sir?' said mother to him one day as he stood with his back to the doorpost. 'A lieutenant, Dame Loveday,' says he. 'And what next?' says she. 'A commander.' 'And next?' 'Next, post-captain.' 'I'd warrant that he'd mind it to this very day if you were to ask him.'"

Bob heard all this with a manner of pre-occupation, and soon retired to the mill. Thence he went to his room by the back passage, and taking his old seafaring garments from a dark closet in the wall conveyed them to the loft at the top of the mill, where he occupied the remaining spare moments of the day in brushing the mildew from their folds, and hanging each article by the window to get aired. In the evening he returned to the loft, and dressing himself in the old salt suit, went out of the house unobserved by anybody, and ascended the road towards Portisham.

The bare downs were now brown with the drouhts of the passing summer, and few living things met his view, the natural roundity of the elevation being only occasionally disturbed by the presence of a barrow, a thorn-bush, or a piece of dry wall which re-

mained from some attempted enclosure. By the time that he reached the village it was dark, and the larger stars had begun to shine when he walked up to the door of the old-fashioned house which was the family residence of the Hardys.

"Will the Captain allow me to wait on him to-night?" inquired Loveday, explaining who and what he was.

The servant went away for a few minutes, and then told Bob that he might see the Captain in the morning.

"If that's the case, I'll come again," replied Bob, quite cheerful that failure was not absolute.

He had left the door but a few steps when he was called back and asked if he had walked all the way from Overcombe Mill on purpose.

Loveday replied modestly that he had done so.

"Then will you come in?" He followed the speaker into a small study or office, and in a minute or two Captain Hardy entered.

The Captain at this time was a bachelor of thirty-five, rather stout in build, with light eyes, bushy eyebrows, a square broad face, plenty of chin, and a mouth whose corners played between humour and grimness. He surveyed Loveday from top to toe.

"Robert Loveday, Captain, son of the miller at Overcombe," said Bob, making a low bow.

"Ah! I remember your father, Loveday," the gallant seaman replied. "Well, what do you want to say to me?" Seeing that Bob found it rather difficult to begin, he leant leisurely against the mantelpiece, and went on, "Is your father well and hearty? I have not seen him for many, many years."

"Quite well, Captain, thank ye."

"You used to have a brother in the army, I think? What was his name—John? A very fine fellow, if I recollect."

"Yes; he's there still."

"And you are in the merchant-service?"

"Late first mate of the brig *Pewit*."

"How is it you're not on board a man-of-war?"

"Ay, Captain, that's the thing I've come about," said Bob, recovering confidence. "I should have been, but I've waited and waited on at home because of a young woman—lady, I might have said, for she's sprung from a higher class of society than I. Her father was a landscape painter—maybe you've heard of him, Captain? The name is Garland."

"He painted that view of Portisham," said

Captain Hardy, looking towards a dark little picture in the corner of the room.

Bob looked and went on, as if to the picture. "Well, Captain, I have found that— However, the press-gang came a week or two ago, and didn't get hold of me. I didn't care to go aboard as a pressed man."

"There has been a severe impressment. It is of course a disagreeable necessity, but it can't be helped."

"Since then, sir, something has happened that makes me wish they had found me, and I have come to-night to ask if I could enter on board your ship the *Victory*."

The Captain shook his head severely, and presently went on: "I am glad to find that you think of entering the service, Loveday; smart men are badly wanted. But it will not be in your power to choose your ship."

"Well, well, sir; then I must take my chance elsewhere," said Bob, his face indicating the disappointment he would not fully express. "'Twas only that I felt I would much rather serve under you than anybody else, my father and all of us being known to ye, Captain, and our families belonging to the same parts."

Captain Hardy took Bob's altitude more carefully. "Are you a good practical seaman?" he asked musingly.

"Ay, sir; I believe I am."

"Active? Fond of skylarking?"

"Well, I don't know about the last. I think I can say I am active enough. I could walk the yard-arm, if required, cross from mast to mast by the stays, and do what most fellows do who call themselves spry."

The Captain then put some questions about the details of navigation, which Loveday, having luckily been used to square rigs, answered satisfactorily. "As to reefing topsails," he added, "if I don't do it like a flash of lightning, I can do it so that they will stand blowing weather. The *Pewit* was not a dull vessel, and when we were convoyed home from Lisbon, she could keep well in sight of the frigate scudding at a distance by putting on full sail. We had enough hands aboard to reef topsails man-o'-war fashion, which is a rare thing in these days, sir, now that able seamen are so scarce on trading craft. And I hear that men from square-rigged vessels are liked much the best in the navy, as being more ready for use. So that I shouldn't be altogether so raw," said Bob earnestly, "if I could enter on your ship, sir. Still, if I can't, I can't."

"I might ask for you, Loveday," said the Captain thoughtfully, "and so get you there

that way. In short, I think I may say I will ask for you, so consider it settled."

"My thanks to you, sir," said Loveday.

"You are aware that the *Victory* is a smart ship, and that cleanliness and order are, of necessity, more strictly insisted upon there than in some others?"

"Captain, I quite see it."

"Well, I hope you will do your duty as well on a line-of-battle ship as you did when mate of the brig, for it is a duty that may be serious."

Bob replied that it should be his one endeavour; and receiving a few instructions for getting on board the guard-ship, and being conveyed to Portsmouth, he turned to go away.

"You'll have a stiff walk before you fetch Overcombe Mill this dark night, Loveday," concluded the Captain. "I'll send you in a glass of grog to help ye on your way."

The Captain then left Bob to himself, and when he had drunk the grog that was brought in he started homeward, with a heart not exactly light, but large with a patriotic cheerfulness, which had not diminished when, after walking so fast in his excitement as to be beaded with perspiration, he entered his father's door.

They were all sitting up for him, and at his approach anxiously raised their sleepy eyes, for it was nearly eleven o'clock.

"There; I knew he'd not be much longer!" cried Anne, jumping up and laughing in her relief. "They have been thinking you were very strange and silent to-day, Bob; you were not, were you?"

"What's the matter, Bob?" said the miller, for Bob's countenance was sublimed by his recent interview, like that of a priest just come from the *penitentialia* of the temple.

"He's in his mate's clothes, just as when he came home," observed Mrs. Loveday.

They all saw now that he had something to tell. "I am going away," he said when he had sat down. "I am going to enter on board a man-of-war, and perhaps it will be the *Victory*."

"Going?" said Anne faintly.

"Now, don't you mind it, there's a dear," he went on solemnly, taking her hand in his own. "And you, father, don't you begin to take it to heart" (the miller was looking grave). "The press-gang has been here, and though I showed them that I was a free man, I am going to show everybody that I can do my duty."

Neither of the other three answered, Anne and the miller having their eyes bent upon

the ground, and the former trying to repress her tears.

"Now don't you grieve, either of you," he continued, "nor vex yourselves that this has happened. Please not to be angry with me, father, for deserting you and the mill, where you want me, for I *must go*. For these three years we and the rest of the country have been in fear of the enemy; trade has been hindered; poor folk made hungry; and many rich folk made poor. There must be a deliverance, and it must be done by sea. I have seen Captain Hardy, and I shall serve under him if so be I can."

"Captain Hardy?"

"Yes. I have been to Portisham, walked there and back, and I wouldn't have missed it for fifty guineas. I hardly thought he would see me; but he did see me. And he hasn't forgot you."

Bob then opened his tale in order, relating graphically the conversation to which he had been a party, and they listened with breathless attention.

"Well, if you must go, you must," said the miller with emotion; "but I think it somewhat hard that of my two sons neither one of 'em can be got to stay and help me in my business as I get old."

"Don't trouble and vex about it," said Mrs. Loveday soothingly. "They are both instruments in the hands of Providence, chosen to chastise that Corsican ogre, and do what they can for the country in these trying years."

"That's just the shape of it, Mrs. Loveday," said Bob.

"And he'll come back soon," she continued, turning to Anne. "And then he'll tell us all he has seen, and the glory that he's won, and how he has helped to sweep that scourge Buonaparty off the earth."

"When be you going, Bob?" his father inquired.

"To-morrow, if I can. I shall call at the barracks and tell John as I go by. When I get to Portsmouth——"

A burst of sobs in quick succession interrupted his words; they came from Anne, who till that moment had been sitting as before with her hand in that of Bob, and apparently quite calm. Mrs. Loveday jumped up, but before she could say anything to soothe the agitated girl she had calmed herself with the same singular suddenness that had marked her giving way. "I don't mind Bob's going," she said. "I think he ought to go. Don't suppose, Bob, that I want you to stay!"

After this she left the apartment, and went into the little side room where she and her mother usually worked. In a few moments Bob followed her. When he came back he was in a very sad and emotional mood. Anybody could see that there had been a parting of profound anguish to both.

"She is not coming back to-night," he said.

"You will see her to-morrow before you go?" said her mother.

"I may or I may not," he replied. "Father and Mrs. Loveday, do you go to bed now. I have got to look over my things and get ready; and it will take me some little time. If you should hear noises you will know it is only myself moving about."

When Bob was left alone he suddenly became brisk, and set himself to overhaul his clothes and other possessions in a business-like manner. By the time that his chest was packed, such things as he meant to leave at home folded into cupboards, and what was useless destroyed, it was past two o'clock. Then he went to bed, so softly that only the creak of one weak stair revealed his passage upward. At the moment that he passed Anne's chamber-door her mother was bending over her as she lay in bed, and saying to her, "Won't you see him in the morning?"

"No, no," said Anne. "I would rather not see him. I have said that I may. But I shall not. I cannot see him again."

When the family got up next day Bob had vanished. It was his way to disappear like this, to avoid affecting scenes at parting. By the time that they had sat down to a gloomy breakfast Bob was in the boat of a Weymouth waterman, who pulled him alongside the guard-ship in the roads, where he laid hold of the man-ropes, mounted, and disappeared from external view. In the course of the day the ship moved off, set her royals, and made sail for Portsmouth, with five hundred new hands for the service on board, consisting partly of pressed men and partly of volunteers, among the latter being Robert Loveday.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—A SPECK ON THE SEA.

IN parting from John, who accompanied him to the quay, Bob had said: "Now, Jack, these be my last words to you: I give her up. I go away on purpose, and I shall be away a long time. If in that time she should list over towards ye ever so little, mind you take her. You have more right to her than I. You chose her when my mind was else-

where, and you best deserve her; for I have never known you forget one woman, while I've forgot a dozen. Take her then, if she will come, and God bless both of ye."

Another person besides John saw Bob go. That was Derriman, who was standing by a bollard a little farther up the quay. He did not repress his satisfaction at the sight. John looked towards him with an open gaze of contempt; for the cuffs administered to the yeoman at the inn had not, so far as the trumpet-major was aware, produced any desire to avenge that insult, John being, of course, quite ignorant that Festus had erroneously retaliated upon Bob, in his peculiar though scarcely soldierly way. Finding that he did not even now approach him, John went on his way, and thought over his intention of preserving intact the love between Anne and his brother.

He was surprised when he next went to the mill to find how glad they all were to see him. From the moment of Bob's return to the bosom of the deep Anne had had no existence on land; people might have looked at her human body and said she had flitted thence. The sea and all that belonged to the sea was her daily thought and her nightly dream. She had the whole two-and-thirty winds under her eye, each passing gale that ushered in returning autumn being mentally registered; and she acquired a precise knowledge of the direction in which Portsmouth, Brest, Ferrol, Cadiz, and other such likely places lay. Instead of saying her own familiar prayers at night she substituted with some confusion of thought the Forms of Prayer to be used at sea. John at once noticed her lorn, abstracted looks, pitied her,—how much he pitied her!—and asked when they were alone if there was anything he could do.

"There are two things," she said with almost childish eagerness in her tired eyes.

"They shall be done."

The first is to find out if Captain Hardy has gone back to his ship; and the other is—oh, if you will do it, John!—to get me newspapers whenever possible."

After this dialogue John was absent for a space of three hours, and they thought he had gone back to barracks. He entered, however, at the end of that time, took off his forage cap, and wiped his forehead.

"You look tired, John," said his father.

"Oh, no!" He went through the house till he had found Anne Garland.

"I have only done one of the things," he said to her.

"What, already? I didn't hope for or mean to-day."

"Captain Hardy is gone from Portisham. He left some days ago. We shall soon hear that the fleet has sailed."

"You have been all the way to Portisham on purpose. How good of you!"

"Well, I was anxious to know myself when Bob is likely to leave. I expect now that we shall soon hear from him."

Two days later he came again. He brought a newspaper, and, what was better, a letter for Anne, franked by the first lieutenant of the *Victory*.

"Then he's aboard her," said Anne, as she eagerly took the letter.

It was short, but as much as she could expect in the circumstances, and informed them that the captain had been as good as his word, and had gratified Bob's earnest wish to serve under him. The ship, with Admiral Lord Nelson on board, and accompanied by the frigate *Euryalus*, was to sail in two days for Plymouth, where they would be joined by others, and thence proceed to the coast of Spain.

Anne lay awake that night thinking of the *Victory* and of those who floated in her. To the best of Anne's calculation that ship of war would, during the next twenty-four hours, pass within a few miles of where she herself then lay. Next to seeing Bob, the thing that would give her more pleasure than any other in the world was to see the vessel that contained him—his floating city, his sole dependence in battle and storm—upon whose safety from winds and enemies hung all her hope.

The next day was Weymouth market, and in this she saw her opportunity. A carrier went from Overcombe at six o'clock, and having to do a little shopping for herself in Weymouth, she gave it as a reason for her intended day's absence, and took a place in the van. When she reached the town it was still early morning, but the borough was already in the zenith of its daily bustle and show. The King was always out-of-doors by six o'clock, and such cock-crow hours at Gloucester Lodge produced an equally forward stir among the population. She alighted, and passed down the esplanade, as fully thronged by persons of fashion at this time of mist and level sunlight as a watering-place in the present day is at four in the afternoon. Dashing bucks and beaux in cocked hats, black feathers, ruffles, and frills, stared at her as she hurried along; the beach was swarming with bathing-women, wearing waistbands

that bore the national refrain, "God save the King" in gilt letters; the shops were all open, and Serjeant Stanner, with his sword-stuck bank-notes and heroic gaze, was beating up at two guineas and a crown, the crown to drink his Majesty's health.

She soon finished her shopping, and then, crossing over into the old town, pursued her way along the coast-road to Portland. At the end of an hour she had been rowed across the Fleet (which then lacked the convenience of a bridge), and reached the base of Portland Hill. The steep incline before

her was dotted with houses, showing the pleasant peculiarity of one man's doorstep being behind his neighbour's chimney, and slabs of stone as the common material for walls, roof, floor, pig-stye, stable-manger, door-scraper, and garden-gate. Anne gained the summit, and followed along the central track over the huge lump of freestone which forms the peninsula, the wide sea prospect extending as she went on. Weary with her journey, she approached the extreme southerly peak of rock, and gazed from the cliff at Portland Bill.

## THE CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

WE asked where the magic came from,  
That made her so wondrous fair,  
As she stood with the sunlight touching  
Her gloss of golden hair,  
And her blue eyes looked towards heaven  
As though they could see God there?  
"Hush!" said the child, "can't you hear it,  
The music that's everywhere?"

God help us! we could not hear it,  
Our hearts were heavy with pain;  
We heard men toiling and wrangling,  
We heard the whole world complain;  
And the sound of a mocking laughter  
We heard again and again,  
But we lost all faith in the music:  
We had listened so long in vain.

"Can't you hear it?" the young child whispered,  
And sadly we answered, "No.  
We might have fancied we heard it  
In the days of long ago;  
But the music is all a delusion,  
Our reason has told us so,  
And you will forget that you heard it  
When you know the sound of woe."

Then one spoke out from among us  
Who had nothing left to fear;  
Who had given his life for others,  
And been repaid with a sneer.  
And his face was lit with a glory,  
And his voice was calm and clear  
As he said, "I can hear the music  
Which the little children hear."

## ON KANGAROOS.

THE visitor to our zoological collections naturally pauses awhile before the kangaroo sheds to remark the curious aspect of these animals, or even to gaze without remark at beings to whose history attaches much that is strange and interesting. The mere look of a kangaroo is, to say the least of it, ungainly and awkward in the extreme. The animal somewhat resembles the frog in the extreme development of the hind-limbs as compared with the front members, and when at rest sits in much the same position as the latter, only differing from the frog or cat in that its forelimbs are completely free from the ground. Resting in its cage, the kangaroo sits on a kind of tripod (Fig. 1), the two hind limbs and the strong tail forming the three legs of its support. Moving about in its den, the animal progresses in awkward fashion, hopping on two hind limbs, and occasionally assisting its movements by tilting itself over for support upon its short forelimbs, but invariably coming to rest upon the tripod once again. The non-zoological visitor to the kangaroos is, as a rule, perfectly conversant with the fact that they come from Australia—that curious continent which gives us the *Ornithorhynchus*, or “duck-billed water-mole,” and other curious creatures. The animal just mentioned, indeed, is a near neighbour of the kangaroo, and presents a strange appearance, in that it possesses a duck-like bill and webbed toes. So curious was its outward aspect that when first brought to England, about the close of last century, it was regarded as a manufactured monstrosity; but more exact examination of the animal served to dissipate the erroneous impression, and to establish its position as one of the lowest quadrupeds. With the opossums—which, by the way, are limited in their range to the New World—the kangaroos also possess near relationship; and the wombats, koalas, Tasmanian devil, and like beings, hail them as near kith and kin. We may learn much, not merely respecting quadrupeds at large, but the manner in which the existing population of this world has been distributed and arranged, from a simple study in zoology, such as that we now propose to undertake. Let us, therefore, try firstly to gain some ideas regarding the broad structure of these animals, and concerning the relations of the kangaroos to their own kith and kin, and to the world which they may especially call their own.

That the kangaroo is a quadruped or mammal, and that it therefore belongs to the same great class which includes man as its head, are facts known to every one. But such information, whilst leading us to expect that between the highest animals and the kangaroos there should exist certain broad likenesses of structure and function, also prepares us conversely to expect to find marked differences between the kangaroos and most other quadrupeds. It may be said that man and the kangaroo agree in the broad structure of their bodies. Their bodies, along with those of all other quadrupeds, conform to a general type or plan, which may be said to run through the whole class of mammals. Apart from this broad likeness, however, there are many and important differences to be discerned upon even a very short acquaintance with the lower forms; and to some of these differences and characteristic belongings of the kangaroo tribe we may now direct attention.

All kangaroos—and of the race there are various genera and many species—agree very closely indeed in their general structure and appearance. It would require no scientific training to enable an observer to parcel out the kangaroos from all other quadrupeds. True there are the “kangaroo rats,” belonging to the kangaroo family, which are, perhaps, strictly speaking, not true kangaroos; and there are the tree kangaroos of New Guinea, in which fore and hind limbs are nearly of the same size, and which possess scaly tails, not used as supports after the fashion of the common species. But even these animals might justifiably enough be called kangaroos, and the naturalist places them in the kangaroo family, to which he gives the name *Macropodidae*. The representative family (or generic) name of the kangaroo is *Macropus*—a term meaning “long-footed,” and the derivation of which we shall presently note. The members of the family derive their special names from some peculiarity of colour, size, or structure. Thus we speak of one kangaroo as *Macropus major*, of another as *Macropus rufus*, and of a third as *Macropus Brunii*. This is saying much the same thing as if we were dealing with a race of Smiths, calling one group the London Smiths, another the Edinburgh Smiths, and a third the Dublin Smiths. When we come to the tree kangaroos we speak of them as *Dendrolagus*, and such a

variation of name implies the difference which we might regard existing between our friends the Smiths and the Smythes. They really spring from the same family-tree, but the variations in personal features and structural history have necessitated the separation of the tree kangaroos into a distinct genus or group of the kangaroo family. And similarly with the kangaroo rats and with the rock kangaroos and other branches of the family—we recognise their relationship to the kangaroos with which we are so familiar, but we also note their differences, and make allowance accordingly for their removal to a little distance from the familiar heads of the house. The only animals existing outside the

kangaroo order which so closely resemble the kangaroos that they might be mistaken at first sight for our “long-footed” friends, are the little creatures named “Jerboas,” which occur chiefly in Northern Africa, and which are also represented in North America. These are little animals, allied to the rats and mice, and included in the group of the *Rodents* or “gnawers.” When the kangaroos were first seen, indeed, their likeness to the little jerboas—which likewise sit upon their long hind legs and leap like the kangaroos—was duly remarked. But the naturalist would point to many and important differences between jerboas and kangaroos; these differences including variations in bones, teeth,

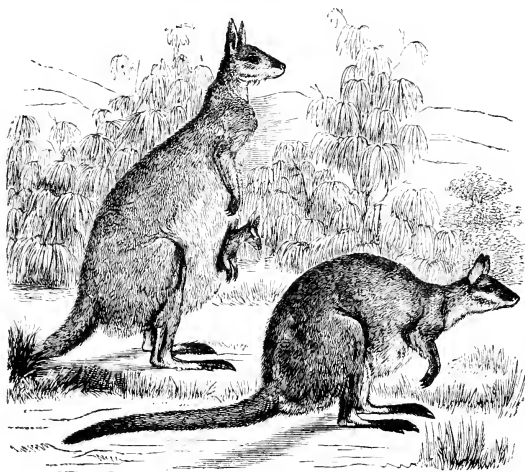


Fig. 1.—Kangaroos.

brain, and many other points. Hence the resemblance in question is at the best but superficial, as also is that between the kangaroos and those curious little creatures, the elephant shrews of Africa, which are really little shrew-mice, but which also possess a miniature proboscis or elongated nose, and resemble our Australian animals in having long hind legs.

So much for the family resemblances of the kangaroos. A word or two concerning their discovery may not prove uninteresting, if only by way of accounting for the origin of the name. In 1770 Captain Cook visited Botany Bay in the *Endeavour*, which had been dispatched in 1768 on a scientific

mission. In the course of the voyage, and when anchored in Endeavour River, an exploring and foraging party returned to the ship with the news that they had seen a new and curious animal, of a mouse colour, and about as large as a greyhound, which moved with surprising dexterity and swiftness. This animal was seen next day, on which occasion also one of the seamen brought the surprising intelligence that he had seen the devil!—this information relating to an animal which he said had horns and wings. The animal proved to be minus the horns (which were, no doubt, its ears), but to possess wings, and appeared in the shape of a large fruit-eating bat. The new animal of the mouse



colour and of the size of a greyhound was duly seen by Captain Cook himself, who remarked its long tail, and also that it leapt like a hare or deer. On Saturday, July 14th, a Mr. Gore shot one of the new animals, which was ascertained to be called "kangaroo" by the natives, and which was likewise proved to be remarkably good eating at the voyagers' dinner of Sunday, July 15th, 1770. Such was the description given by Captain Cook of the now well-known kangaroo. Antiquarian researches in zoology, however, inform us that De Bruins, a Dutch traveller, saw a kangaroo as early as 1711. This animal was kept domesticated at Batavia, and was named "Filander," and appears to be the species now called *Macropus Brunii*, after its discoverer.

The kangaroos' personal characters are both easy and interesting to study. The

great length of the hind limbs as compared with the fore limbs has already been remarked, and the resemblance between the human arm and the kangaroo's fore limb is very close, inasmuch as both possess five fingers. The hind limb, however, is provided with a different number and a varied arrangement of its toes. The name "long-footed" applied to the animal is fully deserved, since the bones of the instep are exceedingly long, and upon this lengthened part of the foot the animal chiefly rests. But more noticeable are the toes. These number four in all (Fig. 2. A), but only two of the four toes (4, 5) appear to compose the really useful part of the foot. Of these two big toes the inner one (4) is by far the larger, and is provided with a large claw or nail. On the inner side of this large toe in turn we find two other and

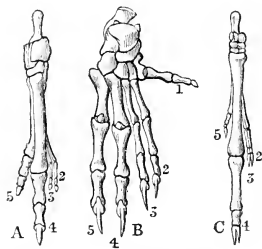


Fig. 2.—Feet of different Marsupials.

extremely small toes (2, 3), which are bound together in one fold of skin, and which clearly represent the second and third toes in man's foot. So that a kangaroo possesses all the toes we see in man with the exception of the first or great toe, which is completely absent. This foot the animal uses as a means of defence, frequently killing dogs with a single blow. One of the most remarkable features regarding the kangaroos and their neighbours consists in this disposition of their toes. It is somewhat surprising, when we think of it, that in the foot of a kangaroo used for leaping (Fig. 2, A), in that of its neighbour the koala used for climbing, and in that of the ground-living bandicoot and in other Marsupials (such as the Phalanger (B) and *Chevolpus* (C)) we should find essentially the same composition of foot. This resemblance and conformity to one type, beneath varied uses and ways of life,

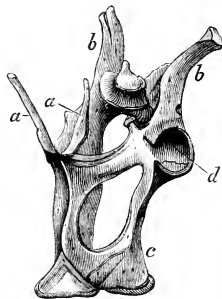


Fig. 3.—Haunch Bones of Kangaroo.

can only be reasonably explained by the theory that these varied beings are descended from a common ancestor, and this theory, as we shall see, is supported by other facts of kangaroo existence.

Not the least interesting part of kangaroo history is included in the details which relate to the early life of these animals. Born in a weakly state, the young, as every one knows, are carried and protected within the pouch or *marsupium* of the mother for a considerable period after birth. We know that the young of a kangaroo, which stands over six feet high when full grown, are each about an inch long at birth, and hence we see the necessity for their protection until they are of an age to shift for themselves. The young are transferred to the pouch, and are there duly protected and fed by means of the milk secretion of the parent. Even the throat of the young is so constructed that in

its early and feeble condition it can obtain its nourishment without incurring any danger of suffocation; and we may perceive in this latter fact an evidence of that complete adaptation to a singular manner of life which is so frequently demonstrated by the studies of the naturalist. The "pouch" in which the young are protected is supported upon a couple of bones (Fig. 3 *a, a*), which may be said to be peculiar to the kangaroos and their neighbours. These bones arise from the brim of the haunch-bones, and in their nature they may be regarded as essentially differing from the true skeleton. They represent parts which in other animals exist as the tendons or sinews of certain of the muscles in front of the body. The observation that the bones of the pouch are merely altered sinews again presents to our notice the consideration that nature has adapted these animals for their peculiar life, not by the development of new structures and parts, but by the modification of parts which are common to all animals. It is noteworthy that an adaptation somewhat similar to that seen in the pouch of the kangaroos and their neighbours is seen in those curious little fishes common in our aquaria, and known as *Hippocampi*, or "sea-horses." The males of these fishes possess a pouch in which the eggs are not merely contained, but in which the young are also thereafter protected. The most curious feature of this latter relationship betwixt parent and young, however, consists in the fact that it is the male fishes which tend and nurse the progeny, thus reversing the common rule of animal existence.

The internal anatomy of the kangaroo presents many points of extreme interest to the zoologist and anatomist, but which may be but lightly touched upon, if mentioned at all, within the limits of a popular article. Thus the lower jaw of the kangaroo and its neighbours is bent inwards, or "inflected," as the technical term runs, at its lower and hinder portion; such a peculiarity being of high importance as a character of the group. The kangaroo is well provided in the matter of teeth, and these organs are adapted in turn for their work of cropping and bruising the grasses and other vegetable matters upon which the animals feed. There are six front or cutting teeth above and two cutting teeth below, the latter pointing straight forwards. No "eye-teeth" exist in the kangaroos, but five grinders are seen in each half of the upper jaw, and the same number exists in the lower jaw behind. Thus these animals are provided with twenty-eight teeth,

being only four less than man. The true or American opossums—not to be confounded with the "opossums" of the Australian colonist, which latter are merely species of *Phalangers* (the foot being figured at B Fig. 2)—possess, on the other hand, almost double the number of teeth found in our kangaroos. In some of the opossums fifty teeth are found; and they are perhaps most notable as possessing a larger number of cutting or front teeth than any other animals. In some of the latter animals, it may be likewise mentioned, the pouch is represented by a mere fold of skin, useless for protecting the young, whilst the bones of the pouch, however, are well developed. In such a case, however, the opossum's habits fully compensate for the want of her portable nursery, in that the young are carried on the mother's back, and obtain a secure lodgment thereon by twisting their tails around hers.

Concluding thus the personal history of the kangaroo, we may briefly glance at the characters of the "order" of animals to which it belongs, by way of introduction to the past history of the kangaroo race. These animals agree with the opossums of America, and with the bandicoots, koalas, and other Australian animals, in possessing the pouch, or at least its characteristic bones, and likewise in the possession of the inflected jaw just alluded to, as one of their principal characters. Accordingly, the naturalist classifies all of these animals to form a single "order" called the *Marsupialia*, or that of the pouched quadrupeds, which has Australia as its head-quarters, and which possesses but one single family outside the boundaries of that island-continent, namely, the opossums (*Didelphide*) of America. Now, it may be fairly enough asked, have we any record in zoological or other history to show how Australia came to be the home of marsupial quadrupeds? how the opossums came to settle down in America, and far apart from their only kith and kin in Australia? and how marsupials are absent from all other parts of this world's surface? Without presuming to overrate the importance of our present study, we may safely say that the answers to such questions deal with some of the most important phenomena in the past history of our globe, and bring us, through a simple study such as ours, within the grasp of a deep philosophy. Let us once again briefly consider the problem before us. We are dealing with the case of a peculiar order of quadrupeds, named "Marsupials" from their possessing a pouch; we

find these to be confined to Australia, with the exception of a single family, the opossums, which occur in America. On what theory may we explain satisfactorily these two facts: firstly, the limitation of the kangaroos and their neighbours to Australia; and, secondly, the exceptional nature of the home of their opossum friends in the New World?

To answer these important queries, we must pass, firstly, to the province of geology and the history of fossils. The naturalist takes leave of us for the present by reminding us that the marsupials are quadrupeds of lower structure than our cows, horses, dogs, cats, and ordinary mammals; and he also begs to remind us that when Australia was first colonised, no other or higher quadrupeds—save, perhaps, a recently introduced rodent and a bat or two—were found there. The sheep, cattle, horses, dogs, and other familiar animals now found abundantly in Australia, are all importations, and not native products. So that we begin by esteeming our kangaroos and their neighbours as mammals of a low type, in truth, but which nevertheless represent, in their way, the original quadruped population of Australia. Geology now takes up the thread of the story. Australia, it tells us, was as practically distinct in its animals at a far-back period in this world's history as it is to-day. A little channel called the Straits of Lombok, fifteen miles wide, but a channel of deep water nevertheless divides the Indian region, as we term it (consisting of so much of the Malay archipelago, with its monkeys, its rhinoceroses, its tigers, &c.), from the Australian region, in which, as we have seen, monkeys are unknown and higher quadrupeds totally wanting as native animals. The geologist continues his tale, and shows us that the lowest quadrupeds are older than the higher ones, and that the marsupial animals occur as fossils in rocks of a period long before our familiar quadrupeds were in existence. The marsupials and their neighbours were, in fact, the first quadrupeds to appear on the earth's surface; the higher animals being the children of a later growth and of succeeding ages.

Next in order, the geologist tells us that the first traces of marsupial life—and necessarily of the first quadrupeds at large—appear as fossils in those rocks which are called the Trias, and which are much older than the far-back Chalk rocks themselves. Arranging these rocks in the order of their formation, we place them in a column, thus—

Recent,	}	Last formed rocks lying nearest the surface.
Tertiary,		
Chalk,	}	Mesozoic Rocks, or middle-life Period.
Golite,		
Trias,		
Permian,		
Coal, or Carboniferous,	}	Upper rocks of the oldest series.

In the Triassic rocks of Europe as well as in the Trias of North America mammalian jawbones appear as the oldest traces of quadruped life, these fossils being unquestionably those of marsupial animals. Indeed, in the Stonesfield slates lying above the Trias, we find the remains of a marsupial which must have been remarkably like the little "banded ant-eater" alive in Australia to-day. All important, therefore, is the information which thus comes to hand, namely, that *we find the fossils of marsupials in Europe and America, thus proving that in the Triassic and succeeding period they had, if not a world-wide distribution, at least a very extensive range over the earth's surface as it then existed.* In the words we have emphasized lies the key to the mysteries and curiosities of marsupial distribution to-day. In Australia we do not find the fossil remains of any other quadrupeds save marsupials, thus proving that no other mammals, save those allied to its existing population, have ever been tenants therein. We do find in Australia, however, the fossil remains of kangaroos and like animals, differing from their living neighbours in their immense size. Think of a kangaroo whose head alone was about three feet long, and one may conceive of the race of marsupial giants which inhabited Australia in geologically "recent" times, and of which our kangaroos and their neighbours are the pigmy descendants.

In the Triassic period, then, and in the Oolite and succeeding epochs, it is certain that marsupials and their allies were the only quadrupeds developed on the face of the earth. That they overran the world's surface and represented in their day and generation the varied quadrupeds of to-day, leaving here and there the fossil relics from which the "coming race" of mankind would construct their history, are likewise plain facts of geology. We see Australia—then joined to what we now name the Asiatic continent—obtaining its marsupial population from the Triassic stock like the rest of the world. Next we perceive Australia to become detached from Asia, its marsupials being thus cut off from all subsequent communication with their neighbours elsewhere. Soon the higher quadrupeds begin to appear, however, and the mar-

supials, which had hitherto held undisputed sway of the world's surface, come off defeated in the "struggle for existence." The higher and stronger quadrupeds thus came to possess the earth; and the worsted marsupials, killed off in all parts of the world save Australia, at length died out entirely—with the exception of the nimble opossums, which, existing in Europe even in Tertiary times, ultimately found a safe home and haven in the New World. There they have lived and flourished since the close of the Miocene period, when their reign in Europe came to an end. To the question, then, why kangaroos are only found alive in Australia? we reply, because, on account of the early severance of Australia from other lands, they have there been free from the inroads of higher and stronger animals. To the query, Why are the opossums, of all marsupials, found in America alone? we answer, because they represent the later and surviving remnant of that marsupial population which, beginning to exist in the Trias, once overspread the whole earth, which died out in Europe at the beginning of the Tertiary period, but which now flourishes (as the opossum family) in America, since the "struggle for existence" has in the New World not been too hard for the welfare of their race. The opossums do not appear to have

formed part of the original stock from which our kangaroos and their allies are derived. Their fossil remains do not occur in Australia; this fact proving that the opossums never resided within the bounds of that island-continent. They probably, therefore, represent a later development and a highly modified race of the marsupial group.

Thus, when we next look at our marsupials, we may in our mind's eye once again see the world peopled by that curious race of quadrupeds and their neighbours; once again we may see the conifers, tree-ferns, and cycads growing around us, as in the days of the Triassic and Oolitic worlds; and once again we behold the spine-bearing fishes and the Port Jackson sharks of Australian coasts in our seas. Thus, in field and forest, lake and sea, the scientific imagination pictures for us series after series of strange forms succeeding each other in "the files of time," filling our earth with the curious array of quadruped life, at the head of which stands the last creation, man, and at the base of which dwell our friends the kangaroos and their neighbours of Australia, together with the opossums, now of the other side of the world, but originally tenants of the Eastern Hemisphere itself.

ANDREW WILSON.

## THE EDEL-WEISS.\*

To the Memory of William Howitt.

I WAS born in my little shroud,  
All woolly warm, and white,  
I live in the mist and the cloud,  
I live for my own delight;

I see far beneath me crowd  
The Alpine roses red  
And the gentian blue, sun fed,  
That makes the valleys bright;

I bloom for the eagle's eye,  
I bloom for the daring hand,  
I live but for God, and I die  
Unto Him, and at His command!

DORA GREENWELL.

London, February 20th, 1878.†

\* The edel-weiss (noble or princely white) grows at the height of 7,000 feet above sea-level: it is worn by the chamois hunters in their caps.

† The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the

way of righteousness." This poem was sent by me, in the autumn of 1878, by the hand of the late Mr. James McDonell, to William and Mary Howitt, then living in the Tyrol, and was received by them with pleasure.

## A VISIT TO THE ANCIENT SEE OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

TELEGRAPH work sometimes leads its followers into odd corners of the earth's surface, far out of the beaten track of ordinary travel; and so it happened that I found myself, in the summer of 1875, at the Algerian town of Bona, once the site of the Roman Hippo, and now famous through all Christendom as the ancient see of St. Augustine. As I left Charing Cross on July 10 for Marseilles, the smoky crown of St. Paul's Cathedral was being gilded by the evening sun.

It was harvest time in the valley of the Rhone as our train rushed south towards the Mediterranean, past the old walled towns, the castles, the lonely hermitages and wayside shrines, the smiling vineyards, and rich gardens of Provence. Under that cloudless clime the teeming plains were green with mulberry-trees, or olive groves tossing off sheets of glittering light; the fields were standing yellow with corn, and in shady nooks among the poplars by the river's brim the kine herded, fetlock-deep in meadow grass. On the warm slopes the grapes were beginning to blush in the sunshine, and great baskets of ripe apricots, cherries, and purple figs stood piled among the orchards of this peasant's paradise, where "dance and Provençal song and sun-burnt mirth" seem still to close the Arcadian day. After traversing the vast alluvial plain of the Camarque, whose blank expanse of whity-brown soil was the stage of a fine mirage, where Italian villas appeared to mirror themselves in a vaporous lake, we penetrated the luxuriant suburban gardens of olive and fig which lie behind Marseilles, and after catching a glimpse of the deep blue Mediterranean, with its grey limestone shores clad in sombre pinewoods, and the castellated island of Château d'If, we arrived at that city as the setting sun gleamed on the golden spire of Notre Dame de la Garde.

The Messagerie steamer *Bastia*, in which I left Marseilles for Bona, called on her way at the town of Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. The entrance to Ajaccio is grand and beautiful, the rugged granite mountains of the interior being dappled with patches of blue heath; the tall, yellow Italian houses of the town with their flat red-tiled roofs, and here and there a brown belfry, crowd up the hillside from the bay.

We go ashore, guided by that mysterious cherub who looks after the stranger and

manages to show him all the most interesting sights of the places he may chance to visit. Now the one "lion" of Ajaccio is the great Napoleon, who was born and bred there, and one cannot go far in Ajaccio without coming upon memorials of the fact. We go up a wide acacia-lined boulevard, and pass a fine marble statue of him, supported on four granite lions, hewn from the native rock. This leads us to an open square, where another equestrian bronze statue of the great soldier, surrounded by his four brethren on foot, looks out over the violet haze of the Mediterranean. Close by, in the Place Letitia, is the original home of the Buonapartes. It is a plain, white, three-story building, a middle-class house of considerable size and pretension for the times a century ago. A marble tablet over the doorway bears the brief legend—

"Napoleon—né dans cette maison, 15 Août, 1769."

Opposite the house is a little flower garden, containing a date-palm, an old olive-tree, and vine-covered arbour surmounted by an eagle. It is the garden in which Napoleon played. A stair leads from the front door up to the first flat, that inhabited by the Buonapartes. We pass in first through the drawing-room, with its chairs and sofas of faded yellow satin, its large mural mirrors and rich cabinets; then cross a small oblong court, ornamented with lilies and geraniums in pots, which is now open to the air, but was once roofed with a vine trellis, of which only one vine remained. From this we enter the room in which Napoleon was born, a small room furnished in white. There is a gilt mirror over the white marble chimney-piece, and on one side of it hangs a picture of the hero's mother, a pleasant, clever-looking woman, with red cheeks and dark hair, while on the other hangs a print of his grandfather. On the mantel itself stands a small bust of the Prince Imperial as a boy. Opposite the fireplace is the bedstead on which Napoleon first saw the light, a slender framework of carved wood, painted grey, and in simple contrast to the splendid mausoleum which now enshrines his dust.

Many of the streets of Ajaccio have been named after members of the Napoleonic family and the leading events of their history. The old ones are narrow and steep, and lined with stores full of a rude merchandise, chiefly onions, twine, and glazed

pottery. The people are half French, half Italian—a mongrel population without the virtues of either of the parent races, and with all their vices. The streets are full of dirty, hirsute vagabonds, eminently suggestive of the *vendetta* and the assassin's dagger; gangs of ragged urchins, old female beggars, and vulgar priests.

"Voilà l'Afrique!" exclaimed a Parisian fellow-passenger as the *Bastia* heaved in sight of the Algerian coast on the following afternoon. Before it neared the land the sun had dropped like a golden disk behind the liquid edge of the wave, suffusing the soft haze with orange light, which deepened every moment, and stole round the rim of the sky, then burned a hectic red. The arid hills of Africa loomed darkling against the luminous after-glow; the rosy twilight bow faded out, and soon the brilliant planets irradiated the night sky above, and matched the phosphorescent turmoil of the sea below; while, to complete the eastern night, the full moon ascended upon the scene and hung in the air like a golden lamp. By-and-by, amid the rattle of chains and shouted orders, the *Bastia* came to rest alongside one of the new wharves of Bona. It was nearly midnight, but on the pier there was congregated a motley crowd of spectral Arabs in their long white burnouses, Jews in the slippered costume of Ali Baba, swarthy Maltese, and Europeans.

The seaport of Bona, or Bône, or in Arabic Beled-el-Aneb (the city of the jujube trees), is situated on a bay of the same name at the mouth of a small river, the Seybouse, which runs down from the spurs of the Atlas Mountains behind. It is surrounded by a modern rampart erected outside the old Saracenic wall and citadel, which is still standing. The modern part is well laid out in the French style, with cafés, hotels (of which the chief is the Hôtel d'Orient), shops, and squares. Here the Franks and wealthier Jews and Arabs reside and do business. In the old quarter of the town, the poorer classes of Moors, Arabs, Soudan Negroes, Turks, and Jews live, and the thrifty Maltese immigrants who flock to the town to make their modest fortunes by hand labour, which the Arab is too proud or lazy to do, live in an intermediate class of shabby tenements. There are barracks for the French Chasseurs and Zouaves and for the native Spahis, schools of all kinds, reading-rooms, hospitals, Roman Catholic chapels, Mahommedan mosques, Jewish synagogues, a Protestant church, and a cathedral dedicated to St. Augustine, the patron saint of

the town. Bona is the chief seat of the Mediterranean coral fishery. It exports iron ore from the mines of Mokta-el-Hadid in the vicinity, marble, cork, grain, hemp, olive oil, tobacco, cattle, native garments, such as tunics, slippers, and sashes, leather, and skins of the leopard and lion, hunted in the cork woods on the summit of the Atlas.

Bona is the ancient Aphrodisium, the port of Hippo Regius, or Ubbu, in the ancient Numidia, the ruins of which are to be seen on a conical hill about a mile and a half west of the town, near the Seybouse River. Hippo, the famed bishopric of St. Augustine, was burnt by the Arian Vandals in 430, partially restored by Belisarius, and sacked by the Arabs in the seventh century. These latter conquerors built the town of Bona, or Annaba, which has since passed through many vicissitudes, having been held in turn by the Italians, the Spaniards, and in the sixteenth century by Charles V. The French *Compagnie d'Afrique* then established themselves in the country, and traded with Bona. Finally it was captured by the French in 1832.

The population of Bona numbers over twenty thousand, and is principally composed of French merchants, Jews, Arabs, and Maltese. With respect to the Frenchmen, it is a proverb that every honest one amongst them went there by land. They mostly amass considerable fortunes, and spend an idle, sensuous existence, drinking at cafés with officers from the garrison, or attending the *bains de mer* east of the town. The Jews, who wear their national costumes, are mostly shopkeepers and traders, and are often very rich. The Arab, who dislikes the Jew even more than he does the Frank, is a good-for-nothing idler.

The Arab women, who often tattoo their faces red and blue till they resemble the painted figure-head of a ship, are little better than slaves. The Maltese, though partially of Arab race, and speaking a tongue evidently Arabic, are respectable, industrious folk, who work hard as tradesmen and dock labourers, and live chiefly on bread and vegetables, in order to save a competence and retire to their beloved Malta.

The old town of Bona is built of rectangular whitewashed buildings, with blank exteriors and tessellated inner courts, adorned with rich arabesques and Moorish tracery. The wynds are steep, stony, and narrow, and here the European rarely penetrates. The children playing about are little Moorish children, some of them pretty, with tawny skins, and eyebrows united with a brown curve

of henna. On glancing into the open courts one sees only groups of voluptuous Jewish women in their long coloured robes, reclining at rest, or working some primitive mill with their long bare arms. Veiled Arab females move to and fro along the streets, dirty Arabs squat round the native coffee houses, and play at cards or listen to some story-teller. In the shops, which are often mere recesses from the street, a tailor may be seen embroidering a jacket with gold, or a shoemaker cobbling a pair of yellow morocco slippers; here a cook is busy over his charcoal fire and earthen fleshpots; there a public notary is plying his trade on small wooden tablets.

The day breaks in Bona with a lemon-coloured dawn suffusing the cloudless eastern sky; the mueddins utter their call to prayer from the minarets of the mosque; the storks on the flat housetops wake up and preen their wings, while the swallows gambol high in air. Then the hot scorching African day begins; the cafés are opened, and the Arabs commence to move stealthily about. At sunset an orange glow illumines the west like an effluence from the darkling hills, and the starry eastern night sets in. Then the sight-seer may wander up any of the narrow wynds of the native quarter with perfect safety, and without even an ill-bred look or remark from the motley population who have turned out to enjoy the evening coolness. Here and there an oil lamp lights up the whitewashed walls and deepens the shadows. White-stoled Arabs are moving stealthily along in the gloom, but otherwise a perfect quiet reigns. Now and again a hideous Soudan negress flits past, her black face being sufficiently veiled by the darkness in which it is harmoniously merged; or a pair of shy young Jewesses in the sacred costume of Rebecca, with all their riches strung in festoons of gold coins across their foreheads, come forth and squat on the threshold of their home.

The most interesting excursion that can be made at Bona is a visit to the remains of Ancient Hippo, the home of St. Augustine during the prolific part of his busy life. We leave Bona by the western gate, and strike south-east across the arid but fruitful plain, with its sullen green foliage and hazy distance. We pass by Arab douahs, or villages of wattle and daub huts, nestling behind great hedges of the Barbary fig or prickly pear, and brick farmhouses surrounded by groves of olive and fig, and fields of vines, melon, rice, and millet. Poplars, oleanders, and eucalyptus trees fringe the beds of the irrigation channels and

the roads. Here and there the eye rests on sunny copses of wild olive-trees overhung with vines and brambles, and laced like a Surrey hedgerow with the starry flowers of the sweet briony. Tall thistles and wild thyme luxuriate in the shade of these olive bowers, and lazy Arabs make their noonday couch under them. As we ride along we encounter perhaps a troop of Kabyles driving their flocks of sheep and cattle before them, the women riding on mules. These Kabyles are the children of the ancient Berbers, the aborigines of the country; but occasionally one sees among them one of those fiery chevelures sacred to English art as the national complexion of the Scot. These red-haired Algerians are probably descendants of the early Gothic invaders. We pass, too, a cavalcade of Spahis, or Arab troops, marching out of town, mounted on their fine horses and high-backed saddles. Everywhere dotted about the country are little square white structures surmounted by round domes. These are the tombs or shrines of marabouts, or holy men; and usually at the wooden entrance door one sees an Arab kneeling barefooted and muttering his prayers.

The ruins of Hippo stand on a conical olive-clad hill about a mile and a half west of Bona. The soil of the whole hill is interspersed with fragments of pottery and stone, the rubbish of the ancient city. At the foot of it, by the roadside, there is a gigantic arch which is supposed to be the only remaining portion of a great aqueduct, and near this arch there is a stone quarry, in the upper strata of which many square cavities are exposed in which the quarrymen found human bones. Ascending the grassy slopes of the hill we reach a vast pile of ruined buildings among the olive-trees, the lofty arches of underground halls, whose series, so connected and so massive, were evidently designed to bear a stupendous load or superstructure. The thickest grit stones in the interior are crumbling to dust, although the cement still keeps entire. In the junctions of the massy arches forming these darksome vaults and halls, are square apertures for ventilation. There are three of these halls, one of which is so large as to be quite an amphitheatre. At one end of it there is a stone staircase leading to a gallery which extends across the entire width of the apartment. This gallery appears to have been an official seat or spectacular throne, and the hall was perhaps a public court, perhaps a theatre. Some writers have, however, set this building down as being once

a cistern. To us it appeared rather to have been a palace.

Here, in a corner of this spacious hall, there is an Arab altar, the shrine at which many poor fowls have been slaughtered, for the ground is ankle-deep in feathers. The altar, a stone in the foundation-wall of the ruin, is scrolled with Arabic symbols and dyed with blood. Here, on Fridays, come Arab women to dance and slay their offerings.

As we walk through these sombre vaults, a species of awe comes over us in spite of the brilliant sunshine which bursts down through the olive-trees and broken arches into their silent depths. The mind in a single moment flies from the days of Hippo's pride, when the stately Roman trod her streets and the echoes of St. Augustine's voice resounded from her temples, back to the present, when a descendant of the savage Briton strays among her ruins, from whose mouldering walls

the wild fig and the cactus spring, and over whose rended marble floors the bramble creeps and the jackal seeks his lair.

The hill all about these ruins is strewn with blocks of marble, potsherds, and fragments of mosaic pavement, and a deserted Arab blockhouse crowns the summit. On the eastern slope, overlooking the garden plain, with its grey olive groves fronting the white pile of rectangular buildings constituting the town of Bona, and the deep blue expanse of the Mediterranean, there stands a bronze figure of St. Augustine. It is railed round, but the stones of the base are carved with many names from all the nations in Christendom. It is said to commemorate the spot where one of his leg bones is buried, the only relic of him that remains on the scene of his busy apostolic life and of his sublime Christian death, while the Arian Vandals were thundering at the gates of Hippo. J. MUNRO.

## VERSES FOR LITTLE ONES.



### I.—THE DAISY.

PRETTY is it, as we pass,  
To see the daisy in the grass ;  
Day's-eye, as named of old,  
For closing from the nightly cold.

You can see them, if you look,  
In the mead, or by the brook,  
Shrunk into a half their size  
When the twilight veils the skies.

Pretty daisy, silver-fair,  
I would fain thy meekness share—  
Seek to win such honest praise  
As poets give thee all the days.

I, like thee, would turn away  
From all that is not of the day ;  
I would shrink from strife and ill,  
And ope my heart to goodness still.



### II.—MAY.

The lilac is out, and the thrush on the spray  
Is telling the story of beautiful May ;  
The hawthorn sheds its sweet scent on the breeze,  
And the wind is embracing the tall poplar-trees.

The birds in sweet chorus are singing a glee ;  
Wild-rose like a garden the hedge makes to be ;  
The convolvulus trails its sweet wreaths over all,  
While the sparrows are busy at each other's call.

The wren on the roadside is active and glad ;  
The stock-dove is telling the joy that it had  
To its mate, when at morning it hurried to find  
The food that was most to her ladyship's mind.



The lizard is waking on hillside, in glade,  
To lie in the sun where a path has been made  
By the footsteps of rovers ; it loveth the sand  
When the sunshine glows warm all over the  
land.

The Maytime has come with its gladness and  
flowers ;  
The hollies and ferns are making them bowers ;  
The lilac is out, and the thrush on the spray  
Is telling the story of beautiful May.

III.—A SUMMER MORNING.



Get up, and see the  
sun rise !  
The happy lambs at  
play  
Would gladden all the  
children's eyes  
And cheer the  
longest day.

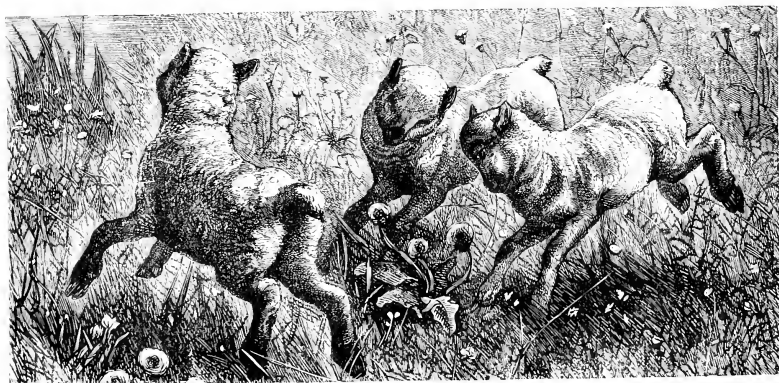
The sun shines on the  
meadow ;

And, sparkling in the sun,

Then leaping into shadow,  
The chattering brook doth run.

The birds are singing snatches,  
The bees go droning by,  
The swallows making matches,  
And the flower-like butterfly

Is fluttering o'er the roses,  
And the honeysuckle too ;  
The gard'ner's boy makes posies,  
And all the sky is blue.



IV.—PRETTY RABBIT.

Pretty rabbit in the fern,  
You can scamper rarely ;  
Tufted ears so softly furred,  
Nibbling late and early.

You keep house in burrow deep ;  
I could wish to join you  
When you sit with wife and child,  
But I would not pain you.

Mrs. Rabbit I can see  
At the head of table ;  
Master Rabbit, full of glee,  
Eating all he's able.

Very serious you are  
If others come to see you.

From all your troubles out and in  
Would that I could free you.

A very pretty life is yours  
In your sandy burrow,  
Winding round and round about,  
Nor thinking of to-morrow.

V.—DARLING DOLLY.

Darling Dolly's house shall be  
High as lofty apple-tree ;  
It shall have a floor inlaid,  
Of the sweetest light and shade.

It shall have for pictures fair  
Fancies that are rich and rare ;  
It shall have a golden roof,  
And tapestry with stars for woof.

And it shall have a dome of blue  
With the moonlight stealing through;  
And stately pillars straight as firs,  
Bending to each wind that stirs.

And her drink shall be of dew,  
Bubbling up from fountains new  
In the house, through golden sand,  
Whereon Dolly's feet shall stand.

Darling Dolly's friends shall come  
With music of the wild-bee's hum,  
The swallow's twitter, linnet's song—  
A music that shall make her strong.

And her talk they all shall know,  
And at her bidding come and go  
She shall be a Queen of Hearts,  
To know the secret of such arts.

And she shall never fear to see  
The creatures that make children flee.  
She shall have a fair command,  
And rule, with gladness o'er the land.

Darling Dolly's house shall be  
High as lofty apple-tree;  
It shall have a floor inlaid,  
Of the sweetest light and shade.

A. H. J.

## MAXIMILIAN HORBLOWER'S EVENING IN VENICE.

BY LIEUT.-COL. L. W. M. LOCKHART.

### TABLEAU II.

THE finest processes of thought are circumscribed by conditions of time, like everything else in this sublunary sphere; and the noblest thinker has a gastric system which demands a grosser aliment than ambrosial reflection. Thus it suddenly occurred to me that I was strangely hungry, so I struck the metaphysical flag, and bore down upon the French restaurant for supper.

On entering the saloon of the restaurant I at first saw no one. Perfect silence reigned, the lights were burning rather low, and apparently it was empty. Moving up the room, however, I discovered a waiter reposing himself upon a sofa. He was asleep, and his head hung back over the arm of the seat in a painful attitude; his long black hair drooping perpendicularly like the water of a cascade.

The man was young, and though his features were somewhat pale and haggard, they were exquisitely chiselled, and stamped with a romantic high-souled sort of beauty, which one often sees ludicrously associated among his countrymen with the *mâtier* of the cook or the waiter.

"This fellow," I said aloud, "might have awakened the Divine rage of Italy's greatest sculptors and painters. Transferred to their marble or their canvas, he might have bloomed in the ambrosial glory of a god, or a hero; and here he sleeps the sleep of an exhausted trencher-bearer. I wonder what these old masters would have made of him. Not an Antinous—scarcely an Apollo—too sad, too worn for that. Before George!

though, he would make a first-class Lucifer. He would indeed—the lines— Come, come, though, I must sup; so we'll vote the poor wretch 'Lucifer,' *nem. con.*, and wake him up to fetch the *vicers*."

"Nothing of the sort, sir! The merest tyro could see that he is 'Greece, but living Greece no more!' Have the goodness to get out of the light; you interrupt my study, and whatever you do, don't awaken him."

These words, uttered in a harsh whisper, caused me to turn round, and I saw the hitherto unobserved speaker seated in a recess, half concealed by the hangings of a window. He appeared to be short and stout. His face was fat, flabby, pale, and without any shade in it—a defect not corrected by his hair, which was close-cropped, and of the colour of hay. His shirt collar, turned over and very wide open, revealed a fat bulgy neck, and half his body was draped in a loose cloak suggestive of the transpontine melodrama. His elbow rested on a small table; his head, surmounted by a tall Calabrian hat, rested on his hand; and his large green eyes, which seemed to have lost the power of winking, were fixed in a wide-open stare—a little blank in consequence of my body having interpolated itself between them and the object of their contemplation.

Startled by his sudden address, I continued gazing silently at the man till he spoke again.

"Move, sir! move, I say, to the right or left. Do you not see in your egotism that

you come between me and a subject of artistic study? Who knows what the consequences to art may be, if that man is awakened? *Sh! sh! sh!*!" and he inculcated silence by three solemn wags of his fore-finger towards me.

"Sir," I said, dropping my voice, however, to a whisper, with instinctive courtesy, "Sir, this is all very well, but do you not see in your egotism, that you would come between me and the means of obtaining necessary sustenance? Who knows what may be the consequences to my gastric system, if Lucifer is *not* awakened?" I was a little nettled, not only by his general manner, but by the cavalier way in which he dismissed the Lucifer theory. So I took the opportunity of insisting upon it.

"Lucifer!" he exclaimed. "Now what a folly is there! Show me a single trait in that face suggestive of the character, of the conception of Lucifer? There is not a line, sir, that can bear an interpretation so absurd. All is calm there—not even the calm of conscious power, or even of desperation; it is the calm of exhaustion—of apathy. There is much beauty in that face, but it is not passion-beauty; there is no latent tempest splendour there; the storm-glory has passed from it for ever. Do you see any menace in that lip? Any potential, haughty resolve in that unquivering nostril? The thunder-cloud has discharged itself; the crater is cold. *Emphatically* he is 'Greece, but living Greece no more.' Just look at his chin——"

"Confound his chin, sir!" I exclaimed out of all patience; "I have been wandering for some hours in the field of abstract speculation, and, frankly, I have had enough of it for the time. Therefore in common fairness to the gastric juices that man must be awakened, and at once."

"Ah!" whispered the stranger, in a gentler tone, "remember! remember! *Ars longa, vita brevis.*"

"Your art, sir, or, at least, your *quasi* artistic rhodomontade, would certainly contribute to the abbreviation of my life. So I shall take the freedom of cutting it short."

"Sir, you are a Philistine!"

"Sir, you are inexact. I am, by blood as by habit, cosmopolitan. On the assumption that the Philistines were of the Kokasian stock, it is possible that, among many others, that strain may be represented in my veins; but in my composition no nationality has a decided preponderance, so that in predicating of me that I am a Philistine, you are, as I say, altogether inexact. You may as well say that

I am a Hittite, or a Hivite, a Connemara Kelt, a Kentucky loafer, a Jebusite, a Shunamite, or a Paisley 'body,' in fact——"

"You quibble, sir," interrupted the man; "you are a Philistine in an Arnoldian sense."

"I protest to you that I hear of Arnoldian sense for the first time."

"Tush! quibbler. What's your æsthetic bias—Aryan or Semitic?"

Now, all this time the fellow never looked at me, but kept his eyes fixed hungrily upon the waiter; so, seeing that he was merely attempting to gain time to continue his artistic contemplation by stratagem, I rose and said, "A truce to balderdash! I am going to rouse the man."

"No, no, no!" he said in great excitement, also rising; "it would be the merest act of Vandalism."

"Upon my life, sir! your coolness has long enough overcome my common-sense and my self-respect. I never waited for any cue before, and I won't—yes, I will; I will give you exactly two minutes and a half by my watch, and at the expiration of that period I shall call for my supper, whatever may be the consequences to art; and whether this man be Lucifer, or the Apollo Belvedere, or the Colossus of Rhodes, he shall bring it me, or I shall know the reason why." I took out my watch, planted myself firmly against a pillar, and added, "Now, sir, you shall have one hundred and fifty seconds. Stare away as hard as you can; for it is my ultimatum. Are you ready?"

"Now! now! now! I beseech you to reflect. I beseech you to reconsider. By the finger of Phidias! by the eye of Apelles! by the soul of Praxiteles! I beseech you to——"

"Are you ready?"

"No! Is your watch by Benson?"

"Never mind, sir; are you ready? One!"

The fellow continued to stare, making now and then an effort to draw me into conversation, which I checked by simply waving my hand; and when the time had expired, I moved towards the waiter, but instantly he threw himself upon me, pinioned both my arms, and poured into my ear impassioned prayers and adjurations—"By the beauty of the Beardless One," "by the foam-flecked flank of Cytherea," &c., &c., &c. My patience was quite exhausted, however, and I shouted at the full pitch of my voice *Waiter! Keeper! Cameriere! Garçon!*

"*Excelleza!*" The spell was dissolved; the slumberer was awakened and standing in

front of me, confused and apologetic, demanding my pleasure.

"Supper," I said; "some maccheroni, a lobster, and a flask of Lachrymæ Christi—*subito!*"

The waiter was off like an arrow, and the contemplative one sank down on the vacant sofa and groaned out, "Miserable man! you have slain an idea; you have stabbed art; you have robbed posterity; and shut the portal of Fame's Temple against one who is honest in his cultus of the Beautiful and the True; all for a trumpety lobster, a few strings of maccheroni, and a bottle of vile wine! *Eheu! Eheu!*"

As I had now carried my point, I was not indisposed to indulge the humour of this strange person, so I said, "I am sorry to have inconvenienced you; but—pardon me—may I ask how I have been guilty of all these crimes? and with what purpose you scrutinised the features of this waiter so intensely?"

"Sir, that waiter is my model. It is now some weeks since I first detected him in that attitude from which you have just roused him. By a lightning inspiration I saw in his features, in his expression, in his pose, all the materials for a great art triumph. I studied him then, but my opportunity was short; and night after night have I come here and waited, on the pretext of trifling with some slight refection, till the closing of the premises, in the hope—growing fainter and fainter—of surprising him in a similar condition. This night for the first time he again slept; and with breathless interest I saw stealing over his features the precise phenomena which had at first attracted me, and inspired the thought that carried to my canvas or my marble, and spiritualised by the magic of genius, these features, these phenomena would evolve a true and glorious conception of 'Dead Greece.' Something seemed to whisper to me, At last the stars are propitious! At last behold the key that, even in this age, shall unlock Fame's port for thee! Gaze, then! gaze and draw into thy soul, through thine eyes, *Germes* which shall spring and fructify beneath the sunbeams of that genius which the gods have given thee! I had just addressed myself to the task when you—but you know the rest. Dead Sea fruit! Dead Sea fruit! *Eheu! Eheu!*"

"May I ask, sir, if you are a painter or a sculptor?"

"You may, sir; and I answer unhesitatingly that, despite the dicta of the Royal Academy, I am both, and in the highest

sense. As Wagner's music awaits the appreciation of a higher civilisation, so do Fitkin's paintings and Fitkin's sculpture, and Fitkin's fame, buried at present beneath entombing ignorance, envy, spite, scepticism, and depravity in art, await a glorious resurrection and a martyr's crown in a riper age."

"You, sir, then are Fitkin?"

"I, sir, am Fitkin."

We stared at each other gravely for a few seconds, and I went on.

"Does it not occur to you to purchase the service of the waiter as a model? Were he removed to your studio when his daily duties were over, and supplied with a sofa, it appears to me that fatigue would soon do the rest."

"Impossible, sir! It is the old, old story—chill penury and noble rage; genius and hunger. *Eheu! Eheu!*"

"Are you hungry at this moment, sir?"

"The hunger of the wolf is proverbial, but I should say it falls short of what I now experience. Every *lira* I can scrape together goes first to the purchase of artistic materials; secondly, to the payment of rent for my poor atelier; and, lastly, to the support of my body and the bodies of two good souls—worshippers of genius—who frequent my society as disciples hanging upon my words, but whose spiritual cravings do not represent all their needs. There is little left for these last purposes, I assure you; and the hiring of models is out of the question. Therefore it behoves me to be in earnest when chance casts a subject like this waiter in my way. And now you know my story, and here comes your supper, so I shall say good night. I will try to forgive you the wrong you have done me; but it will take time—it will take time."

He drew his melodramatic cloak around him, doffed his Calabrian hat, making me a solemn reverence, and would have withdrawn, but I cried out—

"Stay, Signior Fitkin! never shall it be said that a brother artist carried the hunger of the wolf from the table of Maximilian Hornblower. Stay, and partake with me, I beseech you."

"Sir, I will accept your hospitality as the payment, the part payment, of a debt. On that understanding I will seat myself, but on that alone."

"Pray be seated, sir, on that understanding. Another lobster, waiter; more maccheroni; more Lachrymæ Christi. Away with you!"

"You spoke of yourself as a brother in

art," said Fitkin as he seated himself; "your name is—?"

"A well-known name, sir; Hornblower—Maximilian Hornblower."

"It is unknown to me."

The man's manner had passed through many phases, from the imperious and bullying to the supplicatory, the pathetic, almost the dignified; now it changed again it was *brusque*, and even at times brutal.

"The name, sir, is entirely unknown to me," he repeated firmly, "either as an artist or anything else."

"Then, sir," I replied, "I am not surprised that until five minutes ago I had never heard the name of Fitkin."

"Tut! tut! that partakes of the nature of a childish *tu quoque*; and, after all, why be petulant? Why fret at obscurity? It may well be, though I cannot think it likely, that the remark applies to your case—it well may be that the noblest artists are unknown to men. Oppose yourself to the pedantries of art, and the art pedants, who are the successful men—your R.A.'s, and so forth—will stamp you out if they can. This has been my case; they have *tried* to stamp me out. Ha! ha! as well hope to stamp out the prairie fire with an infant's feet; but they *have* tried it, and they *have* put me under a temporary eclipse. It will pass. And whence this enmity? Simply because I said, 'I will have none of your lecturings and your slavish copyings, your cramping formulas, your childish rules. I will read nothing; I will copy nothing. I will turn a deaf ear to the voice of the modern. Nature shall teach me everything, with now and then a hint from old-world art.' That was my heresy; and nature has taught me everything. I am against schools in all departments. Their lessons are crude and misleading. The unspoken comments of a *genius loci* are worth all the prelections of philosophers and divines. Well it was for me that in my golden youth, from the Pincian, from Pentelicus, from Parnassus, from Olivet, I gazed over lovely lands and beheld beneath me the cradles of FAITHS and PHILOSOPHIES; for there and then, informed by the helpful air, I unriddled those imperious problems which, left unsolved, confuse men's lives and make them sterile. And well for me that in my homage I rescued myself from the *banalities* of art schools, declining to sit at the feet of the pedagogue, declining to seek inspiration in the platitudes of vapid pages. The old-world of art has contributed *something* towards the perfection of my æsthetic intuitions; but I owe almost

everything to ALMA NATURA. From Niagara's watery avalanche, from the roaring river-birth in the Himalayan glacier, from the fiery sunsets of the Sahara, and from solemn Arctic dawns, I have formed my conceptions of the SUBLIME; and for the BEAUTIFUL, my instructors have been the murmuring lips of the Ægean waves, the summer whispers of Achæan breezes, uttering among glimmering groves and ruined temples, the Eternal Liturgy of Pan! Take, then, the wings of the morning——"

"On the contrary, sir, I propose to take a claw of this lobster, and to offer you another."

The man had risen and delivered himself of the above tirade with the greatest volubility and with much gesticulation, swaying himself from one foot on to another, and alternately elevating and depressing his arms; and as it was obvious that he was "boiling up," so to speak, for a lengthy flight, I thought it expedient to stop him effectually—and nothing does put such an effectual stopper upon "high faluten" as the shock of a sudden appeal to very homely material considerations. On this occasion nothing could have been more successful. He stopped as if he had been shot, and dropped into his chair.

"Take a claw," I said.

"Certainly, a claw."

When furnished with this food, I am bound to say that my guest displayed as much concentration with regard to it as he had bestowed upon his slumbering model, never removing his eyes from his plate or pausing to say a word, but eating, I may say, ravenously. By-and-by the length of the silence became awkward, and I felt it might be painful for a guest to contribute nothing to the entertainment—silent, perhaps, under the impression that we had no subjects in common. So I hazarded a remark in his own province.

"I was thinking, Mr. Fitkin, a good deal about Rembrandt this morning, and I got rather adrift. I would like to have your view of him. How say you now? is he among the number of the most illustrious?"

"Rembrandt, sir," replied Fitkin, stopping with the same abruptness in his meal, "was a monster; his style was degraded and degrading. He was a monster."

"A monster? Strong words! strong words! Pray, how do you get over the 'Night Watch'?"

"I don't get over it; it is a monstrosity, simply."

"Come, come, sir, be just; let us say that

his manner is eccentric, but let us admit that 'monstrosity' is too strong a word."

"It is not half strong enough."

"You will admit, I presume, that he is great in *chiaroscuro*?"

"I will do nothing of the sort; and if you think he is, either you don't know what *chiaroscuro* is, which is more than probable, or you never saw a 'Rembrandt,' which is very likely."

The fellow's impudence astounded me; but the laws of hospitality are sacred, and I commanded myself to reply.

"We need not, I think, sir, lose sight of courtesy in a discussion of this sort."

"Courtesy! there is an eternal and universal antagonism between Courtesy and Truth. But in art there is no *via media* between Truth and Falsehood; and in discussions upon art any idea of such a *via media* must be excluded. A spade must be called a spade, and a lie a lie, in all such discussions. Courtesy! Rubbish!"

"At Rome," I said with a slight laugh, "as Romans do, and in Bohemia, I suppose, as the Bohemians; and on that understanding I will resume the conversation. Now, may I ask you if you think it likely that Rembrandt's manner was affected by the circumstance that his first studio was his father's mill, and that the peculiarity of the lighting of the mill——"

"He never painted in his father's mill."

"Why?"

"His father never *had* a mill!"

"It is an accepted tradition."

"It is a false one!"

"His father was a miller."

"It is a lie; he was a tanner!"

"That is a lie."

"It is not a lie!"

"I say it is an abominable LIE!"

I had become greatly excited, and rose as I shouted this; but the artist remained perfectly calm, and merely remarked, "Vulgar intensification and savage redundancy are errors in language as they are crimes in art."

I recovered myself at once, and said, "I spoke in a Bohemian sense, sir; but I admit that my language was too strong."

"No offence; I merely say it was a vulgar lie—that it is a lie that Rembrandt's father did not keep a mill, and was a tanner."

"To my ear, sir, the word 'lie' is so offensive, even when used in a sort of technical sense, that I will not pursue the discussion. Let us change the subject."

"By all means. I could eat some more."

"You shall;" and I gave the order for

another lobster, remarking, on the appearance of a very fine one, "A good subject there for a Flemish artist."

"A fit subject for a grovelling school."

"What—you have no sympathy with Flemish art?"

"Don't talk to me of Flemish art, sir, here in Venice. It is a profanation."

"Hoity! toity! toity! Think, my good sir, of Rubens."

"I say of him as Hamlet says of Yorick's skull, 'Pah! how he smells of earth!'"

"Ho! ho! Well, Wouvermann's——"

"A moss-trooper painting with a spur dipped in blood and wine could have done as well."

"Ha! ha! Gerard Dow——"

"A trickster."

"He! he! Albert Dürer——"

"Without a soul."

"Oh! oh! Cuyper——"

"He snores on canvas."

"Come, then, Paul Potter?"

"A clever sign-painter."

"And yet I should say truth was a very special characteristic of all these men."

"That is a lie. These men were true to Nature, not to Art; and Truth to Nature, and Truth in and to Art, are very different things, as the veriest booby knows."

"I cannot stand the reiteration of the word lie, sir. I must beg that you will conclude your supper as soon as convenient, and let us part, since reasonable conversation seems impossible between us."

"I take exception to the term; reasonable, like all other kinds of conversation, requires two or more participants, and you have said nothing reasonable as yet. Perhaps if you could advance anything of the sort we might agree better."

"Address yourself to your lobster, sir, not to me," I said haughtily.

No shade of discomposure came over his stolid features, and he continued to eat and drink silently, without ever looking at me. At last, finding the bottle empty, he struck it two or three times significantly with his knife, but this receiving no attention, he said, "If we were on speaking terms I would ask for more wine. The wrong and annoyance to which you have subjected me, and of which this supper is, in part, the compensation, have developed in me an abnormal thirst."

I called to the waiter to supply his want, without saying a word to my guest, who went on eating and drinking, while I remained standing with my back turned to

him, as a hint that the elements of haste and readiness for the road must not be lost sight of for an instant.

Matters continued in this sort of dead-lock for a considerable time, only disturbed by requests on the part of Mr. Fitkin for Parmesan cheese and various condiments, which were acceded to without comment on my part; but at length I was thoroughly aroused by being struck on the back of the head by the shell of a lobster, and turned fiercely round upon my guest.

"Take no notice of it," he said quietly; "it was an irresistible impulse; something seemed to say, 'there is Patience on a monument. Does he smile?' and I was irresistibly impelled to solve the problem. Hence the lobster—*hinc ille lachrymæ* (not those of the bottle, for they are, alas! absorbed)—and now I see you do *not* smile: frankly, why?"

"Frankly, sir, because I am irresistibly impelled to treat you to your merits, and trounce you heartily as an impertinent, blackguardly, outrageous humbug."

I advanced towards him with my rattan uplifted, but the fellow neither flinched nor moved, and simply said, raising his forefinger,

"What did we agree about 'intensification'? and how about the laws of hospitality? Is not the one anathema? are not the others sacred?"

This made me hesitate. "Sir," I said, "intensification may be the logical result of a morbid state of things, and the laws of hospitality may be violated by either party brought into the relation which they contemplate. Your conduct logically justifies intensity of speech and action, for you have violated the laws of hospitality, and with singular grossness, for your *corpus delicti* is actually constructed by the body of my lobster, which I have hospitably permitted you to use."

"Ha, ha! *Negatur*. I only threw the shell, which is not the body—that is the *corpus*; but a *corpus delicti* implies a *corpus*—without a *corpus* there can be no *corpus delicti*, and without a *corpus delicti* no indictment—therefore, logically, no offence. *Q. E. D.* Or, similarly, the *corpus* of the lobster, on which you rely as a *corpus delicti*, is at present trying conclusions with the gastric forces *within my corpus*, and therefore it cannot possibly be playing the part of a *corpus delicti without my corpus*; but without a *corpus* there can be no *corpus delicti*, and, without a *corpus delicti*, no indictment, and, logically, no offence. *Q. E. D.* Any fool can see that.

From your own premises a conclusion falls logically dead against you."

"Logic or no logic, sir, a blow has been struck which cannot be overlooked. As a compromise, however, if you apologise and leave the place I may be induced to withhold the chastisement. Otherwise—" I paused and twirled my rattan.

"Now, now," cried Mr. Fitkin, "I forgive you. Your *pose* there was really fine, and that pause—what rhetorical figure is it?—quite admirable, too! There is a dash of art about you, after all. I begin to like you a little better; I do indeed. Sit down, then, and let us discuss the whole affair in a friendly spirit. If you had stood upon the word 'shell' everything would have been different; but you chose to lean your case upon the word *body*, or *corpus*, and sacrificed a fairly tenable position to a foolish pun. You are out of court; you are non-suited; but I am above petty feelings of triumph. A 'shell,' you observe—"

"Stay, sir! no more about the detestable shell. This matter is not to be trifled over with buffooning casuistry. The question before me is whether to chastise you or not; the question before you is whether to apologise and retire or not. As my course, in some sort, depends upon yours, I will suspend my decision for exactly two minutes."

I took out my watch.

"What! our friend Benson again?" cried Fitkin.

"Never mind, sir, the period I have granted has commenced. Silence!"

"I declare I would like to paint you!"

"Hush."

"Or sculpt you. I think I can see you as Achilles sulking in his tent about Briseis; and, if you please, posterity shall see it."

"Don't try to cajole me, sir; the time will soon expire."

"But tell me the precise conditions; I forget them."

"To apologise and retire, or be whipped."

"Supposing I retire without apologising?"

"That will not do."

"Supposing I apologise without retiring?"

"That is different, but you shall cease to be my guest."

"But I shall cease to be your guest in any case; if I apologise and retire, if I apologise without retiring, if I retire without apologising. Your real position, I take it, is 'apologise or be whipped.'"

"Exactly."

"Then why this savage redundancy? Fie, fie!"

"Come, sir; the time has all but elapsed, and be assured that I shall act at once."

"Stripes are not for the free; and as for an apology, you have made that impossible by your stupid crotchet about the crab's body. Logic forbids it—for logically there has been no offence, and without an offence there can be no apology. On the whole, as it is now late, I think I will retire, without, of course, apologising. I may add that if you attempt to impede me I shall take away your life, regretting that no more artistic instrument than this supper-knife" (he took one from the table) "is available for the purpose. Salaam Aleikoum!"

He rose and began to move warily to the door, but I shouted "Stop!" in a voice of thunder, and was rushing forward to assault him (he facing round on the defensive with his supper-knife), when an unlooked-for interruption took place.

"Ulloa, guv'nor, 'ere you are! My stars! Jim, 'ere he be at last!"

The words were spoken at the threshold, and were immediately followed by the entrance of two men of somewhat shaggy appearance, and with that air and contour of garment which one associates with bailiffs, soldier-servants, detectives, and professional cricketers.

"Now then, guv'nor," exclaimed the first to enter, "'ere we've bin a-'untin', and a-prowl, and a-dorrin' of every crib in this 'ere blessed place! It is too bad; a sight too bad!"

"After your promidge, Mr. Fitkin, after your promidge!" ejaculated Number Two, reproachfully.

"Your anxiety, my friends," said Mr. Fitkin, falling into an easy attitude, and furtively pocketing the supper-knife, "is flattering, but a little embarrassing. Now let me introduce to you my friend—a-hem! a distinguished Russian officer, a field-marshal, who knew me in better days."

He winked portentously at me, and by many facial contortions implored me to play the Muscovite.

"And these are the worthy fellows, Marshal," he went on, "of whom I spoke, willing to abandon the safe routine of a mechanical existence, and become acolytes in the temple of the Beautiful; deeming themselves happy to sit at my feet, as at the feet of a Socrates or Gamaliel in art."

"Now then, sink that!" growled Number One.

"Their names are Crickles and Rook—not euphonious, but serving, perhaps, the pur-

poses of identification as well as more highly sounding cognomina."

"Stow it, will you? Stow it!" muttered Crickles between his teeth, and settling himself in his garments as if for some physical exertion.

"You see here, Marshal, an instance of intensification which is not vulgar, because it is the natural outcome of an intense, and if I may be allowed the expression, an untrammelled nature. Crickles has prodigious intensity; but I confess that his ebullitions have for me something of the ferocious grandeur and fitness which we admire in the noisy crash of the avalanche, hurtling from its parent Alp. Calm yourself, however, Thomas; allez doucement, mon brave!"

Crickles, however, declined to calm himself, and seizing Mr. Fitkin firmly by the arm, began to draw him from the saloon, observing—"We've 'ad enough of this 'ere blessed Greek and necromancy; and we'll finish it when you're snug. Come now, trot!"

"Well, Marshal," said Mr. Fitkin, smiling back at me, in the pose of Garrick between the Comic and the Tragic Muse, "well, Marshal, you see it is sometimes a sort of servitude to be too well befriended. What can I say to these neophytes? How allay, but by compliance, this craving for the immortal guest of Hippocrene." But Crickles at this juncture hustled the artist out of the place, who cried back to me in perfect good-humour, "Logical to the last! I retire without apologising. Io triumphe! but it would have been, Væ victis! if I had caught you. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"What," I said to Rook, who lingered behind, "what is the meaning of this? How am I understand it?"

"Somethink in the noospapers about a landskip done it."

"Done what?"

"Done 'im. He was tooken at Verona, and we kem out for him."

"Taken?"

"Tooken cranky. Bless my 'art, don't you see he's a lunick?"

"A lunick?"

"Yes; 'omicidal too, now and agin."

"You mean that he is a lunatic with homicidal tendencies?"

"That's his fit, sir, to the inch."

"Bless my heart! it had not occurred to me."

"Then sir, skews freedom, but you're bound to be as big a lunick as the guv'nor. Night, sir."

And he was off.





## SARAH DE BERENGER.

By JEAN INGELow.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

AMABEL and Delia were extremely happy with their girl companions; they made very fair progress under the masters provided for them. Amabel grew more beautiful, and Delia taller and more graceful, and, as is the way with youth, they both lived a good deal in the present. They ceased to want Mrs. Snaith, and they did very well without Coz. Of course the rectory was still home, and Coz was in their thoughts, and what he would think when they were reprov'd for any little acts of idleness or inattention, but Sir Samuel, now they neither heard of him nor from him, receded into the background of their minds. So did not Amias or Dick.

They did not come home for Christmas, and would have been greatly surprised if they could have known the long discussions there were between Sir Samuel, Sarah, and Felix, as to where their midsummer holidays should be spent.

Nothing concerning their parentage had been discovered. Mrs. Snaith could not be found, and there was a great wish that they should not return till something certain was known about them.

Tom de Berenger came home soon after Christmas, with his wife and another infant daughter. He had all his father's kindly, pleasant manner, and far more than his

father's love of money. He was almost a miser, and one of his first conversations with Felix was a remonstrance.

How could Felix have allowed such a lavish house to be kept at the Hall? Such servants, such waste; and never, as a clergyman, have lifted up his voice against it!

Mrs. Tom de Berenger had so completely adopted her husband's views, that she never spent a shilling where sixpence could be made to do, and all her discourse was on prudence, moderation, and economy.

Nothing in his long life had taken such effect on him as the behaviour and discourse of his son and his daughter-in-law took on Sir Samuel. He saw himself caricatured; he was exceedingly ashamed, both for himself and for them. For Tom could discuss even at table, with all earnestness, the wasteful way in which windfall apples and pears were left under the trees, and he did not hesitate to say that "there were a great many more vegetable marrows grown than could be used in the household."

Sir Samuel, though a hot-tempered man, had great self-control, and each of his sons, one after the other, had kept that virtue in full exercise. He would redden sometimes, when his daughter-in-law would strike in after Tom, and agree with melancholy emphasis; but he generally managed either to hold his tongue or to master his temper, and rally his son with tolerable equanimity. But Tom de Berenger was one of those provoking people who are almost always serious; he would try to argue the most minute points of economy with his father, not perceiving that, whether he was right or wrong, his noticing such things at all was mortifying and ridiculous. Then, when the old man was secretly fretted almost past bearing by such discussions before his servants and his guests, Tom would make him break out at last by some finishing touch, that left it hard for other auditors to keep their countenances.

There was nothing in the nature of expenditure that was not important and interesting to him—from the fires in the saddle-rooms to the wasted ends of wax-candles.

He was a good deal out of health, and that circumstance helped his father to be forbearing. He bore a great deal. John had never led him such a life as Tom did, and Tom was not half so bad as Tom's wife.

There were three nice little girls, to be sure—good, obedient children; and there was the baby, also a girl. Sometimes Sir Samuel would say something kind to their father about them. "You'll have one of the

*right sort* by-and-by, my lad." "Yes," the poor fellow would answer, with a sigh, "a man had need exercise all due economy who has such a family—four daughters already—and most likely four sons coming, or four more daughters."

They had naturally, and by Sir Samuel's own desire, taken up their abode at the Hall with him, and were all supposed to find their family reunion a great blessing and comfort, but when Parliament met, Sir Samuel went to town with a certain alacrity, though Tom was to remain in the country, London smoke not suiting his delicate chest.

Amias often dined with Sir Samuel in London. His reticence as to Tom's peculiarities could not be exceeded. He had got his only child home again; come what might, he was determined to make the best of him. Tom had no debts; he was, excepting one little foible, everything that a father could desire. How much better that he should be such as he was, than a gambler or a spendthrift! He was a family man, a model father and husband. "If I only see a grandson, I shall have all that a man can wish for in this world," Sir Samuel would often say to himself. And Amias, knowing all about his troubles when in the country, cautiously forbore to ask any awkward questions; Felix having let him know that the heir went round every day to the greenhouses and forcing-houses, to see that the gardeners did not use too much coal and coke. He was said to have poked a lump out here and there that he thought superfluous; and everybody heard this anecdote concerning him, excepting his father.

After the Easter recess, Sir Samuel came to town again, looking rather worried. He had gone through a good deal, and was very glad to find that Tom and his wife meant to go to Clifton for a few weeks. Tom had a nasty cough; his wife wanted him to try the air there, and stay with her mother.

This was all that Amias heard about the matter. He knew his uncle was in town, and meant to go and see him, but he was busy, and had not accomplished the visit, when one morning, just as he had finished his breakfast—Felix, who had come up to town for a few days, being with him—a telegram was brought in from the old uncle's head servant.

"Will you please, sir, come and see Sir Samuel? We have lost Mr. de Berenger. He died at midnight."

"Lost Mr. de Berenger!"

How terrible it seemed, when, not two

minutes previously, they had been making merry over his peculiarities ! Felix, so far as the title was concerned, and the very small portion of the property that was entailed, was the heir. Neither of them forgot that.

"I had better not see the poor old man," said Felix.

"But I shall be glad if you will come with me to the house," said Amias. "He may prefer to give directions to you."

"He never will," said Felix.

When they reached the house, Sarah and some weeping women-servants met them in the hall. They asked how the calamity had happened. "He broke a blood-vessel," she whispered, "and only lived a few hours. They fetched his father from the House to hear this awful news."

Amias felt his heart and courage sink as he turned the lock of the library door and entered it alone.

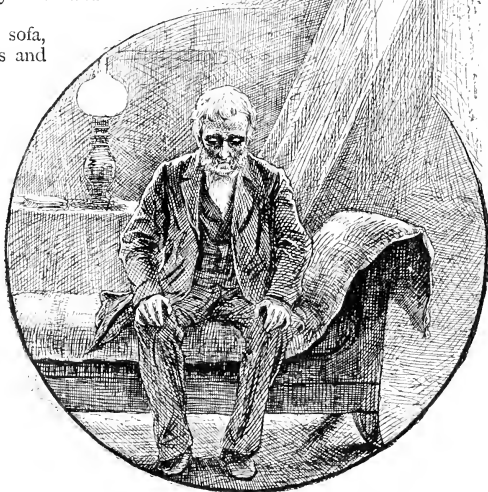
Sir Samuel was seated on a sofa, with his hands clasping his knees and his head down. One small leaf of the shutter behind him had been folded back, and a narrow beam of sunshine streamed down from the aperture ; otherwise nothing had been changed since the previous night, and a lamp was still burning on the table.

Amias sat down and had not a word to say. He felt perfectly powerless to find any consolation for such a calamity as this.

The old uncle appeared to notice his presence, for in two or three minutes he slowly lifted his head, and looking at him with a puzzled and half-stupefied air, said, "I thought you would come." Then he added, in a low, inward voice, "It was one o'clock when they fetched me home ; but"—spreading his hands about—"it was no use,—I had no son to send my answer to."

Amias was distressed for him to the point of shedding two or three compassionate tears, and they did more for the desolate old man than any words could have accomplished. At the sight of human emotion and pity he seemed to wake up from the stupor that was killing him, and, as if by imitation of another, to thaw, and be no more a statue, but a man.

He was able to weep for his lost son—his last child : but the suddenness of the blow had almost prostrated him ; his mind was confused and his speech was thick.



"And a beam of sunshine streamed down from the aperture."

"Is there anything I can do for you? Are there any arrangements that you would wish me to make?—or shall Felix make them?" asked Amias, afterwards.

"Felix may go to Clifton, and do—whatever he pleases. You must stay with me."

"You will not see Felix?"

"Certainly not. I have enough to bear without seeing him."

"He will not like to act without some instructions."

"Then I leave you two to arrange matters between you. *You* know that I shall be satisfied."

So the two cousins of this poor wiser, having leave to do what they thought fitting

for the only son and heir of the now desolate father, had his body brought home to Sir Samuel's country house, invited a number of guests, and had him buried with even more state and pomp than is usual. Considering that one of them was, in part, his heir, and that the other had been almost his rival in the old man's affections, this seemed to them to be the proper thing to do.

Amias brought the father down to attend the funeral, and Felix read the service.

"It was a grand burying," said one of the admiring crowd. "But, dear sakes! how he would have grudged the expense, poor gentleman, if he had known!"

Sir Samuel went back to his desolate home. His son's widow and her four children soon joined him, and the former made him as miserable by her jealousy of the two nephews as she had done previously by her parsimony.

"She never lets me have a quiet hour," he said to Felix; "she's always hinting that her poor children are nothing to me, compared with Amias and you."

"You might at least tell her that she has no cause for jealousy so far as I am concerned," replied Felix, in his most dispassionate manner. "But as to Amias—I think I should be jealous of Amias, if I were in her place."

"She ought not to grudge me what little comfort I have left in this world."

"Then you should not leave her in any doubt, uncle, but tell her plainly what splendid provision there is for her and her children."

"I want Amias to live in my house always when I am in London."

Then, when Felix was silent, he went on.

"You don't suppose his temperance notions would annoy *me*? Besides, I have told you before that I mean to retire if I can get a good offer for the concern. Why should I keep it up any longer—that is, if I can sell it advantageously?"

Felix being still silent, he said, with irritation, "But you understand nothing of business, nephew parson."

"I can fully understand that, at your age, and with your considerable wealth, it must be best for you to retire."

He then inquired about Amabel and Delia.

Felix confessed that he could not decide where to take them for their midsummer holidays, but that he did not mean to be parted from them during that time.

Sir Samuel replied that Mrs. de Berenger wanted to take her children to the sea; and as his affliction had been so recent there

would be no visitors at his house; therefore the whole party, including Amias and Dick, had better come and stay with him.

If Mrs. de Berenger was to be absent, Felix felt that the girls would be safe from risk of hearing anything that he wished to shield them from. She was the only person likely to speak. But he did not care to leave his own home, though he promised to bring the girls frequently to see—"to see their kind old friend," he concluded, after a pause.

In the meantime the poor mother of these loved and admired creatures tried hard to bear her life without them. It was strange, she thought, that she should have so deeply loved her husband when he was unkind, debased, and unworthy, and yet that she could not love him now, when he was trying so strenuously to do well, when he loved her, was proud of her, and wished nothing more than to work for her and make her comfortable. She tried, with tolerable success, to hide her dislike. She never said a bitter thing, and would sit for hours patiently sewing, and never once asking him to leave off singing those hymns that she knew were intended for her pleasure and edification. She cooked his meals punctually, she kept his clothing clean and whole, but when he went out on his temperance errands she would drop her work on her knees and think, and the tears would steal down her cheeks unaware. And her conscience sometimes disturbed her; her sense of duty sometimes appeared to pull her two different ways. Had she truly been kind to her darlings? What if, after all, they should discover what she had done? Oh, how far more bitter it would be for them, than it could have been to have grown up aware of their father's disgrace! And yet what happy, peaceful lives she had bought for them, and paid for these with the best years of her own—with the effacement of her own prospects. She had lost them for herself, but won them to such a far better lot that they could well dispense with her. She had procured for them such good teaching that she was far ever their inferior. She had robbed herself of their love, but she would rather rue the loss of it than that they should want for anything.

It was Uziah's reformation that turned all her axioms into doubt; he never said any bad words now. If she had kept her daughters in their own rank of life they might have come back to him, and learned no evil in their humble home. And he would have been pleased with them; he must have loved

them. Yes, but she felt that this need not trouble her. He did well enough without them; never had seen one, nor cared for the other. She need not think of him. The children were hers, and she humbly prayed every day that she might be forgiven for the concealment she had practised, in giving up everything for their sake.

Uzziah was not very observant. He was satisfied when she would talk, and did not notice how she always drew him away from personal matters—from his expressions of pleasure at her presence, pride in her appearance, or love for her person; and was willing to hear him enlarge on his speeches of all the "temperance gentlemen" who patronized him, and the good he hoped he was doing.

Sometimes the sudden utterance of a familiar name would make her turn white to the lips.

"He's a rare one," Uzziah exclaimed one night, speaking of Amias; "he does know how to lay about him!"

She trembled on hearing this, but dared say no more than, "Oh, he do? Well, I've heard you say so before."

"Now, his brother," continued Uzziah, "I really don't know what to make of him. I really don't."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Well, he doesn't seem to know how to hit the right nail on the head. Mr. Amias is all downright and straightforward. He's against the publicans and against the brewers, and more than all against the distillers. But his brother—what's his name, again? Not Stephen, I know, but something like it. His brother's notion seems to be to hit out pretty generally all round. He seems to think we're all to blame. My word, he made me feel, though I am temperance lecturing, as if he said to me, 'Thou art the man.'"

"He can't well make out that you encourage folks to drink, nor to sell drink, nor to make drink," observed Mrs. Dill, who was willing to hear anything Uzziah might have to say about her children's guardian.

"Well, my dear, in a manner of speaking, he does. A good many of the chief sympathizers were aggravated with him for that, as I could see last night. 'What's the good of our denying ourselves everything for this cause,' says one of them to me, 'if we're to be treated like this?' I took particular notice of what Mr. de Berenger said, because I thought, so far as there seemed to be anything in the argument, I would use it. But it was nothing of an argument at all. He

says the world is ruled by opinion, and that so long as folks—a good many of them—are ashamed of their opinions, then their opinions cannot spread as they should do. He says it is the Spirit of God under whom the conscience of the world grows, and it is often those who conceal themselves that they have the most light that are most full of doubt, and so keep that great conscience back from its expansion. 'If you pretend to be candid,' said he, 'and if you say that the vast body of men who get their living by this traffic can never be expected to give it up—you, too, who believe yourselves to be on God's side—you are in an awful case; you are fighting against Him. How dare you think,' says he, 'that such and such improvements are not to be expected? Who taught you that they were needed? Their guilt is small, whose covetousness urges them on to sell this poison, compared with yours, who are ashamed to believe and confess that the Spirit of God is moving yet on the dark face of the waters.'"

"Then," said Mrs. Dill—for he paused here, and she wanted to continue talking of her late master—"I expect, if we are to prepare for the time when no more spirits at all to speak of are to be drunk, there must be hobs made to every grate, for keeping the teapots warm."

"Not so," replied Uzziah; "for, my dear, if you'll believe me, the doctors want to take a good part of our tea from us too."

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Dill. "Well, I wonder what next?"

"Well, they say that tea—so much as many of us drink—makes folks to have shaking hands; they say there's no nourishment in it worth naming, and we ought to drink either pure water, or cocoa, or good milk."

"The land that grows barley and hops won't be enough, then," she remarked, "to lay down in grass for the cows that are to yield the milk."

"Not it. I said so to Mr. de Berenger, after the meeting."

"I expect you had him there," observed the wife.

"No. What do you think he made for answer? Why, that water was one of the most nourishing drinks a man could take, and very fattening too!"

"My word!" exclaimed Mrs. Dill, quite surprised, and looking up with a soft colour in her cheeks, which had been brought there by the pleasant excitement of this talk concerning one who was so near to her darlings.

"He did indeed, my dear, and Mr. Amias

backed him. But if it ain't a liberty to say it, I think for once he was mighty glad to step down from the platform when our lecture was over; for if ever there were two pretty young ladies in this world, Mr. de Berenger brought those two with him, and set them down beside an old lady with long curls, right in front of the platform. And I think one of those two made the temperance cause seem to Mr. Amias as if he wished it was further."

"Oh, my beauties, my dears!" thought the mother. "How near I was to going with your poor father to that lecture; and to think now that I should thank God I kept away and did not see you!"

#### CHAPTER XXX.

"WHEN God gives," said Uziah, "He gives with both hands. He has given me pardon for my crimes, He has given me back my wife (ten times better than she was before), and now this child."

Uziah took up the baby as he spoke, and the little fellow opened his dark eyes and spread out his two-days-old hands.

The doctor left the chamber, but not without an involuntary elevation of the eyebrows, and a scrutinising glance at this man.

"My dear," said Hannah Dill, as the door was quietly shut, "you have no call to use that word. It worry me more than I can tell to hear you do it."

"What's for ever in a man's mind must come out now and then," he answered.

Her white lips trembled slightly; and, a different husband altogether from his former self, he immediately apologized. He promised to use more circumspection. Then, mindful of her late danger, he began to employ some of the kindly flattery that a new-made mother loves best to hear, admiring the infant.

"Did anybody ever see such big dark eyes?—for all the world like yours, my dear. I hope, please God, he will be like you. A very pretty boy, to be sure; and what a weight on my arm already!"

"Yes," said the feeble mother, turning her head on her pillow, "he is a very fine babe to look to."

"I shall be as proud as ever was of the little chap," continued Uziah, laying him down beside her with a smile of real affection; "it's what I've been wanting this long time, though I scarce knew it—a child of my own. Ever since I had you again I felt I could not be easy; as if it hurt me to see you in the house all alone."

"Did you feel to want those that are gone?" asked the mother, with a certain pang. She was beginning to do more than tolerate her poor husband, and the notion of his having yearned for the children she had taken from him gave her keen pain.

"Well, I did; but there are things you know as we agreed never to speak on."

"Ay," answered the wife, "but you may say what you have in your mind this once." She thought this addition to her punishment for having made them happy at her own expense, was a bitterness that she must not shrink from as regarded these lost treasures, and she listened when he said—

"My dear, you would have been all the mother to them. I should like to have seen it. And there ain't a doubt but what they'd have been great blessings to us, and I should soon have got very fond of them."

She looked at him with pity, almost with fear.

"Only," he continued, "they would have known."

"They must ha' known," she answered, sighing.

"Ay."

"Don't you think, then, Uziah, 'tis best as it is?"

"'Tis best as God willed it," he answered seriously.

"Ay; but that's not what I meant," she cried piteously. "The only time we spoke on these, you said, 'They're well off.'"

"We know they are, Hannah."

She assented with hysterical tears. "Ay, I know my blessings, my dears are better off than ever they could be with me. Let me hear you say that you do not wish we had them again."

"I could not exactly say that, my dear; for since I knew this little fellow was coming, I have many times dreamed that I was in quod again, and that I saw that other little one with flaxen hair—a pretty creature!—trotting about on the floor. Considering what a bad father I made her, you'll think that was strange. Little Ammy—why, she would have been very nigh seventeen year old by this time." Seeing that she was unable to restrain her tears, he added, "Don't fret, my dear; we have talked about her again for once and for all, for you see it has been once too often."

"Ay, it's more than I can bear. God forgive me!" replied the mother.

Uziah, mistaking her meaning, continued, "So now let them sleep in the bosom of the Son of God; you shall have them again."

And meanwhile get well so fast as you may, for the sake of this new blessing."

He presently went out, and Hannah Dill turned her head, and looked with yearning pity and love at her new-born child. An inheritance of shame was his. He was to know from the first that his poor father had been a disgrace to him. But yet in his case there could be nothing to conceal; he would sit upon the knee of this man, his poor father, and get used to him—would like to drink out of his cup, and be carried on his shoulder. He would not shrink then from him. No; but perhaps he would be not the less dragged down, but the more, for that. What would a father mean in his mind? Why, somebody who was good now, but had been wicked. A father was an ex-convict, the kindest man he knew; the only one, perhaps, who was fond of him.

Must he, then, be told so young? Yes; or else it must be concealed from him till accident or necessity made him aware of it, and then he must stand the shock as best he could.

"You're not to play at getting drunk," said a poor mother to her little five-year-old boy.

"Father used to drink."

"Ay; but poor father never drinks now. He never rolls about, he never strikes Dicky now. Father's kind, father's good."

"And Dicky means to be good," said the child; "but Dicky must get drunk first, and have larks too, just as father did."

Dicky was far too young to be reasoned with, and he had something more than knowledge already. He had experience; limited certainly, but disastrous, for it showed him that a man was a creature who ought to be good in the end, but must be expected to play with evil first—go down into the mire, in fact, and there remain, until he had sufficiently disported himself.

Hannah Dill, though her husband had loved her and trusted her, and found in her his whole delight and comfort since he had got her back, was by no means at peace; she knew that the burglary he had been tried for was not the only crime he had on his conscience. She had got used to fear on his account; every unexpected knock at her humble door startled her. He had himself from time to time fits of depression, when something, she knew not what, but guessed to be the memory of a crime, would seem to fall on him like a blight; and then, whatever he was doing, he would rise and go to shut himself up in a little empty attic that they

rented, and there she would hear his inarticulate crying to God, and sometimes his groans and sighs. She would sometimes steal upstairs after him and listen, but she was too much awed to call to him. Though he had risen into an atmosphere in which she could not breathe, it had been from a deep that she had not sounded.

One evening, however, when the child was about four months old, an incident, small in itself, added greatly to her feeling of insecurity. She was nursing him, in the presence of his father, when a sudden noise seemed to startle the infant, and he turned his dark eyes with an evident expression of apprehension.

"Bless the babe!" she exclaimed; "how intelligent he do look now and then!"

"He is the very moral of you," replied Uzziah, "when he looks round in that sort of way."

"Do I have a startled, frightened look, then?" she answered, and immediately repented her words, for Uzziah became extremely pale; and, looking down at her babe, she seemed to see in his little face something like an inherited expression. As she had beheld the reflection of their father's yearning wistfulness in the faces of his sisters, she thought now she could trace the thought of her own heart in the eyes of this child.

She continued to look down on the little head, for she could not meet her husband's eyes. She heard him sob, and then he fell on his knees. "O God, it was a sin—it was a sin!" he muttered. "O God, forgive me—I took her back!"

"You did not wish to take me back!" she replied, still without looking at him. "You know we both of us wished we might part that night when we prayed as we knelt asunder on the common."

"Ay, but the next morning, and while the storm went on, and when I knew how miserable you were along of coming back to me, I seemed to be urged many times to let you go. And it was too hard."

She answered with quiet moderation, "But you cannot help but know that now I have this babe at my breast, I cannot wish what I might have done if God had not sent him.—He will never be a disgrace to us, Uzziah," she presently added, in a still kinder tone. "I have heard you pray nights for him, so deep and so hearty, as people cannot pray, I am certain, unless God has answered already in heaven. No, the poor lamb, God bless him! will never be a disgrace to any one."

"But I shall be a disgrace to him," cried



"She thought she could trace the thought of her heart in the eyes of the child."

the father, almost grovelling on the floor. "I shall enter in ; but, oh ! it will be through a bitter death, for I shall die as—as I should do."

"Who told you so?" she answered, white to the lips ; and then she added more faintly, "And what death do you mean?" But she knew.

He lifted himself slightly till he could lay his arms on the seat of the wooden chair, then with his face resting upon them, "Who told me so?" he repeated. "The same voice in my soul that told me of my pardon. I am always told so. The Gospel saves, I thank my God, but the law must take its course—and it will."

"Oh ! I fare very faint," cried the poor woman, and a strange fluttering in her heart and in her throat appeared almost to suffocate her ; but when she fell back in her chair, and he, starting up, brought her some water and seemed as if he would take the child from her, she cried out, though faintly, "No, no ; let him be. I shall not drop him. No."

"I'm not to touch him?" asked Uzziah.

"No."

She struggled with herself and sat upright, though still deadly pale. The poor man was sitting opposite to her, looking more haggard and melancholy than usual.

"Uzziah," she said, "I wish to say some—"



thing to you, as soon as I fare able to get out my words."

He waited some minutes, while she wiped away a few heart-sick tears, and gathered her child again to her breast.

"I wished to say," she sighed at last, "as I've noticed something in you lately that's much in your favour."

Her manner was cold, though perfectly gentle. He made no reply.

"I've noticed that you're much more humble lately—more abased before God, and quiet. I believe God have forgiven you. But this babe"—then she paused, as if irresolute; and suddenly, with passionate anguish, went on—"if God does indeed hear your prayers, I, that am his mother, beg you—I that almost died to give him birth, and that love him more than any mortal thing—I beg you to pray God to take him from me, and to leave me desolate—soon. Pray that he may be taken soon."

"You must not talk like that," answered Uzziah, with frightened eyes.

"Yes, I will. O Jesus, take him!"

"Listen to me, Hannah. I don't know how it was I came to speak so plainly, but, whatever it may cost me, if you will, I'll now let you go your ways, and take him with you."

"No. Whatever happens, I must be nigh, that I may know it. It would seem to come to pass every day if I was from you."

"There have been times, Hannah, when I've thought it might be my duty to confess it."

She shuddered.

"Oh, I don't mean to *you*, my poor wife."

"It could never be your duty," she answered, almost calmly, "unless somebody else was suspected—that he had done the deed, and not you."

"That is what I have come to think."

"Reach me down my bonnet, Uzziah. I shall suffocate unless I get out into the air."

"You cannot carry the babe, Hannah," said her husband, when her bonnet was on, and she was drawing her woollen shawl over her shoulders and the infant's head.

"Yes, I can."

"It's ten o'clock at night."

"I know it is."

"Hannah, if you mean to go for good, you'll give me a kiss first—won't you, Hannah?"

She turned and looked at him as she stood in the doorway. Her intentions came like a flash, and changed so roughly that they seemed to tear her heart to pieces—as a

stormy sea tears the trembling strand; her intention had come, and it was gone—for how could she kiss him?

She stood with her white face intent on his white face, and she stared into his eyes. "I am coming back," she said huskily. "Only let me go out, if only for a moment."

"I shall not follow you, Hannah. And you may be sure that I believe you are coming back."

"Why?"

"Because, if I thought the other thing, it would be I that should go out. Would I leave my wife and babe to flee away at this time o' night? Hannah, sit you down in the rocking-chair, and I'll go, and never come near you but once a week, just to bring you what money I've earned. I'll go now. Only say you forgive me, and let me have a kiss of you and the child."

"Forgive you for what?"

"For taking you back."

"I thought at the time it were right I should come back, and I cannot think now —" Then she looked at him again—at his face, and at his hands—and knew she could not give the desired kiss; so she repeated, "And I mean to come back."

He opened the door. The night was still and dark, but quite clear. She longed for light, and wanted to see movement. The little tenement she and her husband rented was a lean-to against some warehouses belonging to a great Manchester manufacturer; the alley, of which it formed one whole side, being faced by another warehouse, was perfectly silent and deserted at that time of night.

She went out down the alley, and soon found herself in a well-lighted street, full of shops, and, as she walked, was suddenly startled out of her deep reverie by finding herself near a great concert-room, in which a temperance lecture had lately been held, and which she had attended. There had been a concert in it that night, which was just over; the people were streaming out, and calling for their carriages. She shrank back again, and passed from among some women, who were admiring the ladies' dresses and commenting on their appearance. There was some mistake, as there so often is. Some of the people were waiting by one door, while their carriages were at another. The shutters of a shop close to her were put up, and she leaned against them for support, while the noise made by the footmen and cabmen served in some sort to distract her from her importunate sense of misery and suffering and

fear. Then, striking full on her ears, and rousing her at once to keen attention, came a name that she knew.

"Sir Samuel de Berenger's carriage stops the way." And there it was. She knew the footman, she knew the coachman, and she turned her faded eyes to mark who would enter. But no, the intended occupants did not appear, and when it had stood for ten short moments allotted to it, the police made it pass on and give way to another.

"It's a chance missed," she murmured faintly. "I'd rather have seen even Sir Samuel than nobody that belonged to *them* at all;" and as she turned, and there were more carriages, and there was more shouting—"Come on, come on!" cried a voice close at her elbow; "I see the carriage. Keep it in view, and I'll bring out the girls, or we may wait here till midnight."

Dick de Berenger!—and the person to whom he had spoken was Amias. She stood as if fascinated, till some one brushed her elbow—a lady, who wore the hood of her opera cloak over her head. She was dressed in white, and before the poor woman could take her dazzled eyes off her, and notice that Felix had her on his arm, another lady passed on the other side, and a little laugh assured her that it was her Delia.

"Hold your shawl well over you," cried Dick; "you'll not catch cold."

The mother followed, irresistibly drawn on.

"Oh, no!" answered Delia. "As if I ever caught cold!"

"Amabel touched my babe's head," murmured the mother, "and my shoulder." She looked down. Yes, there was proof of it: two or three petals from an overblown rose in Amabel's bouquet had fallen on her shawl and were resting on the head of the child.

The mother felt a strange sense of warmth and joy as she pressed on. She could still see the carriage, and the two white figures were being quickly conducted after it. She did not dare to come very near, but she saw them both enter, and heard them speak while gathering up the fallen leaves from her shawl, as if they had been drifts from paradise.

Dick and Amias followed them in, and the carriage proceeded.

"He often talks of a particular providence," she murmured, as she lost sight of it, and mused on the little scene. They had rather enjoyed their pursuit of the carriage. They had white shoes on their pretty feet. Delia was holding up her gown with a little ungloved hand. Their mother soothed her anguish with thinking how lovely and bloom-

ing they had appeared, and how easy and careless. Three gentlemen to take care of them!

"It's a particular providence," she murmured. "The Lord thought upon my trouble, and has sent me a sweet drop of comfort this night."

She turned. A man was standing so close behind her that they could not but look one another in the face, and a glance of keen surprise darted into his. It was Mr. de Berenger.

For an instant his astonishment daunted her, but her homely dignity came to her aid. "I hope I see you well, sir," she said quietly. Then, glancing down at her babe, "Many things have taken place since I left your service." She manifestly meant to call his attention to her child.

"It is Mrs. Snaith, I see," he answered. "We meet very unexpectedly."

"Yes, sir. I once told you something of how I was circumstanced. My poor husband——"

"I remember," exclaimed Felix, suddenly losing his air of disturbed astonishment.

"Yes, sir, it was all at once my duty to join him—nearly a year ago, sir, you know." Then, when he was silent, she added, "I did not come here with any thought of seeing the young ladies."

Tears dazzled her eyes and dropped on her cheeks; she knew not what more to say, and he said nothing. She was about to move away, when he stopped her, putting out his hand.

"I need not ask whether you have suffered," he said, "your countenance shows it too plainly. My poor friend!"

"I have, sir," she answered.

"Is the man good to you?"

"Oh, yes, sir! It is not that."

"And you seem to have a fine healthy child," he remarked, as if he would find somewhat on which to say a few comforting words.

She looked down on the little fellow, who, now awake, was lying on her arm, staring at the gas-lamp with clear, contented eyes. "Ay, sir," she answered; "but I pray the Lord to take him from me. Bless him!" she continued, looking at him with all a mother's love. "His mother would pray him into heaven this night if she could, and not grudge the breaking of her own heart, to save him what he will find out if he lives long enough."

She began to move on, and Felix walked beside her, apparently too much shocked to

answer ; but when she turned from the great thoroughfare he stopped her again.

"Listen to me, Mrs. Snaith," he said. "You have often thought of the time when you lived with me, of course?"

"Yes, sir; it's all the joy I have, to think on it."

"Do you believe that I would do anything for you that I could?"

"Yes. I don't know another such gentleman."

"Well, then, tell me. Is there anything?"

"Yes, sir, there is," she murmured, after a pause; "but it's not what you might expect."

"I don't understand you."

"It's almost strange, considering all things, that I have never met you nor Mr. Amias when I have been along with my poor, wretched husband. You might do me—oh, the greatest favour and kindness a poor creature could ask—if ever you should——"

"If ever I should see you with him?" asked Felix, stopped by his surprise, as she was by her earnestness.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, what is it, Mrs. Snaith?" he exclaimed, gazing at her in more astonishment than ever.

"To make as if you knew nothing about me, and had never seen me in your life before."

"Are you so much afraid of him?"

She made no answer.

"Give me a moment to think."

She walked before him, silent.

He repeated her words aloud to himself.

"To make as though I knew nothing about her, and had never seen her in my life before." Then, after another pause, "Well, Mrs. Snaith, you can only be asking me this as a protection to yourself. I promise you."

"Thank you, sir. And Mr. Amias—I should be very deeply obliged to you if you would tell all this to him."

"How should we ever see you with the man?" exclaimed Felix.

"But if you do, sir?"

"Yes—well, I will do it. Mr. Amias shall know. But is there nothing else, that seems more reasonable, that I can help you in?"

"No, sir, thank you kindly. I do not want for money. Sir, will you let me wish you good-night? I am later than I meant to be."

"But, my friend," said Felix, "you left

us in a hurry, and my uncle, Sir Samuel, would now gladly give you a handsome sum for information as to the parentage of the two girls."

"Sir, I always say alike. They have no claim on him whatever. I trust you'll let me go."

"No claim?"

"No, sir, none."

Felix put out his hand. "God bless you, my poor friend, and comfort you!" he said. Then he turned back the same way they had come, that she might see he had no thought of finding out whither she was going.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

It was nearly midnight when Hannah Dill came up the alley toward her humble home, and noticed with alarm a small group of people standing outside the window, and apparently glancing into it. She could see, as she advanced, that a candle was burning inside, and she was struck by the silence of the people, till, just as she joined them, one man whispered to the other, "To think of it!" "Well, I'll always believe there's real saints in the world from this time forward," answered his fellow; and making way for her as she came straight up to the window, they all quietly passed on. Uzziah was kneeling on the floor, with his hands clasped and his eyes upraised. She could only see the side of his face, but, remembering how they two had parted, she was astonished both at the utterly absorbed expression and the depth of its calm.

"He is not crying to God now," she murmured, half aloud; "he is thinking on Him. I have seen him do that before. Art a murderer, my poor wretched husband, or art a saint? Can a man be both one and the other? It's past my knowledge to give an answer to that. But the Lord have mercy on thee and on me, and take our innocent child to Himself!"

She tapped lightly at the door, and Uzziah, with perfect calmness, rose and opened it to her. He looked at her fixedly, as if he expected her to say something decisive, something important to him; but her strength was spent, and her spirits had fallen again. She went forward, sat down on the rocking-chair, and laying her babe down on her knees, looked at him and said, "Have you done as I told you? Have you prayed for the death of the child?"

"I seemed to have no power to do it. My prayer had no wings; it would not ascend."

She sat many minutes silent. Then she said, "Aren't you afraid you're making yourself too conspicuous—more easy to find—lecturing and spreading your name about as you do?"

"I have left all that to my patient Judge. I must work now while it is day; when the bitter call comes I must kiss the rod, and be ready."

"I have thought sometimes, since I've been out, that I may have made a blessed mistake, and the thing was not so black as I feared. Don't name it to me, but if it was not the darkest deed a man can do, say so."

"It was, in the eyes of the law."

"What do you mean by that?"

"They made me drunk first, Hannah. I was three-parts drunk when—I did it——"

"You cannot say, then, what I wanted to hear you say?"

"No."

"You had better take the poor babe, then."

Her arms dropped at her side, and her head sank. Uzziah was only just in time to save the child, when she fell forward, and all his efforts could not save her from a fall and a heavy blow.

Some very bitter and anxious weeks followed. Hannah Dill, lying on her bed, took little notice of



her husband, or even of her child. She scarcely seemed to care what became of her. She had no heart to recover herself, and her wasted features, faded eyes, and feeble pulse showed how much she suffered.

"The wages of sin." She was linked with the sinner, and those wages had been paid out also to her. She felt more than the fear that he suffered, for he had gone forth to meet the Avenger—had lain at his feet, and craved his pardon; but the more fully he was able to believe that pardon had been granted, the surer he always felt that in this world his sin was to find him out.

But now the despair of this woman, whom he deeply loved, was too much for him. She dreaded him; she could not bear him to touch her or her child. He knew this, and knew how she tried to hide it. She perfectly acknowledged to herself that he was a changed character; but though she could command her countenance as to expression, she could not as to hue, and when he approached, or when he accosted her, she would often turn white, even to the lips.

Uzziah felt as if he had not known suffering, or even remorse, before. It was only for a short time that such a man as he could taste of love and joy and domestic peace; they were all gone. He saw himself, as it were, with his wife's eyes, and knew how vile he was. He perceived that the opinion of his fellow-creatures was more to him than that of the just and holy God.

It was past midnight, about six weeks after Hannah Dill's brief sight of her children, when, coming home once from a dinner party, Amias de Berenger let himself into his own chambers with a latch key. The fire, in a comfortable room very much cumbered with books, had been made up for him, and a reading-lamp was burning near it on a small table.

There were book-cases ranged about his walls, and there were red curtains let down before the windows. The sound of passing vehicles was heard, as well as the general murmur made by the multitudinous noises of London. But as Amias sat, with his feet on the fender, a slight tap roused his attention, and it was repeated several times. He threw up the window and looked out. A man at the same moment had withdrawn from the door and was looking up. He shrank back when the light fell on his face, but Amias saw that it was his "inspired cobbler," his favourite temperance lecturer, and, wondering what the man could want

at that time of night, he went down and let him in.

"You want to speak to me?" he asked, as he shut the door of his sitting-room, and moved to Uzziah to sit down.

The "inspired cobbler" made no answer. His face was pale; he looked inexpressibly forlorn. In his best black clothes, Amias had always seen him looking the picture of neatness, as if he had the ambition to hope that he might be taken for a third-rate dissenting minister. Now his hair was wild, his dress disordered, his face pale. He shivered, and as he spread out his hands to the fire, Amias noticed that they were blue with cold, and that his breath came with a series of involuntary sighs.

"Well," exclaimed Amias, when he did not speak, "what is it, man?"

"Sir, I can't speak at your lecture to-morrow."

"You should have let me know before, Mr. Dill. And why cannot you?"

"There's two reasons," answered Uzziah, uttering the words with difficulty, as if his sighs almost suffocated him; "and they're both of them as bad as they well can be."

"Indeed! I fear you mean more than you say."

"I mean, first, that I've got down into the slough again. I did not think it could be; but I've fallen. God forgive me! I presumed; I was too sure of myself; and the drink (I was very miserable)—and the drink (I'd been a long way, and had nothing, and was faint)—and the drink was at every street-corner. I passed fifty public-houses, and counted them aloud to keep myself out, but at the fifty-first I went in; and I reeled home, sir, as drunk as ever."

"I am truly sorry for you," was all Amias said.

"Oh, sir, and it took so little to overcome me. I went home to my poor wife; and now the thirst and the longing for it are upon me, and I shall do it again."

"No," answered Amias; "this will go off; you must not despond. But how came you to be so imprudent as to walk till you were faint? And what misfortune has made you miserable?" he continued, calling Uzziah's words to mind.

"Oh, I am a miserable man!" was all the reply his "inspired cobbler" made; and he sank upon his knees before the fire, and covered his face with his hands.

"I am truly sorry for you, Dill," repeated Amias, very much shocked. "But the worst thing you can do is to talk in this despairing

way. Pluck up courage; be a man. Come, I'll give you something to eat at once; and I'll see you safe into your own home. But I am afraid—yes, I am afraid you cannot speak any more at these meetings,—at least, for a time."

"I cannot eat," answered Uziah; "but you are good, sir, to say you'll walk home with me. I'm in such mortal fear that I shall be drawn into those mantraps again; they catch body and soul. My head never would stand the half of what another man can take," he moaned. "Oh, why did I do it!—But I know: I longed for it; I kept muttering to myself as I came to you this night, 'Oh for one drop—oh that I could have one drop!' I longed for it more than for the air I breathe."

"Did this come upon you all on a sudden?" asked Amias.

"It came on same time as all the rest of the misery."

"What misery?" asked Amias.

Uziah started up, seeming to recollect himself; he sat down again, and looked at Amias as if he was trying to collect his thoughts.

"It would not be safe to tell you," he said; and instantly seemed to feel that to have said even that was far too much.

Amias drew his chair slightly farther off.

"Yes, sir," said the cobbler, as if answering his thought; "I'm no worse than I always have been since long before the day you first saw me. But you have no call to demean yourself to sit so near. It's more than my wife will do. I thought God, that knew all, had forgiven me; but now it's all dark.—O God, Thou hast taken me up and cast me down."

"You must not despair of the goodness of God. He knows the great temptation the constant sight and smell of drink is to such as you. You will recover yourself soon, I hope, and even, perhaps, may be allowed to speak again in public."

Amias said this because he knew what joy and honour it always seemed to the cobbler to stand forth and utter his testimony. He had a ready flow of words, many anecdotes at his command, and took a simple and harmless pride in his own popularity.

Uziah shook his head. "My wife says no to that," he answered, sighing; "she says it would be tempting providence."

Amias again offered him food, and when he would not take it, renewed the offer of walking home with him; and the two men set forth together, Amias feeling sufficient

distrust and dislike of his companion to keep him very silent. But what was his astonishment when, having conducted the poor man to his own door, he knocked, determining to see him enter it before he left him, and it was opened by his brother's old servant, Mrs. Snaith—yes, Mrs. Snaith—evidently the mistress of that humble home, and she had a baby in her arms.

He was on the point of addressing her, when he remembered his brother's account of the interview he had lately had with her, and how she had begged that, if either of them met her with her husband, he would not recognise her.

She looked aghast, but almost instantly recovered herself. He checked himself just in time, and as Uziah passed in, said, as if to a stranger, "Your poor husband has been with me to-night, Mrs. Dill, and I have walked home with him. I am very sorry for him, but I am full of hope that this will soon pass off."

"Will you come in, sir?" answered Mrs. Dill, with entreating eyes.

Amias entered, and Uziah Dill went straight up-stairs, shutting the staircase door behind him.

Mrs. Dill, who had not moved nor spoken again, was standing with the candle in her hand listening, and her head slightly raised. She now set it down on the small deal table. "He will not come down any more, poor man," she said, almost in a whisper; "he has shut himself in for the night, but whether to pray or to sleep I cannot say. He never seems to have a moment's ease of mind now."

"It is a piteous sight to see his repentance," Amias answered; "but, Mrs. Snaith——"

"Mrs. Dill, sir."

"Yes—Mrs. Dill. You must not let him get morbid; I mean that you should encourage him. He ought not to think that such a fault is past reprieve."

"What fault, sir?" asked Mrs. Dill, with a certain air of fluttered distress. "Oh yes, sir—yes, sir; he was overcome by temptation, and he fell." She trembled now, and looked so faint and frightened, that Amias could not answer at once, he was too much surprised; but when she repeated, "Overcome by temptation, and he fell—that was what you meant," he at once perceived that both husband and wife had more on their minds than a mere drunken fit, and he again experienced the strange revulsion against this man which had impelled him to draw

away his chair. He did not like to hear his footsteps overhead.

"Mrs. Dill," he said, leaning towards her as he sat, and speaking in a whisper, "I have thought of that poor man, your husband——"

"Yes, sir; my husband."

"Well, I have thought of him as a saint."

"And so have I, Mr. Amias."

"But you are very much in fear of him?"

"I believe he is a saint, sir."

"I think you ought to answer me. Are you in bodily fear of him?"

"No, sir, I am not. He is perfectly gentle, and a pious Christian, poor creature, when he is sober, and I trust in the mercy of God that he will not drink again. He and I have kneeled down together, and begged and prayed the Lord that he never might so fall again; and I do believe, sir, that we are heard."

"And yet, Mrs. Dill, when you opened the door, if ever I saw a woman's face express mortal fear, yours was that face."

Mrs. Dill said nothing.

"It is only a few days, is it, since this took place—since he got drunk?"

"Only a few days."

Amias pondered, and at last said, "I do not like to leave a person whom I have long known and respected in any danger, or in such a state of terror as I found you."

"I was afraid, sir, when I heard the knock, for how should I know that it was you?"

Amias looked at her; the words "You are afraid *for* him, then, not *of* him?" were almost on his lips, but he spared her.

"I don't fare to regard a few pangs of fright, more or less," she presently added, "my life, sir, is so full of misery; but when I saw Mr. de Berenger, and now that I see you, I know what a wide gulf there is betwixt me and that happy life I led, when I went in and out without fear, and lived so quiet and respectable, all comforts about me, and answered the door without any alarm, and—waited on my dear young ladies."

She could not possibly forbear to speak of her children, so sore was her longing to hear of their welfare. Amias, who took her mention of them chiefly as a proof, among others, of her regrets for her old occupation and the old place, felt as if desire to talk of them was all his own. A glow came into his dark cheek and a flash into his eyes. It became evident to him that he ought to indulge himself—their old nurse naturally wished to hear about them—and almost with

reverence the lover allowed himself the delightful privilege of uttering Amabel's name.

He was fully occupied now with his own feelings, or he could not have failed to notice how the waxen pallor of the nurse's face gave way to rose colour, and how her expression became first peaceful, then almost rapturous. She turned her eyes away from him, and scarcely asked a question, and she also was too full of her own feelings to notice his.

She tried to keep her gladness moderate, and to hear of their welfare, improvement, and beauty with as much seeming calm as he tried to give to his words in telling of them. If a third person had been present this attempt would, on both sides, have been equally vain. Amias ended with, "And I often hear them speak of their dear old nurse, and wish they had her again."

Then the nurse lifted up her hand and looked up. "Bless their sweet hearts!" she said, with impassioned tenderness. "I love them, but I pray the Lord in His great mercy to keep them and me always apart."

Amias was very much struck by this speech, and by her earnestness. "I was almost thinking, Mrs. Snaith, that I could, perhaps, bring them to see you," he exclaimed.

"This is no place for them to come to," she interrupted.

"And you do not wish to see your young ladies?"

"No, sir; I pray you to keep them away."

The clock of a neighbouring church struck one. Amias rose.

"Some things you say make me very uneasy," he began.

"Sir, you have no call to be afraid for me," she repeated, interrupting him again.

"Do you know my address?"

"Yes, sir."

"If ever you should want help, come, or write to me."

"I will, and I am truly thankful for your kindness; but I want nothing so much as this, that, if we meet, you should make as if you did not know me."

"I shall remember."

"And I would fain, if I might, send my love to my dear young ladies."

Her love, which she was so desirous not to reveal, so as to excite his suspicions, and his love, which, unless he kept it hidden, got the mastery over his calm, made them both so self-conscious and restrained, that again neither could notice the other, and Amabel's

mother and her lover parted strangers, in spite of what might have been so mighty a link between them.

Hannah Dill had at last recovered her health, and begun to take in hand her husband's affairs. He had lost energy and hope since he had again fallen under the influence of drink, but after he had seemed to become like himself, and had begun to eat and to work again, he was a second time drawn into a gin-palace, and then, when the next day he was lying in despair on his bed, racked with headache, and almost beside himself with remorse, she came up to him and deliberately

him no harm; he was accustomed to the companionship of accusing thoughts and wretched memories. She took these things into account, and did not let them influence her; but there was one thing she did not take into account, and this was his strong, absorbing love for herself.

She brought him his meals, she swept out his room, she took care that he had candle-light, and all such comforts as their slender means would permit; but when she had done all such obvious tasks she did not sit with him, or linger to chat, or bring the child and lay it on its father's bed while she worked.

No, nothing of this kind; when she had waited on him she went down again.

Uzziah felt this, and he found nothing to say. Every day he thought he must and would open a conversation with her, if it was only to ask a few harmless, commonplace questions, such as, "Have you been to the shop, Hannah? Well, sit you down and tell me about it." "Got the baby a new hat, did you? Bring up the little chap and let me see him in it." He rehearsed many such questions and remarks with himself when alone; but when he heard his wife's step on the stair, and heard her turn the key, he never could utter them. She always found him silent, and every morning she made him the same apology, "Wishing you better, my poor husband, and feeling it hard I should have to take away your liberty."

"I don't feel as much better as I could wish," was

often the answer. "I'm parched with thirst and long for liquor;" but he could not add, "and I long for your company."

And she was only able to talk with him on the matter in hand—what he thought it might be best for him to eat and what to drink. When she had done and said all, she would turn away very quietly, almost slowly, and close and lock the door again; but then he used to hear her run down-stairs, as if it was a deep relief to get away from him.

And so it was.

At last one day he said, "Hannah, I've



proposed that she should lock him up—lock him in to that little whitewashed garret, bring him his food and his work, supply him with coal and candle, and not let him out till she thought he was safe.

He accepted her proposal thankfully, and it spoke well for his sincerity that he armed her against himself, his own probable entreaties or commands, by giving her a paper, desiring her to use her best judgment, and show no false mercy by letting him out till she was satisfied of his cure. He signed it, and she kept him locked in for three weeks. But he was used to confinement—that did



no longing at all upon me now for liquor, and I bless the Lord for that."

"Well, and I bless the Lord for it too," she answered, almost cordially.

She observed that he had put on his best clothes and brushed his hair.

"I feel as if I might go out," he said.

"Only, what do you think, my poor wife? Am I fit to go alone?"

"I'll go with you," she answered; and his whole appearance changed. She could not but feel a pang of pity for him, for his face was so like what her heart had felt when she had last seen her lovely children. Her proposing of her own accord to go out with him was such a cordial, and yet he knew it was only as a guardian that she was to go. She would be near to help him out of mischief and temptation—as a duty, and not a pleasure.

"And where do you want to go?" she inquired.

"Well, Hannah, first I must look for

work; for what I used to earn by my efforts for the temperance cause I have lost now."

"Too true," she replied.

"And, second, I must go to Mr. de Berenger. He will wonder what has become of me all this time. I want to say to him what you have to hear first."

He saw then the sudden pallor which often distressed him in his wife's face, and did not know that her fear of meeting with Amias was what had brought it on, not of what he might have to say.

"If you're agreeable to it, my dear, I feel as if I had better go away from London. I might find a country place—I seem to know of several—where there are not any public-houses tempting one at every turn. I could not keep *us* quite as well as I have done, but I would do my best."

He paused and looked at her earnestly, and she answered what she knew was in his mind.

"Yes, Uzziah, I would go with you."

## PLAIN-SPEAKING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

### III.—"ODD" PEOPLE.

"For ye suffer fools gladly."

**Y**ES, because we recognise them as fools; and there is in our human nature a certain Pharisaical element which hugs itself in the thought that we are not "as other men are." Therefore we regard them and their folly with a self-contented and not unkindly pity. We understand them and put up with them, and it soothes our vanity to feel how very much we are above them.

But these others, the "odd" people, are somewhat different. We do not understand them; they keep us always in an uneasy uncertainty as to whether we ought to respect or despise them; whether they are inferior or superior to ourselves. Consequently we are to them often unjust, and always untender. They puzzle us, these people whom we designate as "unlike other people" (that is, unlike ourselves and our charming and highly respectable neighbours); whose motives we do not comprehend and whose actions we can never quite calculate upon; who are apparently a law unto themselves, quite independent of us; who do not look up to us, nay, we rather suspect look down upon us, or are at least calmly indifferent to us, and

consequently more irritating a thousand times than the obvious and confessed fools.

An "odd" person. How often one hears the word, and generally in a tone of depreciation, as if it implied a misfortune or a disgrace, or both. Which it does, when the oddity or eccentricity is not natural but artificially assumed, as is frequently the case. Of all forms of egotism, that of being intentionally peculiar is the most pitiful. The man who is always putting himself in an attitude, physical or moral, in order that the world may stare at him; striving to make himself different from other folks under the delusion that difference constitutes superiority—such a man merits, and generally gets, only contempt. He who, not from conscientiousness but conceit, sets himself against the tide of public opinion, deserves to be swept away by it, as most commonly he is, in a whirl of just derision. Quite different is the case of one who is neither a fool nor an egotist, but merely "odd," born such, or made such by inevitable, and often rather sad, circumstances and habits of life.

It is for these, worthy sometimes of much sympathy, respect, and tenderness, never certainly of contempt, that I wish to say a word.

I once knew a family who, having pos-

sessed a tolerable amount of brains in itself for more than one generation, had an overweening admiration for the same, and got into a habit of calling all commonplace, ordinary people "chuckie-stanes"—every Scotch school boy knows the word. It describes exactly those people exactly like everybody else whom one is constantly meeting in society, and without whom society could not get on at all, for they make a sort of background to the other people, who are not like everybody else.

But in all surface judgments and unkindly criticisms there is some injustice. No one is really a "chuckie-stane." Every human being has his own individuality, small or large, his salient and interesting points, quite distinct from his neighbours, if only his neighbours will take the trouble to find them out. One often hears the remark, especially from the young, that such a person is "a bore," and such a house is "the dulllest house possible." For myself, I can only say I wonder where the "dull houses" are and where the "bores" go to, for I never succeed in finding either. Only once I remember a feeling of despair in having the companionship for two mortal hours of a not brilliant young farmer; but I plunged him at once into sheep and turnips, when he became so enthusiastic and intelligent that I gained from him information which will last me to the end of my days on agricultural subjects.

Very few people are absolutely uninteresting except those that are unreal. A fool is bearable, a humbug never.

Now "odd" people, whatever they are, are certainly not humbugs. Nor are they necessarily bad people—quite the contrary. Society, much as it dislikes them, is forced to allow this. Many men and women whom others stigmatise as "so very peculiar," are, the latter often confess, not worse, but much better, than themselves; capable of acts of heroism which they know they would shrink from, and of endurances which they would much rather admire than imitate. But then they are such odd people!

How? In what does their oddity consist?

Generally, their detractors cannot exactly say. It mostly resolves itself into small things, certain peculiarities of manner or quaintnesses of dress, or an original way of looking at things, and a fearless fashion of judging them; independence of or indifference to the innumerable small nothings which make the sum of what the world considers everything worth living, worth dying for, but

which these odd people do not consider of so much importance after all. Therefore the world is offended with them, and condemns them with a severity scarcely commensurate to their deserts.

Especially in things most apparent outside—their manners and their clothing.

Now, far be it from me to aver that either of these is of no consequence. Dress especially, as the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," is of the utmost consequence. They who, by neglecting it, make themselves singular in the eyes of strangers, or unpleasant in those of friends, are strongly to blame.

But not less so are the people who wear out their own lives, and those of others, by fidgeting over trifles—bemoaning a misfitting coat or an unbecoming bonnet, and behaving as if the world had come to an end on account of a speck on a boot or a small rent in a gown. There is a proportion in things. Those who worry themselves to death, and others too, over minute wrongs and errors, commit a still greater wrong and overlook a much more serious error. How many of us would prefer to dine upon potatoes and salt, and dress in a sack with sleeve-holes, rather than be ceaselessly tormented, with the best of intentions, about what we eat, drink, and put on! "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

Yes; but society must have its meat and also its raiment, and that in the best and most decorous form which the general consensus of its members considers is decorous. To set one's self rampantly against this, is, when not wrong, simply foolish. The obnoxious plebeian who insisted in vindicating that "a man's a man for a' that," by presenting himself at a patrician dinner in rough morning garb, the conceited young artist who appeared so picturesque and snobbish at a full-dress assembly in his velvet painting-coat, were certainly odd people; but their oddity was pure silliness—neither grand nor heroic in the least. Nor, I must say, can I consider much wiser the ladies, young and old, whom I see yearly at private views, dressed not like the ordinary gentlewomen of the day, but just as if they had "stepped out of a picture," only the pictures they choose to step out of are not always the most beautiful—often the most bizarre of their kind.

As a general rule, any style of dress, whether an exaggeration of the fashion of the time or a divergence from it, which is so different from other people as to make them

turn round and look at it, is a mistake. This sort of eccentricity I do not defend. But I do defend the right of every man and woman to dress himself and herself in their own way ; that is, the way which they find most comfortable, suitable, and tasteful, provided it is not glaringly obnoxious to the community at large.

A gentleman who, hating the much-abused but still-endured chimney-pot hat, persists in going through life with his noble brows shaded by a wide-awake ; a lady who has manfully resisted deformity in the shape of tight stays and high-heeled boots, has held out successfully against hoop-petticoats and dresses tied up like umbrellas, who declined equally to smother her fresh young face under a coal-scuttle bonnet, or to bare her poor old cheeks to sun and wind and critical observation by a small string-less hat, good neither for use nor ornament—such people may be set down as “odd ;” but they are neither culpable nor contemptible. They do what they consider right and best for themselves ; and what possible harm do they do to other people ?

Besides—though this is no excuse for all oddities, but it is for some—the chances are that they are people no longer young, who have learnt the true value of life and the true proportions of things much better than their accusers or critics. Possibly, too, they are busy people, who have many other things to think of than themselves and their clothes. It is the young, the idle, the small-minded, who are most prone to vex themselves about small things and outside things. As years advance and interests widen we see with larger eyes, and refuse to let minute evils destroy in us, and in those dear to us, that equal mind which—accepting life as a whole, in all its earnestness and reality, its beauty and sadness combined—weighs calmly and strikes bravely the balance of good and ill.

Perfection even in the humblest and commonest details is to be striven after, but not to the sacrifice of higher and better things. I have known a young lady sulk through half a ball because her dress was not quite as tight-fitting as the mode exacted ; and an elderly gentleman make a happy family party miserable for a whole dinner-time because there chanced to be too much salt in the soup. Such exactly “even” folk as these drive one to appreciate those that are “odd.”

The world still contains many who persist in tithing “mint, anise, and cummin,” and

neglecting “wisdom, justice, and the weightier matters of the law.” It is they who are hardest upon the odd people. Their minds, absorbed in the mint, anise, and cummin of existence, cannot take in the condition, intellectual and moral, of a person upon whom those “weightier matters” weigh so heavily that he is prone to overlook lesser matters, and objects to be tied and bound by certain narrow social laws, which, indeed, being of no real importance, he refuses to consider laws at all. Therefore he is set down as a law-breaker, laughed at as eccentric, or abused as conceited, when probably there is in him not an atom of either conceit or egotism, and his only eccentricity consists in the fact that his own large nature cannot comprehend the exceeding smallness of other people’s. He gives Tom, Dick, and Harry credit for the same quick sympathies, high aims, and earnest purposes that he has himself, and is altogether puzzled to find in them nothing of the kind. They can no more understand him than if he spoke to them in Chinese. They only think him “a rather odd sort of person”—smile at him and turn away. So he “shuts up”—to use a phrase out of that elegant slang which they are far more adepts at than he—and Tom, Dick, and Harry hate him for evermore, with the relentless animosity of small souls towards another soul, into whose depths they cannot in the least penetrate, but sometimes suspect it to be a little deeper and larger than their own.

And occasionally, rather to their annoyance, the fact is discovered, even by the purblind world.

Take, for instance, that very “odd” person Don Quixote, whom successive generations have laughed at as a mere fool ; but this generation begins to see in the poor old knight a pathetic type of that ideal Christian chivalry which spends itself in succouring the weak and oppressed, which believes the best of every human being, and is only led astray by its expectation of finding in others the purity, truthfulness, honour, and unselfishness which are to itself as natural as the air it breathes. But they are not the natural atmosphere of half the world, which accordingly sets down those who practise these virtues—who have a high ideal of life, and strive through endless difficulties and deficiencies to carry it out—as “Quixotic,” or, at best, rather “odd” people. Yet these are the people who mostly influence the world. It is they who do daring acts of generosity or heroism, while others are only thinking about it ; and perpetrate philanthropic follies with

such success, that society, which would utterly have scouted them had they failed, now praises them as possessing the utmost wisdom and most admirable common sense.

Again, many are odd simply because they are independent. That weak gregariousness which is content to "follow the multitude to do evil" (or good, as it happens, and often the chances are pretty equal both ways) is not possible to them. They must think, speak, and act for themselves. And there is something in their natures which makes them a law unto themselves, without breaking any other rational laws. The bondage of conventionality—a stronghold and safeguard to feeble folk—is to them unnecessary and irksome. They mean to do the right, and do it, but they cannot submit to the trammels of mere convenience or expediency. Being quite clear of their own minds, and quite strong enough to carry out their own purposes, they prefer to do so, without troubling themselves very much about what others think of them. Having a much larger bump of self-esteem, or self-respect, than of love of approbation, outside opinion does not weigh with them as it does with weaker people, and they go calmly upon their way without knowing or asking what are their neighbours' feelings towards them.

Therefore their neighbours, seeing actions but not motives, and being as ignorant of results as they are of causes, often pronounce upon them the rashest judgments, denouncing the quiet indifference of true greatness as petty vanity, and the simplicity of a pure heart and single mind as mere affectation. For to the worldly unworldliness is so incredible, to the bad goodness is so impossible, that they will believe anything sooner than believe in either. Any one whose ideal of life is above the ordinary standard, and who persists in carrying it out after a fashion incomprehensible to society in general, is sure to be denounced by society as "singular," or worse.

It always was so, and always will be. That excellent Italian gentleman—I forget his name—who felt it necessary to apologise for Michel Angelo's manners, doubtless considered the old sculptor as an exceedingly "odd" person. Odder still he must have been thought by many an elegant Florentine, when, for some mere crotchet about the abolition of the republic, he abruptly quitted Florence and all his advantages there; nor ever returned, even though leaving unfinished those works which still remain unfinished in the Mausoleum of the Medici—monuments of the obstinacy, or conscientiousness, or

whatever you like to call it, of a poor artist, who set his individual opinion and will in opposition to the highest power in the land.

Poor old fellow, with his grim, saturnine face and broken nose! How very "peculiar" he must have appeared to his contemporaries! One wonders if any one, even Vittoria Colonna, had the sense to see into the deep heart of him, with all its greatness, sadness, and tenderness. There is a *Pietà* of his at Genoa, and another in St. Peter's, in which the Virgin Mother's gaze upon her dead Son lying across her lap, seems to express all the motherhood and all the grief for the dead since the foundation of the world. And yet the sculptor might have been rough enough, and eccentric enough, outside; and his friend might have been quite excusable in craving pardon for his "manners."

There are cases in which eccentricity requires more than an apology—a rebuke. Those peculiarities which cause people to become a nuisance or an injury to other people, such as unpunctuality as to time, neglect or inaccuracy in business matters, and all those minor necessities or courtesies of life which make it smooth and sweet—these failings, from whatever cause they spring, ought, even if forgiven, not to be pardoned without protest. They are wrong in themselves, and no argument or apology will make them right. The man who breaks his appointments, forgets his social engagements, leaves his letters unanswered and his promises unfulfilled, is not merely an "odd," but a very erring, individual; and if he shelters himself for this breach of every-day duties and courtesies by the notion that he is superior to them, deserves instead of excuses sharp condemnation.

But the peculiarities which harm nobody, and are not culpable in themselves, though they may seem so to the "chuckie-stanes" of society, who are afraid of anything which differs from their own smooth roundness—these are often more worthy of respectful tenderness than of blame or contempt. For who can tell the causes from which they sprang? What human being knows so entirely his fellow-creature's inner and outer life that he dare pronounce upon many things, crotchety habits, peculiar manners or dress, eccentric ways of life or mode of thought, which may have resulted from the unrecorded but never obliterated history of years? For it is mostly the old who are "odd," and when the young laugh at them, how do they know that they are not laughing at what may be their own fate one day? Many an oddity

may have sprung from some warped nobility of nature, many an eccentricity may have originated in the silent tragedy of a life-time.

Of necessity, these "odd" people are rather solitary people. They may dwell in a crowd, and do their duty in a large family, but neither the crowd nor the family entirely understands, or has much sympathy with them; and they know it. They do not always feel it—that is, to the extent of keen suffering, for their very "oddity" makes them sufficient to themselves, and they have ceased to expect what they know they cannot get. Still, at one time probably they did expect it. That "pernickity" old maid, whom her nieces devoutly hope they may never resemble, may have been the "odd" one—but the thoughtful and earnest one—in a tribe of light-minded sisters, who danced and dressed, flirted and married, while she—who herself might possibly have wished to marry once upon a time—never did, but has lived her solitary, self-contained life from then till now, and will live it to the end. That man, who was once a gay young bachelor, and is now a grim old bachelor—not positively disagreeable, but very peculiar, with all sorts of queer notions of his own, may have been, though the world little guesses it, a thoroughly disappointed man; beginning life with a grand ideal of ambition or philanthropy, striving hard to make himself, or to mend the world, or both, and finding that the task is something

*'Like one who strives in little boat  
To tug to him the ship aloft.'*

And so, though he has escaped being swamped, he at last gives up the vain struggle, folds his arms, and lets himself float mournfully on with the ebbing tide.

For the tide of life is almost sure to be at its ebb with those whom we call "odd" people. Therefore we ask for them, not exactly compassion—they seldom need it, and would scorn to ask it for themselves—but that tenderness which is allied to reverence, and shows itself as such. Young people have, in a sense, no right to be odd. They have plenty of years before them, and will meet plenty of attrition in the world, so as to rub down their angles, and make them polished and pleasant to all beholders. Early singularities are generally mere affectations. But when time has brought to most of us the sad "too late," which in many things more or less we all must find, the case is a little different. Then, it becomes the generation still advancing to show to that which is just passing away, tenderness, considera-

tion and respect, even in spite of many harmful weaknesses.

For they know themselves as none other can ever know them except God. Others see their failures; but He saw how they struggled, and conquered sometimes. Others count their gains and triumphs; they have to sit night and day face to face with their perpetual losses. The world distinguishes, shrewdly enough, all they have done, or not done; they themselves only know what they meant to do and how far they have succeeded. If they are "odd," that is, if having strong individualities, they are not afraid or ashamed to show them, to speak fearlessly, to act independently, or possibly, plunging into the other extreme, to sink into morbid silence and neither look nor speak at all—what marvel? Better that, perhaps, than be exactly like everybody else, and go through life as evenly and as uselessly as a chucklestone.

For undoubtedly odd people have their consolations.

In the first place they are quite sure not to be weak people. Every one with a marked individuality has always this one great blessing—he can stand alone. In his pleasures and his pains he is sufficient to himself, and if he does not get sympathy he can generally do without it. Also, "peculiar" people, though not attractive to the many, by the few who do love them are sure to be loved very deeply, as we are apt to love those who have strong salient points, and in whom there is a good deal to get over. And, even if unloved, they have generally great capacity of loving; a higher and, it may be, a safer thing. For affection that rests on another's love often leans on a broken reed; love which rests on itself is founded on a rock, and cannot move. The waves may lash, the winds may rave around it; but there it is, and there it will abide.

The loneliness of which I have spoken is also something like that of a rock in the great sea; which flows about it, around it, and over it, but cannot affect it, save in the merest outward way. This solitude, the possible lot of many, is to these few a lot absolutely inevitable. No use to murmur at it, or grieve over it, or shrink from it. It is in the very nature of things, and it must be borne.

They whose standard of right is not moveable, but fixed, not dictated to them from the outside, but drawn from something within; whose ideal is nothing in themselves or what they have around them, but something above

and beyond both ; whose motives are often totally misapprehended, because they belong not to the seen, but the unseen ; and whose actions are alike misjudged, from their fearlessness of and indifference to either praise or blame—such people will always seem “odd” in the eyes of the world ;—which knows its own, and loves them, so far as it can.

But these it never does love, though it is sometimes a little afraid of them. Now and then it runs after them for awhile, and then,

being disappointed, runs back and leaves them stranded in that solitude which sooner or later they are sure to find. Yet this solitude, increasing more and more as years advance, has in it glimpses of Divine beauty, an atmosphere of satisfied peace, which outsiders can seldom comprehend. Therefore they had better leave it, and the “odd” people who dwell in it, with deep reverence, but without needless pity, in the hands of the Great Consoler.

## A TRIP TO CYPRUS.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

### PART III.

TEN miles north of Nicosia a road or track crosses the north range of hills through a depression about 1,200 feet above the sea level. A mile or two beyond the foot of the range on the north or farther side from Nicosia, Cyprus, unlike her great goddess, sinks into what she rose from—the sea. Here, in this narrow strip between hill and water, it would seem as though nature strove to show to man a remnant of what the island once had been. The green of young corn overspreads the ground ; the shade of the karoub-tree is seen ; myrtle clothes the hill-sides, and the dark grey olive-tree is everywhere visible over the landscape.

Looking down from the summit of the pass one sees Kyrenia clustered by the shore, whose gentle indentations can be traced many a long mile away towards Karpos to the east, washed by a blue waveless sea.

But our goal is Kyrenia.

Our companion has been over the ground many times already, and we are late upon our road. As we descend the ridge the north face of the range opens out to the right and left behind us. It is green with foliage. We have left aridity behind us beyond the mountains. A couple of miles away to the right a huge mass of masonry can be seen rising from groves of olives. Towers, turrets, and battlements lift themselves high above the loftiest cypress-tree ; but no minaret is visible. It is the Venetian monastery of Bellapays. We will have a nearer view of it later on.

Kyrenia was the head-quarters of another assistant regenerator—a practical man, who seemed to have already realised the fact that the collection of taxes was by far the most

important part of the administration of Turkish laws.

A couple of hours before sunset found us climbing the steep paths that led to Bellapays. Everywhere around spread olive-trees of immense age. Their gnarled trunks, clasped round with great arms and full of boles and cavities, still held aloft a growth as fresh as when Venice ruled the land. The fig-tree and the orange grew amid gardens that had long run wild. Here and there a colossal cypress-tree lifted its dark tapering head high above all other foliage. The path, winding amid dells of myrtle, led right beneath the massive walls of the monastery, where a spring gushing out from a fern-leaved cave formed a dripping fountain of pure cold water.

From the rock above the spring towered the great front of the building ; in mass and architecture not unlike the Papal palace at Avignon. Within the walls ruin had scarcely touched. The cloisters had suffered, but the great hall of the building was intact ; one hundred feet in length, with high vaulted roof and Gothic windows that looked out over green groves and long lines of shore and longer stretch of sea, from whose blue waters rose the snow-clad peaks of distant Karmania.

Beautiful Bellapays ! while thy great walls rise over the fruit-clad land the loveliness of Cyprus will not be wholly a name. How perfect must thou have been in the olden time, when the winged lions flew over yonder fortress of Kyrenia ! Well have they named thee beautiful, whose beauty has outlived the ruin of three hundred years, and defied the Turk in his fury and in his dotage !

Behind the monastery, and nearer to the mountain, a Greek village stood deep in orange gardens. In this village dwelt one of the representative Greeks of the island.

We found Hadgi at the door of his courtyard ready to welcome us to his house. A steep wooden stair led to the upper story. In a large corridor open at both ends, and with apartments at either side, we were made comfortable with many cushions spread upon a large wooden bench. Here a repast was soon served. First, coffee in tiny cups was handed round; then a rich preserve of fruits with cold spring water; then oranges of immense size, peeled and sliced into quarters, were produced, together with Commander's wine, in which the fruit was steeped. A small glass of mastic closed the feast. Many children, servants, and women stood around, and the host did the honours with that natural politeness and ease which characterize the peasant of every land save the "free born" Briton's. Hadgi's experience went far back in Cyprus. His love for the Turk was not strong, nor was it to be wondered at. He could remember one year when thirty thousand of his countrymen fell beneath the bullet, the rope, or the yataghan. And yet he was not an old man. Hadgi saw us into our saddles, and we rode back towards Kyrenia as the sunset shades were gathering over sea and land. We followed a more direct path than the one by which we had come. On both sides the ground in many places was thickly covered with square stones, showing that buildings had once been there. Probably from Kyrenia to Bellapays one long street had once existed. Next to the Turk ranks the goat as a destroyer, in Cyprus. As we drew near Kyrenia a large herd was being driven in for the evening. Each goat was making the most of a lessening opportunity. Here and there one could be seen in the gnarled fork of some old olive-tree stretching forth his head to grasp a leaf. The lower branches of the trees had all been cropt off long ago; but goats were standing on their hind legs vainly trying to reach some pendent branch. One in particular, a little longer than his comrades, did succeed in catching between his teeth the lowermost twigs of a bough. Long experience had doubtless taught him that if he attempted to pull down his prize all would be lost; his efforts were, therefore, directed towards maintaining a balance upon two legs and holding on by the bough until assistance came to him. This it quickly did: in an instant twenty goats were ready to lend a

helping foot. Out of these some half-dozen succeeded in getting their teeth into a twig, then all lent their weight together to the pull and down came the olive bough to the ground, to be instantly devoured by the rush of animals which settled upon it.

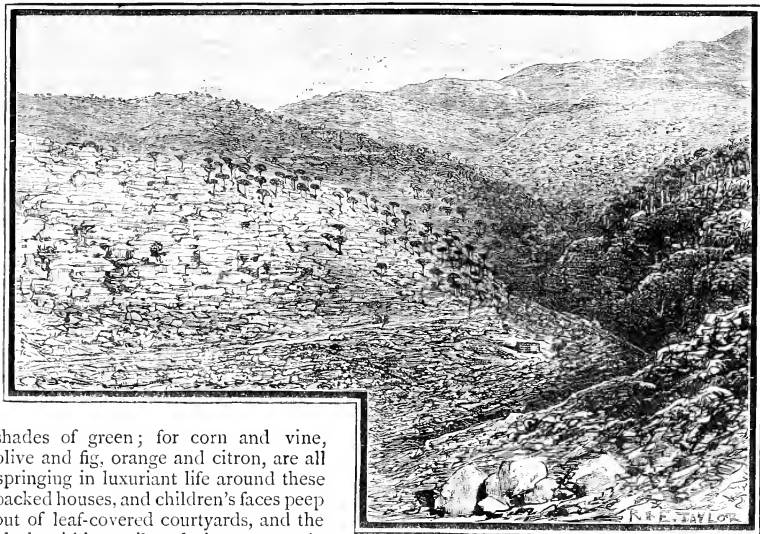
The advantages of pillage upon co-operative principles were here plainly apparent. Had the goat learned them from the Turk, or was the goat the tutor to the Turk?

Leaving Kyrenia on the morning of January 20th, we held our way between the mountains and the coast towards the east.

About six miles from Kyrenia we passed out of cultivated land, and began gradually to ascend the north range.

The country became wild and broken. Great glens, covered with dark-green myrtle, led from the range to the sea. The path wound along the edges of these valleys, passing many nasty places where the sure-footed ponies had all their work to do to keep their footing, and where the stones and gravel, loosened by the hoof, rolled many a yard ere the bottom was gained. There had been a heavy fall of rain during the previous night, making the clayey places even more treacherous than the gravel, and causing the ponies to slide in their thin Turkish shoes as though they must go over. But somehow they never did go over, and when a couple of hours riding had carried us to the mountains, the track, though rough, became safe. Passing the summit of the depression in the range, where Pentahadlyon lifts his five crags directly over the path to the left, we began to descend the stony and now arid south side. Below us the great plain of Morphu, and that which lies between Nicosia and Famagusta, spread out under clouds that came drifting up from the Olympian range.

Suddenly, a turn in the path brought us in sight of the strangest natural sight to be seen to-day in Cyprus. It was the spring of Kythera. Out of the sun-baked mountain gushes a stream of pure cold water—"no stinted draught, no scanty tide," but a rush that seems to come from an inexhaustible subterranean source, that no neighbouring indication can possibly account for. Above and around nothing can be seen save bare brown hills utterly destitute of water; below the spring a long line of foliage and cultivation runs down the mountain-side and spreads out into the plain beneath. Thickly cluster the houses along this life-giving stream. To right and left rills of water are led off along the descending slopes, and the baked and barren hill-sides are made to bloom in many



On the Road to Kyrenia.

shades of green; for corn and vine, olive and fig, orange and citron, are all springing in luxuriant life around these packed houses, and children's faces peep out of leaf-covered courtyards, and the blacksmith's anvil, and the carpenter's bench, and the weaver's shuttle, are busy, all called into life, and sustained, by that single spring of clear, cold water, whose source, in these arid hills, no man can tell.

Perhaps in the old days Cyprus possessed a score of such springs. If they or others can again be made to flow, then may the island see her golden age revived, and count her million souls, and her "hundred-streamed cities."

At the lower end of Kytherea, where the lessened stream runs faint, we stopped to rest and lunch in a large Greek house, occupied by two officers of the Royal Engineers, who were employed in the trigonometrical survey of the island.

Then away across the level plain towards Nicosia. A Zaptieh guide, who had accompanied us from Kyrenia, appeared to think that the moment had now arrived when he could execute to the fullest advantage a cavalry charge after the manner of a Bashi-bazouk. During the earlier part of the journey, while we were yet at the north side of the mountains, he had developed this instinct in a strong degree. Without any visible cause whatever, he would suddenly start off at full gallop straight ahead along the pathway. His headlong impulse to scatter mud on all sides was apparently only controlled by the duration of his turban in shape around his head. While his turban lasted he was a Bashi-bazouk, when it fell off

he became an ordinary Ottoman. One of these headlong flights, however, terminated more disastrously. He was going along at a tremendous pace, stirrups clattering, a bag of coppers jingling at his belt, when his pony, pitching heavily forward, rolled its rider to the earth. The turban flew one way, the bag of brass *caimes* rolled another; never was the spirit of Bashi-bazouk taken more completely out of a hero. During the remainder of the ride to Kytherea he kept a crestfallen position in the rear; but now, on this Nicosian plain the spirit again revived, and he began to gallop furiously, at intervals, along the track.

As there were no women, or children, or fugitives, he did not pursue his wild career beyond certain limits, and as there was no enemy whatever, he did not retire when his charge had spent itself at the same pace as he had gone.

Darkness had fallen when we reached the walls of Nicosia. Skirting the city by its eastern ramparts, we ascended the ridge of old tombs upon which stands the new Government House, the lights from whose wooden halls formed the only visible objects in the wide circle of surrounding gloom.

At a place called Mathiati, some fifteen miles south of Nicosia, a regiment of infantry was in camp. After many sites had been tried, all more or less unhealthy, this place,



Mathiati, had been selected; and huts, sent out from England, had been erected on a level space surrounded by hills. A few olive-trees, a small Greek mud village, and, farther off, the blue ridges of Mount Adelphi, made a prospect not wanting in beauty, but utterly destitute of any other feature that could give an interest to the existence of an English regiment; sport, society, the coming and going of human beings—all were wanting, and except to the tomb hunter or to the student, Mathiati could vie, in absence of life, with any station in the wide circle of British garrisons round the earth.

The regiment now in camp at Mathiati had only lately arrived from Nova Scotia; and the contrast between the cradle of a new-born civilisation which they had quitted, and the grave of the old world's decay in which they found themselves, was vividly put before them. As may be supposed, their views of the latter were not hopeful. They spoke of Cyprus as a place of exile, dashed with a kind of humour learned, perhaps, in the New World.

"The medical fellows never knew the use of the spleen until we got to Cyprus," said one of the garrison—"but they've found it now."

"What is it?"

"Two months' sick leave out of this infernal hole," replied the first speaker. "The spleen has been what they call a dormant organ of the human body until we took pos-

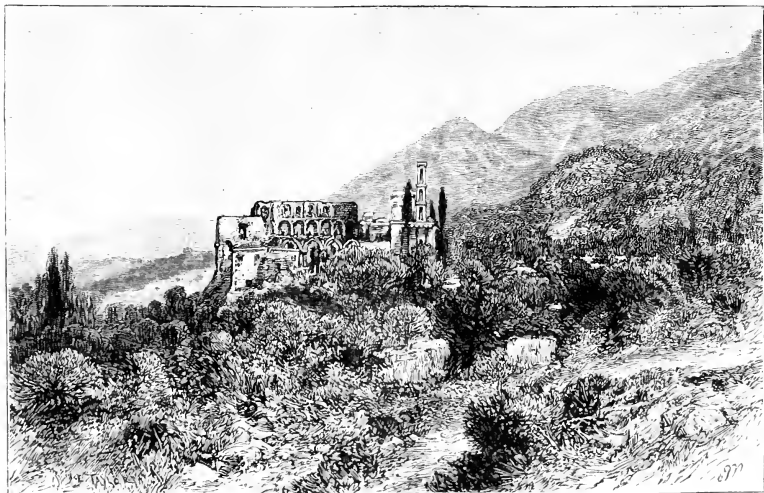
session of the Island, now its use is clearly understood."

As day broke over Nicosia plain, on the 23rd of January, a small party of horsemen crossed the dry bed of the river channel that lies at the base of the rocky ledge on which stands the Government House, holding their way westward towards Peristeromo. They were bound for Mount Olympus, in search of a site for a summer encampment. The experience of the past summer had been sufficient to show that men could not live in health in the plains, or along the shore, during the summer months.

Before the sun had again entered the Northern tropic a camp in the mountains must be found.

At the same hour and at the same instant of time (for the line of sunlight through Cyprus and through Zululand are one) that this small party of horsemen rode out to the west from the hill of tombs near Nicosia, a few horsemen, the last of a weary and spent British column, were moving off from a ridge, leaving a thousand dead comrades, lying tombless, to the vultures that watched on the rock ledges of Isandlana Hill.

High up above the ledges one great frontlet of rock frowned over the ghastly scene—the "Lion's Head," some early traveller had named it. If sermons are spoken by stones and lion ever speaks to lion, surely this stone lion could have spoken that day a curious homily



Venetian Monastery of Bellapays.

to his brother on the mound at Waterloo. What that homily would be we may not write now; nor would the dawn at Isandlana and the dawn at Nicosia on the 23rd of January meet in these pages, if that day's work at the first-named place had not been destined to turn, in the future, the footsteps of the four men here bound for Mount Olympus towards Zululand.

We reached Peristeromo, fourteen miles, in two hours. Here mules were waiting to carry us farther into the hills. The Greek priest had come out to the river (at last it was a river and not a dry channel) to welcome us into the village. Arrived at his house there was the usual hand-shaking and coffee-sipping, and then the saddles were changed from the ponies to the mules, and all made ready for the onward journey.

Three of the four mules were animals in fair condition, the fourth was, it would be wrong to say skin and bones, for so much of his skin had vanished under the abrasions of pack-saddles and uncouth harness gear that the bones in many places were alone represented. Poor beast, he was a dreadful sight! When the saddles were placed on the mules outside, somehow or other the skinless mule fell to the lot of the writer of these pages. That it was most unconscionable cruelty to ride the beast there can be no doubt; but what was to be done? The halting-place for the evening lay twenty miles distant, high amid the hills. The only alternative was to abandon the expedition. There was nothing for it but to accept the inevitable and mount the lacerated back. Then came fifteen miles of gradually ascending pathway, amid hills scantily covered with small pine-trees. As the track wound along the ridges the air became crisp and fresh, the sound of rushing water arose from deep valleys, and the bright blue vault above rested on the clear cut edges of the hill-tops. How pleasant would it have been to jog along those narrow paths upon an animal of sound skin; but now there was an ever-present sense of pain inflicted to mar the whole scene, and to cause each step of the ascent to be mentally as painful to the rider as it was bodily so to the poor mule.

For many miles of the track a stray raven kept hovering aloft in the blue heaven—was he scenting his prey? At last we reached the mountain-village of Litheronda, which was to be our halting-place for the night. It stood on the southern slope of the hills, at an elevation of about 4,000 feet above the sea. The air was keen and frosty, for the sun had

gone down behind Olympus, whose white ridge could be seen to the west. The village houses were all of the lowest kind; they projected from the hill-side, out of which they had been dug, so that the slope of the hill and the roof of the houses formed one continuous line. Thus a person could walk down the hill on to the roof, until, reaching the edge of the front wall, he looked down six or seven feet upon the door-step. A few of the rudest and most antiquated implements of husbandry lay on the paved space around the door-step; a lean pig, or a leaner dog, grunted or barked at the intruder. The mule had long ago given out; but it was infinitely more pleasant to follow the track on foot, driving the wretched animal in front. The rest of the party had gone on out of sight, and by the time the mule and his driver drew near Litheronda, camp had already been made on the farther side of the village. As we descended the path, a Greek riding a fine young horse suddenly appeared coming towards us from the village. With many vehement signs he signified that he had been sent to meet us; the horse was for our especial use; the mule might be trusted to find its own way to the camp. So, mounting the Turkish saddle and accommodating feet to the slipper stirrups and legs to the short leathers as best we could, we trotted on towards the camp. It stood under some large walnut-trees, now leafless, and by the side of a small stream. A huge fire of dry logs blazed before the tents, at another fire, farther off, dinner was being prepared. A few villagers stood gaping at the Englishmen—the first without doubt who had penetrated to their remote nook. How they must have speculated upon the reason of the visit. Did it mean fresh taxation, new law of grape gathering, relief from some of their many loads? The village headman, an old Greek, stood, the nearest figure towards the fire, at the farther side—the blaze of the pine logs fell full upon his strongly marked face. He wore the usual thin dress of blue cotton, the long boots to the knees, the loose jacket and the swathed waist. He was poor, dirty, and picturesque; his appearance afforded cause for biblical parallels in the mind of one of the English bystanders. "Now, that old fellow at the other side of the fire," said one of them, "is neither better nor worse in looks than one of the apostles. Peter and Paul were probably quite as dirty-looking."

"Yes, quite as dirty-looking," said another; "but after all, in that case dirt did more than ever cleanliness will be able to do.

Just think that a dozen old men like that one yonder have done more on the earth than all the soldiers who have ever lived. I'll give you Cæsar, Alexander, Bonaparte, Tamerlane, and Charlemagne, all the great generals the world has ever seen, on one side, and I'll take that dozen seedy, dirty old men on the other, and with all the sword and soap you like into the bargain, yet you'll be nowhere in the race."

Is there not too marked an inclination in this modern world of ours to shun controversy of this kind? to avoid meeting the every-day thrusts of a commonplace criticism with the weapons lying close to our hands?

No need to search through Scriptural verse or theologian's canon for the "counter" to the cut, or the parry to the thrust, of nine-tenths of the criticism that is to-day aired on Christ and Christianity. Take up the gauntlet as it is thrown down. Meet the attack on the ground on which it is made; meet it with common-sense if it be made with common-sense, and common-nonsense if it be made in idle jest, and you will be a poor layman if you cannot double up your assailant with any of his own weapons or upon any ground he may choose for his attack.

One poor carpenter and a dozen men—fishermen, tanners, publicans—able, even in the material aspect of their work, to beat all the conquerors, pyramid builders, statesmen, law-makers, philosophers, kings, swash-bucklers, and big-wigs that this planet of ours has ever known.

Great doctors of the body have, in modern times, given up much of the old jargon of medicine, and come back to the common rules of food and air and water for the cure and care of human bodies. Might not our soul-doctors, too, sometimes take a leaf from this old tree of Christian common-sense, if necessary cut a cudgel from it, and do more in ten minutes to demolish the shallow scepticism of the modern anti-Christian critic than could be done by a month of quotation from the theologians of five hundred years?

Of the features of English character brought to light by the spread of British dominion in Asia, there is nothing more observable than the contrast between the religious bias of Eastern thought and the innate absence of religion in the Anglo-Saxon mind. Turk and Greek, Buddhist and Armenian, Copt and Parsee, all manifest in a hundred ways of daily life the great fact of their belief in a God. In their vices as well as in their virtues the recognition of deity is dominant.

With the Western, on the contrary, the outward form of practising belief in a God is a thing to be half-ashamed of, something to hide. A procession of priests in the Strada Reale would probably cause an average Briton to regard it with less tolerant eye than he would cast upon a Juggernaut festival in Orissa; but to each alike would he display the same iconoclasm of creed, the same idea, not the less fixed because it is seldom expressed in words, "You pray; therefore I do not think much of you." But there is a deeper difference between East and West lying beneath this "incompatibility of temper" on the part of modern Englishmen to accept the religious habit of thought in the East. All Eastern peoples possess this habit of thought. It is the one tie which links together their widely-differing races. Let us give an illustration of our meaning. On an Austrian Lloyd's steam-boat in the Levant a traveller from Beyrout will frequently see strange groups of men crowded together on the quarter-deck. In the morning the missal books of the Greek Church will be laid along the bulwarks of the ship, and a couple of Russian priests, coming from Jerusalem, will be busy muttering mass. A yard to right or left a Turkish pilgrim, returning from Mecca, sits a respectful observer of the scene. It is prayer, and therefore it is holy in his sight. So, too, when the evening hour has come, and the Turk spreads out his strip of carpet for the sunset prayer and obeisance towards Mecca, the Greek looks on in silence, without trace of scorn in his face, for it is again the worship of the Creator by the created. They are both fulfilling the *first* law of the East—prayer to God—and whether the shrine be Jerusalem, Mecca, or Lhassa, the sanctity of worship surrounds the votary and protects the pilgrim.

Into this life comes the Englishman, frequently destitute of one touch of sympathy with the prayers of any people, or the faith of any creed; hence our rule in the East has ever rested, and will ever rest, upon the bayonet. We have never yet got beyond the stage of conquest, never assimilated a people to our ways, never even civilised a single tribe around the wide dominion of our empire. It is curious how frequently a well-meaning Briton will speak of a foreign church or temple as though it had presented itself to his mind in the same light in which the City of London appeared to Blucher—as something to loot. That other idea, that a priest was a person to hang, is one which is also

often observable in the British brain. On one occasion, when we were endeavouring to enlighten our minds upon the Greek question, as it had presented itself to a naval officer whose vessel had been stationed in Greek and Adriatic waters during our occupation of Corfu and the other Ionian Isles, we could only elucidate from our informant the fact that one morning, before breakfast, he had hanged seventeen priests. From the tone and manner in which he thus summed up the Greek question, there appeared to be little doubt that he was fully prepared to repeat his performance upon any number of priests, at any hour, or before any meal—indeed, from the manner in which he marked the event as having preceded his breakfast, it might almost have been surmised that his digestive organs had experienced the want of similar stimulants ever since that occasion.

Meantime, however, while thus we stand before the camp fire at Litheronda, the snow begins to fall through the leafless walnut-trees, and the night wind blows cold over the white shoulder of Mount Olympus. At day-break next day it blows colder still; the ridge, across which our onward track lies, is white with snow, which holds its own even as the sun climbs higher into the eastern sky; and the guides, who are to lead us across the shoulder of Olympus to Pasha Leva, assert that the route will be impracticable for some days to come; so, striking camp, we held our way for nine miles along a rocky glen that led to the village of Manikito, and then turning westward, and crossing some very rough and broken ground, we reached at three o'clock in the afternoon the hill village of Platris, on the south slope of Olympus.

Behind Platris, to the north, the mountain rose steep and pine-clad; below Platris, to the south, many valleys led the eye downwards to the sea, where the coast beyond Limasol, and the ruins that mark the site of the monastery of the Knights of St. John, built when Acre had fallen to the Saracen, lay, twenty miles distant in reality, but seemingly close at hand, seen through the blue and golden light that filled the whole vast vault, far out beyond the land, into the shipless sea. To-morrow our line would lead us down to that shore, but now—to-day—ere the sun, already far into the west, should reach the sky-line beyond Paphos, we had a chance of scaling the lofty ridge that rose behind the village, and of planting a footprint in the snow of Olympus.

Away on fresh mules up the mountain.

There is no time to lose, and anxiously we watch the aneroid to note our upward progress, and the sun to mark the time that yet remains to us. At a point about five thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level the snow becomes too deep for the mules, so we dismount and tie them to pine-trees; then, while two of the party turn off to the right to select a site for the summer encampment, we strike up the hill, alone, to make a race, for Olympus, with the sunset. The ridge is very steep, but the snow holds a firm crust, and the air is keen and bracing. The aneroid soon shows another five hundred feet gained, and a hill, which seems to be the summit, appears close at hand. It is won, but at its farther side the ground sinks abruptly only to rise again out of a deep valley into the real Mount Olympus. Better had we kept more to the right and avoided this deep glen that now lies across our line to the summit. There is nothing for it but to retrace our steps to the right, and then take the crest of the curving ridge which runs round almost at our present level to the foot of Troados. But every second is precious. Away we go at topmost speed along the crest, which, though level when looked at from a distance, is broken into many hills and valleys when seen nearer. All is silent around save the quick crunching of the snow beneath rapid footsteps. Lofty pine-trees rise on every side.

We are now under the shadow of Olympus, whose white head, bare of pine-trees, has hidden the low-sunk sun. Through the pines to the north the eye catches glimpses of the low country, the north range, and the far-away sheen of snow on the mountains of Asia Minor; but there is no time to note anything save the lessening light and the bare summit that rises above the dark pines. We pass out from the shadows of the trees, and stop a moment to take breath for the last ascent. Looking across the valley, around three sides of which we have just circled, the sunlight is seen still bright upon the crest we started from, but the rays fall level; and already around us, in the shadow of Olympus, the blue light of evening has fallen upon the snow. Nothing but the croak of a solitary raven, from a withered pine-branch close at hand, breaks the intense silence of the scene. Another four minutes' hard pull and we stand upon the bald crest of Troados. The sun has not yet set. Far out, resting on a ring of immeasurable sky-line, he seems to pause a moment ere he sinks into the sea. There is a faint crescent moon in the western heaven.

A vast circle spreads around, and within this huge horizon all Cyprus lies islanded beneath the light of sunset.

There is sea beyond the north range, and beyond the sea there is sun on a long line of snow set far above the gathered shades of evening. There is sea in the wide curve of Salamis, and beyond the ruined ramparts of Famagusta; sea where Paphos sinks into a golden haze of sunset in the west; sea where Karpos stretches his long arm into the arch which the earth's shadow has cast upon the eastern sky, for all Cyprus, below this lonely Troados, lies in twilight, and the great circle of the sea is sunless, save where, on the western rim, the blood-red disc sinks slowly from a sky whose lustre pales in lessening hues, from horizon to half-zenith. And now

the last speck of sun has gone beneath the waves. Olympus is cold and blue, like many a lesser ridge around him; the crescent moon grows clearer cut against the heaven; grey and cold, the sky rim narrows, and the wide bays and long-stretching promontories of the island lie in misty outline upon the darkening sea; far away to the north Karamania still holds aloft one last gleam of sunlight upon his frozen forehead.

We will stay until this "light of Asia" is blotted out. Another moment and the Karamanian range is cold; and then, fading into the night, Cyprus lies in the gloaming—a vague but mighty shadow, from whose forgotten tombs and shattered temples the night wind comes to moan its myriad memories amid the pines of Olympus.

## "POST TENEBRAS LUX."

BY THE REV. CANON VAUGHAN, M.A., OF LEICESTER

IT has been well said,\* "One of the best known modes of progress in knowledge is that which has received the name of the *reductio ad absurdum*, or *correction of the premiss*: that is, the fundamental thought, which is taken as the starting-point in any given case, being imperfect, false conclusions are rendered necessary; and by the casting aside of these conclusions a truer fundamental thought is brought in." And again: "By means of the false conclusions the premiss is rendered more complete; for by them men are driven to seek a truer thought. On how grand a scale this method of learning has been carried out, it needs but slight acquaintance with science to perceive. All the ancient astronomy, before the discovery of the earth's motion, was one magnificent demonstration in this form. Ignorance of that one fact compelled it to be so."

And the same writer adds very justly and forcibly, "If we overlook this law, we turn our efforts into a false direction. The true use of the results that are gained by our very best efforts, on a starting-point that is incomplete, consists not in their being held, but in their being given up in the right way. To discover that right way of giving up even the very best results we could attain, is man's true task—the task that perpetually comes to

him, and must come to him again and again, so long as his knowledge remains incomplete, and his powers of perceiving limited. Our true end is to banish the ignorance within, and attain a true starting-point; and if we do not thoroughly accept this true end, we divide into hostile camps the powers which nature gave us for mutual aid, and waste in fruitless fighting energies which, if we perceived our task aright, would be found to be each other's complements."

The progress of thought—of distinctively *religious*, as well as of what may be considered purely *secular*, thought—seems to have brought us in these days, in more than one field of mental activity, just to such a point as our writer describes in the words which I have quoted; a point at which we find ourselves compelled, in consequence of the conclusion which we have arrived at, to go back to our premiss—our fundamental thought and starting-point—reconsider it, and correct it. And this, as our author has shown us, involves *giving up something*; and this giving up has to be done *in the right way*. Now this is very hard—harder, often, than words can express.

It will be best to clear our ground at once by an illustration, which should remove all ambiguities and bring into distinct view the line of thought which it is my purpose to pursue. When our Lord Jesus Christ came on earth, and began his public ministry amongst his Jewish fellow-countrymen, He

\* See "The Place of the Physician: being the Introductory Lecture at Guy's Hospital, October, 1873, with other Essays," by James Hinton, Aural Surgeon to the Hospital, pp. 33, 35, 48.

found their minds entirely pre-occupied and taken up with a radically false notion of what the promised Christ, or Messiah, must *be* and *do*. This premiss—their fundamental thought or starting-point—was utterly wrong. And yet they had not the smallest suspicion that it was wrong, but went on, in perfect good faith, feeding their minds with the prospect of a Messiah who should prove a magnificent King and Conqueror, should break the Roman yoke, set their nation at the head of all the nations, and make Jerusalem the metropolis of the whole world. And for this false notion of theirs there was a great deal to be said. They could easily quote passages from their own Holy Scriptures in support of it. And yet, for all *that*, it was absolutely and utterly false; and, on the strength of this false notion, they rejected and crucified their true Messiah, Jesus. It is not for us to judge them. They had to do just what in such matters it is so hard to do: they had to go back to their premiss, and correct it. Even the disciples of Jesus themselves found it impossible to do this, or at least to do it with any real thoroughness, until their adored Master had been taken from them by death and restored to them by the Resurrection. Then it is recorded of them, "He opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved the Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day."

St. Paul began his life with the same false premiss; and, on the strength of it, he persecuted the Christians. It was his conversion that first put him upon suspecting the soundness of his premiss, and compelled him to reconsider it, and ultimately to revise, or even reverse it. It was indeed time for him to think of revising his premiss, when he found himself asking, "Who art thou, *Lord*?" and received for reply, "I am *Jesus*, whom thou persecutest;" and then had to say again, "*Lord*, what wilt thou have me to do?" And thenceforth, whenever, as a missionary of the gospel, he came in contact with Jews, he always made it his first business to persuade them to do what he had himself been compelled to do, namely, go back to the false premiss—this false fundamental thought and starting-point of the whole nation—and *correct it*; *giving up something* which had been very dear to them, and giving up *in the right way*. Thus, for example, we read of him at Thessalonica, where there was a large and important colony of Jews, that, "*As his manner was*, he went in unto them, and

three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging," or, as we should say, "explaining and proving," "that the Christ, the Messiah, must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is the Christ."

Let us not fail to thoroughly understand how difficult it was for those unhappy Jews, who crucified Jesus, to correct their false premiss. St. Paul was a very able, a very intelligent, and a very learned man, a *well-educated* man in every sense of the word, a master of Greek literature and philosophy, as well as of Rabbinical lore; yet he was so possessed with this false notion of the Christ, that nothing but his conversion could drive it out of him. He and his fellow-countrymen had sucked this notion in with their mothers' milk, as it were. It was part and parcel of the intellectual and religious atmosphere which they breathed as they grew up. All the past glories, and all the present miseries, of their nation combined to make this faith of theirs in a grand conquering Messiah almost a *necessity* with them, a conviction which it seemed death to part with. And then it had so much to say for itself. The language of Holy Scripture seemed to lend it so much countenance; such language as this, for example, which every Jew of that day would at once interpret as referring to the Messiah, "He shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth; and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked;" or this, "The day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come; and I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold; therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me."

Having cleared our ground and defined the general lines of our subject by this illustration, we may go on to ask whether there is anything in our own position which answers or is analogous to the condition of things which the preceding illustration reveals to view. It seems to me that, in more directions than one, we may trace its counterpart; the same need of correcting a false premiss, the same immense difficulty in doing so, the same need of *giving up something*, the same immense difficulty of *giving up in the right way*. I might instance at once that dogma of the inallibility of the Bible, which the men of my own generation received by tradition from our fathers as an axiom, a self-evident truth, which admitted of no discussion. Every one

knows how widely that dogma has been shaken during the last twenty years, how impossible it is to maintain it in its old rigidity, how essential and inevitable it is that, in this direction at least, we should go back to our premiss and faithfully correct it, giving up what must be given up, and yet taking all care to give up in the right way.

And this is really the process in which, consciously or unconsciously, all thoughtful minds are, and for long have been, engaged; and this not without heat and strife and bitterness—how could it be? the process being what it is, at once so immensely difficult and so unspeakably important. But we may rest assured that the end will be peace. We may accept without reserve, and apply without hesitation to the process in which we find ourselves willingly or unwillingly engaged, the language of the writer from whom I have already quoted—"There is an infinite joy again in this, that, though the *working out* of the correction of a premiss is a process of darkness, a very mystery of evil, compelling strife, and making peace impossible in spite of all desire; yet, when once its meaning is understood, all is changed: a new light breaks over the past; a new spirit descends into the present. The strife ceases; a meaning and end become visible in every part; an assured victory is made manifest in each defeat."

Into this particular instance, however, of that general law of human life which is under our consideration now, I do not propose to inquire further. It is too obvious to need investigation. More difficult, it seems to me, in some respects, and scarcely, if at all, less important, is the inquiry into another illustration of the same law, which, to a great extent, runs parallel with this, and at many points runs up into it and twines itself with it. Closely connected with the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible is that view of *faith*, which regards it as equivalent to *holding correct religious opinions*. The same progress of thought which has resulted in discrediting that dogma has also had the effect of throwing suspicion upon this view of the nature of faith. Here, too, it would seem to be incumbent upon us to return upon our steps,

and correct our premiss. And if this is to be done wisely and well, the thing which above all things will have to be considered is the teaching of our Master Himself upon this great subject; a teaching from which it is only too likely that we may have drifted far away. A slight contribution to this inquiry is all that I can offer; and I know of no passage in the Gospels from which such an inquiry can so well set out as from *this* one: "Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." (Mark ix. 23, 24.)

The first thing, I presume, that will strike us here, will be the large, the literally boundless promise which Jesus makes to faith—"All things are possible to him that believeth." And this is no exceptional or unusual style of speaking on His part. Again and again He speaks in the same strain, and makes the same large promises to faith. Thus the same Evangelist who records these words records also the following, spoken within a few days of the end: "Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain"—this solid Mount of Olives, upon which the feet of his disciples were then treading—"Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." And this saying of his laid such hold on the minds and memories of his disciples, that it passed quite into a proverb among them. Therefore St. Paul, in his famous description of charity, writes, "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains." And the phrase is a household phrase amongst us to this day. We still speak of faith, in its highest and strongest form, as a faith that can remove mountains; meaning, that it can triumph over difficulties and obstacles that to an ordinary observer seem quite insuperable and beyond all remedy.

(To be concluded in next number.)

## LUCREZIA.

By MRS. COMYNS CARR.

## PART I.

LUCREZIA had no parents. She had been heard to say laughingly herself that she had never had any parents, and there were people in the village who said the same thing, and could even have explained the matter in a way she herself little dreamed of. For when she said that she had never had any parents she merely meant that she did not remember them, and that it was enough for her to be the niece of Pietro, the farmer, and of Teresa, the best linen-weaver in the whole country-side. Lucrezia was a young woman who could have held her own anywhere, but it certainly was a good beginning to be the niece of such a strong character as Teresa.

Lucrezia lived at Santa Caterina, on the sundown side of the Lago Maggiore, where chestnuts grow densest, and mountains rise rocky from out green and foamless water. She was decreed by many to be the village belle, though some gave the palm to tall Marina, whose dark head towered a foot above the other's light-brown curls.

Santa Caterina is a fishing hamlet. The cottages hem the edge of the rocks, and are shaded by tall walnut and spreading chestnut trees. Fishermen's dwellings stand near the water's level lower down on the path; farmers' cottages higher up on the cliff's crest. Lucrezia lived on the cliff, for old Pietro was a farmer. The village is a very peaceful village. The path that leads up to it is too steep for pleasure-seekers to climb; strangers never visit it, nor has a fair been seen in its vicinity. It is a little dull. There would be no chance of amusement at all, indeed, were it not that good Catholics must always hear mass of a holy day, and that, when their own chapel is closed, the villagers must seek a ritual elsewhere. Lucrezia was a good Catholic. She went across the water to Stresa of a Sunday or saint's day, and heard mass and saw the world a bit. She had always been a trouble to guardians and confessors, and some said it was not amiss she should go so often to church. But some had a different tale. Anyhow, it is certain that Lucrezia was, what the aunt herself used to call "a real torment," though she would never have allowed others to use the expression. The old folks were proud, in their gruff and silent way, of this only bit of youth which had been left to grace their life's

waning. They had had a son of their own once, but he was dead. The aunt was glad when people said that Lucrezia was a lady-like wench, such as sculptors love to model and painters to paint. After that what did it matter, even though some in the village should decree that tall Marina was the handsomer damsel? And, indeed, every one had a kindly smile, if it came to that, for the merry little maid with her smooth, fallow face and wistful, bright, brown eyes, even though oftentimes she had but saucy words and sharp country sarcasms wherewith to reward her admirers. She was a pert little peasant, for all her winsomeness; but, though matter-of-fact and unimaginative on the surface, she had a quick, tender little heart and a poetic temperament that could soon be laid bare by the simplest emotion. She was of those who can toil and rest, and sleep and sport, with never a thought of weariness. Her tears were quickly chased away by smiles, and whether she plaited her glossy brown hair or scrubbed her copper saucepans it was with a wholesome pride of success that far outweighed all self-consciousness. Lucrezia could take a jest and give it back again. But she knew nothing about love. Her day was yet to come.

Lucrezia was small. She consoled herself with the thought that the proverb says, "While the tall one stoops the little one has run her day." Indeed, before the "hours" chimed at midday across the lake she often had the pot on the fire in a well-swept kitchen, and had plucked the fruit that the uncle sold at Stresa, after cleaning the stable and turning the cattle out to grass. She was a very thrifty maid; and to-day—one day towards September's end—when the chestnuts were near to falling, she stood, her morning work done, with neatly plaited hair and pretty costume, waiting for an escort across the water. Her clothes were pretty clothes, and suited her well. She wore a dark-blue homespun gown with quiet apron and amber kerchief; her gold ornaments were heavy and strangely wrought, and her little feet were hidden beneath clumsy leather shoes that beat an angry rhythm on the stone pavement as she sat waiting for one who came not. She complained loudly to the aunt within for this crossing of her will.

"No, I tell thee he does it on purpose!"





"She sat hanging her feet on the wall and looked across at Stresa."





"The village children, a ragged gang, thronged the porch."

she was reiterating in reply to some soothing remark from the old *contadina*. "But I'll make him pay for it! Oh, that will I!"

"Lucrezia, child, calm thyself," remonstrated the voice from within. "Surely, if thou let him see an ugly temper before thou art married to him he might have a mind to let thee be! And what should I do? It would be a scandal in the country. Come, now, for the love of Heaven be reasonable!"

"A scandal, indeed!" laughed the girl, tossing her head. "So a wench is to marry a man who does not please her because of what the country may say! I promise you I am not afraid of the neighbours. Santa Caterina is but a dull place, and it will amuse them to have something that will make their eyes open wider."

"See now what a life she leads me!" moaned the aunt, standing on the threshold and uplifting withered hands to Heaven, as though taking the saints to witness of her woes. She had been a tall, massive woman

in the days of her youth, and even with a back prematurely bowed by the carrying of weights, and shoulders rounded, Teresa stood up a powerful figure still, and had some dignity even in her ugliness; for it was not an ugliness of the mind that lay upon her shrivelled features, it was but the wear and tear of a hard life in the natural pursuit of natural duties; it was but the end to which even the pretty girl before her, living such a life as she had led, must come some day; it seemed to be in the just order of things. "A man who does not please her!" she exclaimed, still apostrophizing the unseen, lifting up her eyebrows beneath the red kerchief that bound her forehead, and bringing her hands down again upon her hips. "When I myself wanted her to take the rich miller down at Pallanza, and she told me she would rather be the Lord's own bride in a convent and have done with it! Dear heart alive, what dost thou want? No one can say thou takest Paolo for his riches—as poor a lad as you could find in Lombardy! But

I said, if his presence pleases the girl, let be ! It shall never be whispered we forced her to marry a man for his money—and indeed, the miller *would* have been better suited to one of my own age—but then he would soon have died. That's what I said to thine uncle. And now thou maintainest that Paolo pleases thee not !”

“Well, well, whether he pleases me or pleases me not, I tell you I will teach him a lesson, *zia mia* ! What, he thinks he can do as he likes, and that, for love of his brown face, I will always forgive ? Oh, he shall see he is mistaken ! He shall see how little his poor presence matters to me ! Do you know how proud he is ? Last week at the dance, because I did not choose to be always with my betrothed like an old maid who is afraid to lose him, because I bade him behave himself, he must needs go away and leave me !”

“He thought to please thee.”

“You would have me believe that ! No—I know better. He has the proud spirit, and that must not be. A proud husband ? Never for me !”

“Wouldst thou have a man be a milksop ? Thou dost not like such, nevertheless.”

“A milksop of a gallant, no ! Paolo is even too much so. But a milksop of a husband—that is a good thing ! Do not I know what a husband should be ? Go to !”

“Well—I suppose thou wilt go thine own way ! But have a care !”

“You think I fear to remain a maiden ? I promise you I should know how to set the example of being a matchless one all my life ! Yes, and perhaps even without going into a convent !” The girl planted her feet stiffly against the wall and looked up defiantly.

“*Lucrezia mia*, for the Virgin's love be quiet, or the Saints might take thee at thy word !”

“The Saints do not mix themselves in such matters ! Paolo must please me or I let him be, I tell thee ! Even though every lad in the land should swear afterwards so bad a temper was not worth a pale face !”

“What ails thee thus at Paolo ?”

“He does as he likes, even now that we are not married !”

“It seems to me, however, that he studies much to please thee !”

“Studies ! Yes, that does he ! But a man should know how to please a wench without *study* ! He presses me by the arm when the neighbours are round, and yet, if I tell him to behave, he goes a mile off ! There is study ! And when I pretend I do

not like a thing he takes me at my word ! And when I have a new kerchief he knows no more of it than a fish, but stares ever at my face ! He is a *contadino* of a lover. I could put up with that perhaps ; but to be proud too, and to make me wait half an hour, as now ! No, that does not suit me. And who knows if one day I do not show thee that a girl can snap her fingers at the men, after all !”

“Heaven forbid !”

“Go to thy spinning again, aunt. I will wait alone for Paolo beneath the vine.”

“See now, she will never be patient with the fellow !” deplored old Teresa to the heavens again. “And, at times, these men they will have fire in the veins !” But nevertheless she went within doors and the distaff began to move.

The piazzetta without old Pietro's cottage was stone-paved, and large loose stones had once been placed roughly around it, after the fashion of a wall. That was a long time ago, for Pietro and Teresa were no longer young folks, and the cottage had belonged to them all their lives : the roof had been new-thatched many a time, though it was brown and moss-grown now. Two sunken stone steps led from the house-door on to the terrace, and some still more uneven ones went from the terrace down into the luxuriantly ragged bit of garden, where golden gourd blossoms trailed their tendrils along the ground, and red tomatoes stood, with sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies in a row. All the stones were sunk, and moss grew up between them, even between the flags on the piazzetta, which was vine-hung. Sitting on the wall of it you could see straight across the lake, above the chestnut-trees that fringed the cliff's edge, and between the branches of walnuts close by. Stresa lay opposite—a row of white dwellings on the water's edge, Baveno a little farther down, Pallanza to the right at the head of a bay—the three islands between the two shores. The water on which they lay was dancing now in the sunlight, for it was scarce ten o'clock and the sky was blue. Black boats crossed the green lake here and there ; the splash of their oars could almost be heard up on the terrace, so still was the air this warm autumn morning. Chestnut boughs and late summer flowers scarcely stirred in it.

Lucrezia leaped on to the wall of the piazzetta, whence she could see if the boat were coming along on this side the lake. Paolo did sometimes come that way, and it was late. He was not there, but, as she had

jumped, one of the big shoes had come untied from the foot to which it was strange and that it fitted so ill. She sat down to settle it again. Shoes must be worn, however uncomfortable, for they were genteel, and Lucrezia was always a little proud of having been once called genteel. Engrossed with the business of making fast her latchet, she did not hear a step come slowly up the stair.

"Lucrezia," said a voice at her ear, and a sudden arm was flung around her. It held her fast, though she had sprung up fiercely and would have pushed the intruder aside.

It was Paolo, to be sure, but that was not the way he should have come. Lucrezia had prepared a whole scene of reproaches on her part, and of excuses on the part of her lover, and this cool beginning did not fall in with her views. "Leave me alone!" cried she, tartly; her white face was a-flame, and her brown eyes moved with a restlessness as of anger. "Who gave you leave to take such liberties with me? I do not require your attentions. Take them elsewhere! Do you call those good manners?"

"There, there, she does not mean it," said Teresa, hastily coming to the threshold. "Come within doors for a couple of minutes, there's a good lad!"

Paolo did as he was requested, but his cheek had blanched with annoyance, though he whistled an air from the *Trovatore* with as good a grace as he could.

"Recollect yourself, child," whispered the aunt to the pouting girl, and then hastened to assuage the feelings of the insulted swain with as interesting a conversation as she could devise. They talked of wheat, and beans, and potatoes, and then of the Stresa news. But the words rang in Paolo's ears—"Take your attentions elsewhere!" Did Lucrezia mean them? No doubt *she* could find other attentions quickly enough. Already his breast swelled with jealousy, though the aunt tried to smooth matters by hinting that Lucrezia was so very genteel that she liked no peasant ways of lovemaking, even though her heart would have been with them.

"Nevertheless, I am a *contadino*," answered Paolo, half dejected and half proudly, and then they went back to speak of the crops again, while Lucrezia stood alone on the terrace choking down her tears and smoothed the best garments, which had been displaced by that untoward embrace. Yes, her yellow kerchief was certainly awry, and her apron crumpled. How did her hair look? She would dearly have loved a peep in the broken fragment of mirror that lay upon the window

sill in her attic bedroom; but she would not have passed through the kitchen for worlds, and have Paolo know she was going to look at herself in the glass! She sat, hanging her feet on the wall, and looked across at Stresa while she listened to scraps of the conversation from the kitchen; it was about the chestnuts, the vintage, and everything excepting herself. Was that the way in which a lover should behave? Lucrezia put on all the dignity of which she was capable, but Paolo did not come out, so at last she was obliged to walk sulkily to the door and make the first move herself.

"Do not trouble to pick the rice, aunt," she said. "I go to take off my dress, and then I will see to it!"

"There, there, what a wench it is," deplored the elder woman, "when she has thought of nothing all yesterday but this *festa*!"

"*Festa*!" grumbled Lucrezia. "It is little of a *festa* to me. And now it is too late to go."

"The ceremony only begins at the half hour," said Paolo quietly, "and I wait to hear the Stresa clock strike eleven."

Paolo had not even been late.

"Come, then, all is well!" put in Teresa cheerily, trying to cement this step towards peace. "Thou wilt have thy comfits after all, though thou scarce deservest them, wayward wench that thou art!"

"Will you go, Lucrezia?" asks Paolo anxiously, coming closer to her, while the old woman moved away into the back-yard.

He ought not to have done this. He ought to have gone on being firm and proud. Perhaps Lucrezia would have liked him the better for it; perhaps she would have been glad that she had found her master; perhaps—but wherefore surmise? Paolo was not domineering, nor was Lucrezia reasonable.

"Oh, yes," answered she, laughing—at sight of his eager face—that pretty laugh which had cost him his heart. "Since you wish it so much, I do not mind going. Though, to be sure, you almost took away the very desire I had for a little recreation. Will you promise not to molest me any more by your country manners?"

"I always thought girls liked being wooed," sighed the poor gallant.

"Well—well, and if they do, why should they say so? Don't you see that these things should understand themselves? That is how it is with the educated people."

"We are not educated, Lucrezia, you and I. We are only *contadini*. Why should we

not conduct ourselves as God has put it into our hearts to do? I am not disagreeable to you, since you will marry me. Why, then, must I hold aloof from you?"

"Listen to the man!" smiled the little tormentor. "I suppose, now, you think it is always for love of a lad's brown face that a girl marries! What a peasant you are!"

"Yes, I am that," said Paolo with some pride; "a peasant, and an honest one, thank God! That is why I believed you liked me, since you said you would marry me, even though I am no fine townsman!" Then softening quickly, as was his wont towards Lucrezia, he added tenderly, "But you *do* like me, do you not, dear heart?" The aunt looked another way, and Paolo took a little brown hand in his. Alas! Lucrezia was not so easily sobered. She only laughed, and snatching away her hand called out gaily: "I declare we shall be late for the wedding, after all!" The thwarted lover could but make answer with a sigh, for she was gathering up her skirts, and with a hasty good-bye to the old woman, and as hasty a promise to be back at mid-day, she jumped down the steps into the orchard. To make love to her in such a mood was but waste trouble; but as he strode beside her Paolo could not but remember the pretty smiles she used to bestow on him *before* they were betrothed; smiles that, alas! she sometimes bestowed on others even now. He looked eagerly for one gentle touch of the brown fingers in passing; but even when they came to the rugged bit of way, over which he had often helped her, Lucrezia would have none of his strong arm this morning. "I have a couple of words to say to Caterina, the lame one," said she, hurrying forward, and when they reached the foot of the hill—under the pretence of a weighty commission—she had her kerchief settled and took a glance in the mirror, which did more to restore her good-humour than poor Paolo's efforts could have done in an hour. Alas! what a vain girl was Lucrezia!

They took seat in the boat. Paolo began to feel more at ease as he grasped the friendly oars, but he was sorely perplexed still. He had been taught to believe that the humouring of a woman is an evil thing. Yet he loved Lucrezia so dearly that he scarcely dared be cross with her, lest so wayward a damsel should give him the slip altogether! Again he said to himself, "Patience!" but he felt no patience. By nature he was of a hot temper and swift to retort. Many wondered at seeing the fisher youth so changed, as he

used to be when he was beside old Pietro's niece.

"Shall I send thee a basket of the good pears from my mother's house tree?" said he at last, by way of an attempt, adopting once more the friendly "thou."

"Yes, if you like," answered she, scorning the familiar pronoun.

Paolo moved the stretcher at his feet and took out grease to ease the rough rowlocks for his oars. He fidgeted uneasily. Had he remarked her pretty blue frock or noted the amber kerchief on her bosom, or even said that the *spadillas* in her hair were deftly put in, he might have had better success. But he was only a poor, illiterate fisherman, as Lucrezia was wont so often to tell him! He knew that she was pretty, that the sight of her in any costume—perhaps most in her homely farm dress—made his heart glow and his eyes kindle proudly, but he certainly could not have described in what garb she was habited. Whereas this was just what Lucrezia would most have wished him to notice. She was not a little vain of being more refined and of dressing more quietly than the peasant girls about. But Paolo did not care for her to be refined; he was only a peasant-born fisherman; he only wanted a peasant wife. It vexed him sorely that his betrothed should insist so much on gentility of manner, for there was a tale whispered around which made him ashamed, if Lucrezia was noticed as being different from the country girls. She had never guessed at the rumour herself—no one dared repeat it in her presence; but this was it:—She was not Teresa's niece, folks said. She was not a born *contadina*. She had been placed out to nurse—as children of the nobility often are—and there she had been forsaken, in Pietro's house, brought up with Pietro's own boy. Of course there was no proof of this, for Teresa was a terrible woman when she chose, and she had chosen not to open her mouth, to Paolo or any one else, on the subject of Lucrezia's birth. Nevertheless, the village gossips had no doubt of the truth of their surmise. Lucrezia was "gentle-born," and, if "gentle-born," why forsaken—unless for some grave reason? Well, well, Teresa had been a good foster-mother to the wench, and that was fortunate, since she was surely never to know a mother of her own. Only, the girl must not give herself airs! When she did so, it was luckless Paolo who suffered for it at the neighbours' hands.

Lucrezia little guessed, when she scoffed at her lover for his lack of dignity, that *he*

was often scoffed at for his choice of her!

But Paolo could be a passionate lover, peasant as he was; the girl had bewitched him, and if she would but love him and be true to him folk might say what they liked, he could turn a deaf ear to all tales, and be as loyal in defence of her as any knight errant of chivalrous times. Lucrezia had a peasant's notion of honour, whatever her birth—that he would swear to, in spite of all her wayward speeches; she could do peasant's work as a peasant's wife should; what more did he want? Paolo was not afraid of his venture, only it annoyed him—as it was annoying him now—that the girl should be proud of the very thing which he most feared to see in her.

He pulled silently at the oars; just a shade of gloom spread itself over his handsome face, that was usually so good-natured. He could never tell her his thought, and yet sometimes his thought troubled him.

He looked across at the pretty face. One note of gentle womanliness—such as she knew well enough how to give—would have soothed the trouble; but, alas! Lucrezia, untutored peasant lass as I remember you, what a coquette you could be when you chose!

Paolo was vexed at her coolness. He was foolish; he should be still more vexed; she would show him her power. It was so sweet to cultivate dignity, and though the process was a little dull for a holiday pastime, Paolo would sue for her favour presently—would court and admire, and praise her, and then she would be graciously condescending. That was how a lover should behave, and Paolo was so devoted that in time she could surely teach him how to woo as a very gentleman! So she spread her skirts around her, and a gay kerchief to shield her head from the mid-day sun, and for a while sat calmly in the stern of the boat, gazing at Paolo till he was fairly out of countenance. It was but a poor amusement, and Lucrezia was a foolish girl. Even she herself thought so at last. A haughty silence generally overpowered Paolo into respectful rhapsodies to her taste, but to-day he was obdurate. Perhaps she was silly. Here was a handsome man ready to court her—for Paolo *was* handsome, tall, and strong, lithe in his movements, and with keen bright eyes that shone from beneath black eyebrows, and a bush of curly black hair. He had put on his soldier's cap to-day to please her—Lucrezia liked a soldier's cap. Yes—she certainly was silly—

the conviction brought a blush to her cheek. Would it not be well for her to make the most of her gallant when she arrived at the town? Every one knew she was but seventeen and had no dowry, and would not the Stresa girls be envious when they saw her with such a good-looking lover? But for that she must smooth his annoyance, for a cross-looking gallant was a credit to no girl.

"Paolo, did you catch good fish this morning?" she began graciously.

"I did not go out."

"The lazy man!"

"I might have been late home, and I would not have kept you waiting."

Paolo was innocent of intention to wound with this shaft, which might have been dealt by Lucrezia herself.

"Hast put on the gold I gave thee?" asked he presently.

"Does a well-behaved girl go about with a man without wearing the gold he has given her?" answered Lucrezia. "I should be mistaken for a servant-wench!"

Paolo stood reproved. He had seen the gold chain on her bosom, and had only asked the question by way of conversation.

Fortunately, the magic sound of bells across the water had permanently established Lucrezia's temper, and there was no pretence now in her good-humour. She had the proverbial Italian light heart that nothing can quench when a sight is to be seen, the merry rush of life to be heard. The shady shores of Isola Madre had been left behind, and the boat was skirting the magnolia groves of Isola Bella when first the bells began to ring, but Lucrezia left Paolo no rest till their keel had grazed the shingle of the main land, and all the remainder of the journey she kept repeating—

"Ah, Paolo, Paolo, make haste, or we shall be late," to which Paolo made the comforting reply, that a Sindaco's daughter would surely have the bells rung for her wedding full half an hour before.

Lucrezia used the time in speculating what the bride was about now, and who was bid to the festivities; but every time the big bass hurled itself in chastisement after the cadences of merry little bells, every time the triplets, after a lame ending, began again cheerfully at the top of the scale, Lucrezia looked reproachfully at Paolo, and folded up her gay kerchief afresh, as though to emphasize the fact that she was impatient. Fortunately the brawny arms could pull a long swift stroke; but the poor lad was but scantily rewarded for his pains, for when they

reached the shore Lucrezia would scarce wait, in her excitement, while he moored the boat. But he forgave her the want of courtesy for the sake of her restored good-humour, and was even so pleased at the sight of her gay spirits as to hurry up the road after her, and venture upon offering his arm. She drew her little person up to its full height and gave him a look which was meant to freeze the very marrow in his bones.

"Hast forgotten that in company one never does such things?" said she. "That is for peasant folk. Make haste, or we shall lose a place for the sight!"

They went up to the church. It stood on a little hill, a trifle above the town. Many people were gathered together, for the wedding of a Sindaco's daughter does not happen every day; and she was to have a silk dress, and more rings than had ever been seen on a bride's fingers before. The village children, a ragged gang, thronged the porch in hopes of a shower of comfits when the benediction should be over.

The last trace of Lucrezia's ill-temper had disappeared in the genial atmosphere of gay colours and a crowd; but she was determined to reach the centre of the manoeuvres, and pushed her way valiantly, nodding a hasty greeting now and then to right or left. Standing-room was gained near to the broad flight of steps up which the bride must pass, and Lucrezia was satisfied so long as no one ventured to press before her, in which event her small stature would prevent her from seeing. She looked eagerly for the wedding party. But though the noisy bells seemed to have been ringing a long time now, the Sindaco's daughter still tarried. Lucrezia began to weary; the sun was very hot. Paolo's arm presently stole around her waist. She did not notice it. "What a long while the bride's toilette takes!" sighed she, and in the heat she looked white and languid. Paolo's gaze rested proudly upon her. He was no "man of education," as Lucrezia used to say, but, as he looked at her the words of a popular Lombard song came into his head, "Thou seemest on the hedge a jessamine." Peasant comrades used to tell Paolo that his Lucrezia was too frail and too sallow, but these were they who only admired "much presence" in a woman. They looked at her, whatever they said. No one could help looking at the pale, pretty, oval face, with its dewy brown eyes and its frame of loosely waving chestnut hair; nor at the supple firm-knit little figure, so slender and yet so strong.

But though Paolo did not like folk to cry down his betrothed, he did not like them to admire her too much either. That sculptor last year who had told her that the nightingale's song dwelt in her sweet and swelling throat, the sound of the sea in her little shell-like ears, was a fool! Paolo would have been angry again had he noticed some one who was even now admiring Lucrezia too much—would have been all the more angry as the pair of eyes fixed on his betrothed belonged to no peasant, but to a "man of education," a signore. He was not handsome, as Paolo was; his face was worn and aged before its time, his mouth was thin-lipped and somewhat cynical, and, for all his fine clothes, he was less refined than the fisher-lad. But he wore a diamond ring, he lounged easily, and not as the shop lads; and had Lucrezia, wonderful to tell, not been innocent as yet of an admiring pair of male eyes, I fear her heart would surely have swelled with pride, and Paolo would have had reason to be angry.

There was an old cherry-tree wedged up into the corner of the wall. The new admirer leaned up against it and smiled as he watched the changing face before him. "What a pretty picture the *contadinella* would make!" he said to a comrade at his side.

A greater shouting of the crowd at last announced the arrival of the bride. Stronger bodies forced themselves before Lucrezia.

"Paolo, Paolo," she complained, "tell them to move. I see nothing!"

Paolo laughed. "They also wish to see," said he. "But, come, I will lift thee in mine arms."

To this, however, the girl only pouted. It was not to be done. How was she to see the sight? They looked round the piazza. "I will climb on the wall by that cherry-tree!" she exclaimed, and hastened to push her way through the crowd. "She will be gone before I get up," moaned the child-woman.

Paolo cleared a passage as fast as he could, and some one besides Paolo made a little space on the wall. Both were too much engrossed to notice who it was.

"Thou art right," whispered the young Signore's companion to him; "she is a pretty girl!" And the other stood so near to Lucrezia that he could note the curve of her neck and the swell of her shoulders.

"Look, look, Paolo!" she cried. "There is the bride's silk dress! Is it not beautiful? There is nothing I should like so well as a



silk dress; I would give *anything* for it! Surely thou mightest give me such a dress when we are married in Carnival."

"I like thee best in thy working-frock, dear heart."

"Thou mockest me!"

"No, indeed. And well thou knowest a poor fisherman has no money to buy silk dresses with."

"I suppose not," sighed she. "See her rings! She has nine on one finger! How many wilt thou give me?"

"It remains to be seen how much I can earn before the Carnival. What I can will I give thee; of that rest assured. Have I not bought gold for thee, as much as thou canst wear?" And he touched the rude ornaments in ears and hair.

"As much as I can wear?" ejaculated she. "No, indeed! Well, let us speak no more of it. We poor folk must have patience, I suppose."

"Would it not be a real pleasure to give the child a silk dress, eh, Mario?" whispered the signore to his comrade, while he still looked at Lucrezia.

Bride and bridegroom, with many attendant relatives, swept into the church. Those of the throng who could not find room within the building waited, eagerly conversing, without. Paolo and Lucrezia sat on the stone wall, and presently Lucrezia had time to notice the strange eyes whose glances fell so admiringly on herself. She dropped her own bright ones coquettishly, and blushed with pleasure. She did not tell Paolo that there was a well-dressed man standing hard by who sought a look from her. Paolo could see him if he chose. And presently Paolo did see him; but he only said, "There is one of those gentlefolks who come for the water cure. They think a little fresh air will cure all their evils."

"Paolo, you should not speak so," said Lucrezia. "He is a great gentleman, if I mistake not."

"A great one, indeed," sneered the fisher swain, looking with contempt at the spare form of his unsuspected rival. "And if I mistake not, his greatness will but last him a short time to play the fool with."

"You frighten me, Paolo!" cried the girl, aghast. "How can you say such things? I will not listen to you."

"Well, well, we must all die some day," added Paolo cheerfully. "And I meant nothing. How do I know about the man? At all events, we won't let the sight of any puny-limbed aristocrat make us sad. We

are strong and hearty. Nothing is going to happen to us, and we are going to be merry."

"Yes," sighed Lucrezia, who hated every thought of sadness, "we are going to be merry."

The bridal party came out of church, comforts were scattered, sweetmeats and comments passed freely around. Village children scrambled for the former; village gossips hastened to supply the latter. Some said the bride's gown was of finest fabric, some said the silk was mixed with cotton, and the embroidery of the petticoats nothing but machine-work. And Lucrezia listened to all this; but she listened half sadly. The day was not very far distant when she should play such a part, but, alas! Paolo was but a poor fisherman, and could provide no such state as this stiff and starched finery. Lucrezia knew she was pretty, and this bride was not pretty; but then the gold of her dowry was all displayed to view on her person, and there was much of it, and she was grand—yes, almost as grand as a lady! Lucrezia sighed, for dearly indeed she would have loved to outshine the Sindaco's daughter. Her heart was filled with envy as she watched the bridal party wend its way to the scene of coming festivities. And the Count, leaning against the cherry-tree, seemed to understand it all. But the pop-guns were being let off at the close of the ceremony, and Paolo was saying to his betrothed, "Come, dear heart, the aunt will wait thee at home, and thou must eat a mouthful with me at the tavern before we go." And the Count heard it all, and saw Lucrezia pout; for she had no mind to go home yet. Why did Paolo always remind her of passing holidays and coming duties, and disagreeable things in general? Alas, poor fellow! he always had the misfortune to say the wrong thing. He soon saw that he had said it now, for she tossed her head and turned away from him disdainfully.

"Who knows if I have not business in Stresa during the afternoon?" said she.

"Didst thou not even promise thine aunt to be back to cook the dinner?"

"And is one always to reflect how one can perform when one makes a promise? Why, the meal is cooked by this time, and it takes an hour to row across the lake. Thou art wool-gathering!"

"Oh, my Lucrezia," laughed Paolo, good-humouredly, "thou art hard to please, in truth! Oh, but do as thou wilt. If thou hast business in Stresa, thou canst see to it while I walk round to Baveno to speak with

Maso about the new boat. Anyhow, now we will go to the *trattoria*."

This met with Lucrezia's approval. She jumped down from the wall. In doing so she dropped one of her heavy ear-drops. Neither she nor Paolo saw it fall, but the man whom Paolo had stigmatised as a ne'er-do-weel picked it up after Lucrezia had left the piazza.

The tavern to which Paolo took his companion stood on the quay. There was a little bit of vine-trellised *pergola* in front of it, beneath which marble tables invited passers-by to partake of ices and coffee. A row of pollard acacias stood across the way, and between the acacias and the *pergola* the carriages drove past, going to Baveno and Pallanza. It was gay, and Lucrezia liked anything gay. She talked fast and laughed merrily. The *polenta* tasted much better off this marble table than it did at home; and she had a glass of sour Monferrato, which did not fall to her lot every day. She allowed to herself that Paolo had behaved very well, for he had studied her tastes, and had not brought her to any low eating-house for the sake of saving a few *soldi*. Here they were quite in the fashionable part of the town, and with Monferrato to drink, which must have cost at least eight *soldi* the bottle. Yes, Lucrezia allowed to herself that she was proud of her betrothed—proud that folks should see he made much of her—proud to be promised to a man before she was seventeen, and she without a morsel of dowry. She forgot the envy with which she had regarded the grand bride—forgot the polished young Count, whose admiring glances she had been so pleased to note. Both of them forgot that they had ever quarrelled.

Paolo leaned back in his chair when the simple meal was over, looking with satisfaction at the pretty face beside him, and jingling in his pocket the copper change out of paying the score.

"Well, hast thou renounced the idea of doing business in Stresa?" laughed he, emboldened by her happy countenance.

It was a luckless speech. The happy half-hour at the tavern had only made Lucrezia the more anxious to prolong her holiday. She wanted to walk up and down outside, and show off her gallant. "Why should I renounce it?" said she. "Thou hast said that thou too hast affairs to attend to."

"My affairs can wait," replied Paolo. "Believe me, thou dost well to return now."

Alas! even gratitude, even the conviction that she was going to defeat her own aim, could not quell Lucrezia's obstinacy. Even did she no longer desire it, with her to have determined on a thing was to do it.

"If thy affairs can wait mine cannot," said she curtly, and rising from her seat.

Paolo sighed as he followed her out of the tavern. He knew that it was of no use objecting further now.

"Shall I come with thee, or go to Baveno?" asked he resignedly.

Now, as we have said, Lucrezia would have liked to parade awhile up and down attended by Paolo, but she was not going to hint at such a thing if he was not sharp enough to divine it. So she only said coldly, "Please thyself."

"I will go to Maso's, then," sighed Paolo. He did not guess that a girl might be proud of him. She might be going to see some female friend, and he would be in the way. "Shall I call for thee at thy cousin Maddalena's house?" asked he presently, as Lucrezia made no remark.

"No; I do not go to the cousin's. She does nothing but exclaim every time, 'Oh, how small thou art, Lucrezia! How pale thou art grown!' as though she had never seen me before. She wearies me. When I have done that which I have to do, I will sit and wait for thee on the shore."

"That will not be amusing."

"Yes, yes; it pleases me," she protested, though in reality she was disappointed at this result of her obstinacy. "Go, now, and hasten back, for then we will go home."

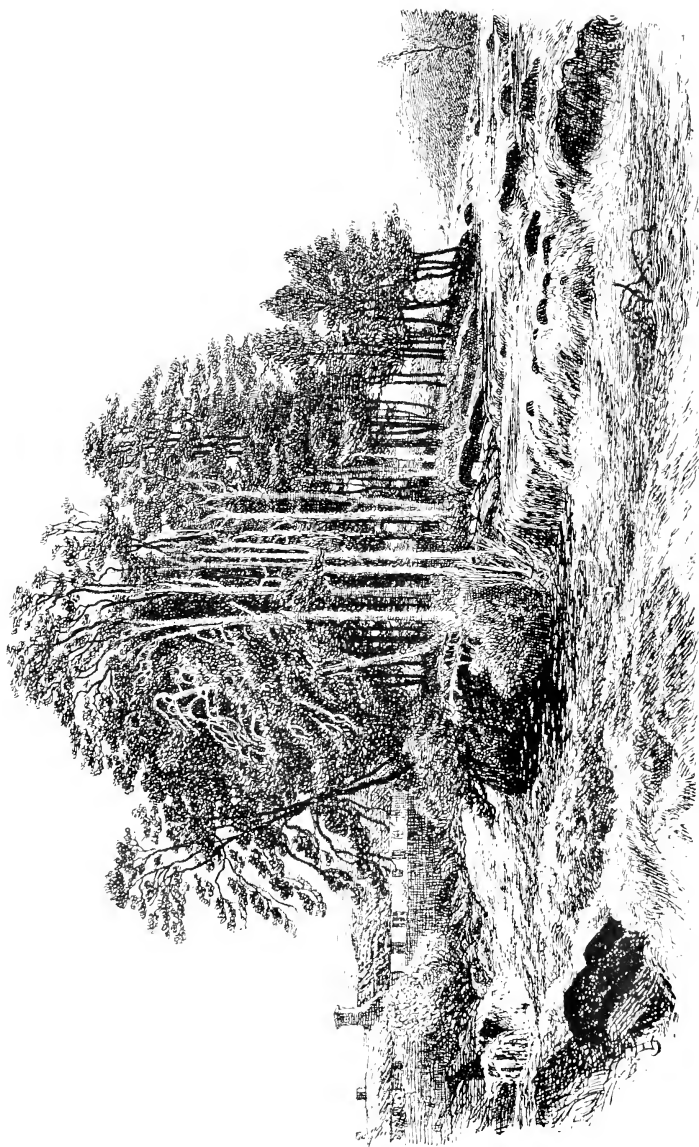
"In an hour I shall be back, or shall I remain longer?"

"No, no; an hour will do. You will find me just here on this bench," said she, for they had left the scanty shade of the pollarded acacias, and stood in the best avenue now, where the summer visitors walk and drive.

The "Bagni" stood opposite. There would be no mistaking the spot.

"Good-bye, Lucrezia," said Paolo sadly. He said it as though it were for a long time instead of only for a short hour! And even Lucrezia—foolish girl—though she had made the parting, was sorry now! But she said a curt word as usual in leave-taking. It was only when Paolo's back was turned, so that he could not see her, when he was walking away along the dusty high road, that she chose to show her feelings. Then she gazed after him tenderly as long as he was in sight.





FALLS OF THE DOCHART, PERTSHIRE.  
A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.  
By E. JENNINGS.

## THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.

By THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

THE wild, herbless, weather-worn promontory was quite a solitude, and, saving the one old lighthouse about fifty yards up the slope, scarce a mark was visible to show that humanity had ever been near the spot. Anne found herself a seat on a stone, and swept with her eyes the tremulous expanse of water around her, that seemed to utter a ceaseless unintelligible incantation. Out of the three hundred and sixty degrees of her complete horizon two hundred and fifty were covered by waves, the *coup d'œil* including the area of troubled waters known as the Race, where two seas met to effect the destruction of such vessels as could not be mastered by one. She counted the craft within her view: there were five; no, there were only four; no, there were seven, some of the specks having resolved themselves into two. They were all small coasters, and kept well within sight of land.

Anne sank into a reverie. Then she heard a slight noise on her left-hand, and turning beheld an old sailor, who had approached with a glass. He was levelling it over the sea in a direction to the south-east, and somewhat removed from that in which her own eyes had been wandering. Anne moved a few steps thitherward, so as to unclose to her view a deeper sweep on that side, and by this discovered a ship of far larger size than any which had yet dotted the main before her. Its sails were for the most part new and clean, and in comparison with its rapid progress before the wind the small brigs and ketches seemed standing still. Upon this striking object the old man's glass was bent.

"What do you see, sailor?" she asked.

"Almost nothing," he answered. "My sight is so gone off lately that things, one and all, be but a November mist to me. And yet I fain would see to-day. I am looking for the *Victory*."

"Why?" she said quickly.

"I have a son aboard her. He's one of three from these parts. There's the captain, there's my son Ned, and there's young Love-day of Overcombe—he that lately joined."

"Shall I look for you?" said Anne after a pause.

"Certainly, mis'ess, if so be you please."

Anne took the glass, and he supported it by his arm. "It is a large ship," she said,

"with three masts, three rows of guns along the side, and all her sails set."

"I guessed as much."

"There is a little flag in front—over her bowsprit."

"The jack."

"And there's a large one flying at her stern."

"The ensign."

"And one on her topmast."

"That's the admiral's flag, the flag of my Lord Nelson. What is her figure-head, my dear?"

"A coat-of-arms, supported on this side by a sailor."

Her companion nodded with satisfaction.

"On the other side of that figure-head is a marine."

"She is twisting round in a curious way, and her sails sink in like old cheeks, and she shivers like a leaf upon a tree."

"She is in stays, for the larboard tack. I can see what she's been doing. She's been re'ching close in to avoid the flood tide, as the wind is to the sou'-west, and she's bound down; but as soon as the ebb made, d'ye see, they made sail to the west'ard. Captain Hardy may be depended upon for that; he knows every current about here, being a native."

"And now I can see the other side; it is a soldier where a sailor was before. You are sure it is the *Victory*?"

"I am sure."

After this a frigate came into view—the *Euryalus*—sailing in the same direction. Anne sat down, and her eyes never left the ships. "Tell me more about the *Victory*," she said.

"She is the best sailor in the service, and she carries a hundred guns. The heaviest be on the lower deck, the next size on the middle deck, the next on the main and upper decks. My son Ned's place is on the lower deck, because he's short, and they put the short men below."

Bob, though not tall, was not likely to be specially selected for shortness. She pictured him on the upper deck, in his snow-white trousers and jacket of navy blue, looking perhaps towards the very point of land where she then was.

The great silent ship, with her population of blue jackets, marines, officers, captain, and the admiral who was not to return alive,

passed like a phantom the meridian of the Bill. Sometimes her aspect was that of a large white bat, sometimes that of a grey one. In the course of time the watching girl saw that the ship had passed her nearest point; the breadth of her sails diminished by foreshortening, till she assumed the form of an egg on end. After this something seemed to twinkle, and Anne, who had previously withdrawn from the old sailor, went back to him, and looked again through the glass. The twinkling was the light falling upon the cabin windows of the ship's stern. She explained it to the old man.

"Then we see now what the enemy have seen but once. That was in seventy-nine, when she sighted the French and Spanish fleet off Scilly, and she retreated because she feared a landing. Well, 'tis a brave ship, and she carries brave men!"

Anne's tender bosom heaved, but she said nothing, and again became absorbed in contemplation.

The *Victory* was fast dropping away. She was on the horizon, and soon appeared hull down. That seemed to be like the beginning of a greater end than her present vanishing. Anne Garland could not stay by the sailor any longer, and went about a stone's throw off, where she was hidden by the inequality of the cliff from his view. The vessel was now exactly end on, and stood out in the direction of the Start, her width having contracted to the proportion of a feather. She sat down again, and mechanically took out some biscuits that she had brought, foreseeing that her waiting might be long. But she could not eat one of them; eating seemed to jar with the mental tenseness of the moment; and her undeviating gaze continued to follow the lessened ship with the fidelity of a balanced needle to a magnetic stone, all else in her being motionless.

The courses of the *Victory* were absorbed into the main, then her topsails went, and then her top-gallants. She was now no more than a dead fly's wing on a sheet of spider's web; and even this fragment diminished. Anne could hardly bear to see the end, and yet she resolved not to flinch. The admiral's flag sank behind the watery line, and in a minute the very truck of the last topmast stole away. The *Victory* was gone.

Anne's lip quivered as she murmured without removing her wet eyes from the vacant and solemn horizon, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters——"

"These see the works of the Lord, and

His wonders in the deep," was returned by a man's voice from behind her.

Looking round quickly, she saw a soldier standing there; and the grave eyes of John Loveday bent on her.

"'Tis what I was thinking," she said, trying to be composed.

"You were saying it," he answered gently.

"Was I?—I did not know it. . . . How came you here?" she presently added.

"I have been behind you a good while; but you never turned round."

"I was deeply occupied," she said in an undertone.

"Yes—I too came to see him pass. I heard this morning that Lord Nelson had embarked, and I knew at once that they would sail immediately. The *Victory* and *Euryalus* are to join the rest of the fleet at Plymouth. There was a great crowd of people assembled to see the admiral off; they cheered him and the ship as she dropped down. He took his coffin on board with him, they say."

"His coffin?" said Anne, turning deadly pale. "Something terrible, then, is meant by that! Oh, why *would* Bob go in that ship?—doomed to destruction from the very beginning like this!"

"It was his determination to sail under Captain Hardy, and under no one else," said John. "There may be hot work; but we must hope for the best." And observing how wretched she looked, he added, "But won't you let me help you back? If you can walk as far as Church-Hope Cove it will be enough. A lerret is going from there to Weymouth harbour in the course of an hour; it belongs to a man I know, and they can take one passenger, I am sure."

She turned her back upon the Channel, and by his help soon reached the place indicated. The boat was lying there as he had said. She found it to belong to the old man who had been with her at the Bill, and was in charge of his two younger sons. The trumpet-major helped her into it over the slippery blocks of stone, one of the young men spread his jacket for her to sit on, and as soon as they pulled from shore John climbed up the blue-grey cliff, and disappeared over the top, to return to Weymouth by the Chesil Road.

Anne was in the town by three o'clock. The trip in the stern of the lerret had quite refreshed her, with the help of the biscuits, which she had at last been able to eat. The van from Weymouth to Overcombe did not start till four o'clock, and feeling no further interest

in the gaieties of the place, she strolled on through Radipole, her mind settling down again upon the possibly sad fate of the *Victory* when she found herself alone. She did not hurry on; and finding that even now there wanted another half-hour to the carrier's time, she turned into a little lane to escape the inspection of the numerous passers-by. Here all was quite lonely and still, and she sat down under a willow-tree, absently regarding the landscape, which had now begun to put on the rich tones of declining summer, but which to her was as hollow and faded as a theatre by day. She could hold out no longer; burying her face in her hands, she wept without restraint.

Some yards behind her was a little spring of water, having a stone margin round it to prevent the cattle from treading in the sides and filling it up with dirt. While she wept two elderly gentlemen entered unperceived upon the scene, and walked on to the spring's brink. Here they paused and looked in, afterwards moving round it, and then stooping as if to smell or taste its waters. The spring was, in fact, a sulphurous one, then recently discovered by a physician who lived in the neighbourhood; and it was beginning to attract some attention, having by common report contributed to effect such wonderful cures as almost passed belief. After a considerable discussion, apparently on how the pool might be improved for better use, one of the two elderly gentlemen turned away, leaving the other still probing the spring with his cane. The first stranger, who wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, came on in the direction of Anne Garland, and seeing her sad posture went quickly up to her, and said abruptly, "What is the matter?"

Anne, who in her grief had observed nothing of the gentlemen's presence, withdrew her handkerchief from her eyes and started to her feet. She instantly recognised her interrogator as the King.

"What, crying?" his Majesty inquired kindly. "How is this?"

"I—have seen a dear friend go away, sir," she faltered with downcast eyes.

"Ah!—partings are sad—very sad—for us all. You must hope your friend will return soon. Where is he or she gone?"

"I don't know, your Majesty."

"Don't know—how is that?"

"He is a sailor on board the *Victory*."

"Then he has reason to be proud," said the King with interest. "He is your brother?"

Anne tried to explain what he was, but could not, and blushed with painful heat.

"Well, well, well; what is his name?"

In spite of Anne's confusion and low spirits, her natural woman's shrewdness told her at once that no harm could be done by revealing Bob's name; and she answered, "His name is Robert Loveday, sir."

"Loveday—a good name. I shall not forget it. Now dry your cheeks, and don't cry any more. Loveday—Robert Loveday."

Anne curtsied, the King smiled good-humouredly, and turned to rejoin his companion, who was afterwards heard to be Dr. —, the physician in attendance at Gloucester Lodge. This gentleman had in the meantime filled a small phial with the medicinal water, which he carefully placed in his pocket; and on the King coming up they retired together and disappeared. Thereupon Anne, now thoroughly aroused, followed the same way with a gingerly tread, just in time to see them get into a carriage which was in waiting at the turning of the lane.

She quite forgot the carrier, and everything else in connection with riding home. Flying along the road rapidly and unconsciously, when she awoke to a sense of her whereabouts she was so near to Overcombe as to make the carrier not worth waiting for. She had been borne up in this hasty spurt at the end of a weary day by visions of Bob promoted to the rank of admiral, or something equally wonderful, by the King's special command, the chief result of the promotion being, in her arrangement of the piece, that he would stay at home and go to sea no more. But she was not a girl who indulged in extravagant fancies long, and before she reached home she thought that the King had probably forgotten her by that time, and her troubles, and her lover's name.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—A SAILOR ENTERS.

THE remaining fortnight of the month of September passed away, with a general decline from the summer's excitements. The Royal family left Weymouth the first week in October, the German Legion with their artillery about the same time. The dragoons still remained at Radipole barracks, and John Loveday brought to Anne every newspaper that he could lay hands on, especially such as contained any fragment of shipping news. This threw them much together; and at these times John was often awkward and confused, on account of the unwonted stress of concealing his great love for her.

Her interests had grandly developed from the limits of Overcombe and Weymouth; life to an extensiveness truly European.

During the whole month of October, however, not a single grain of information reached her, or anybody else, concerning Nelson and his blockading squadron off Cadiz. There were the customary bad jokes about Buona-parte, especially when it was found that the whole French army had turned its back upon Boulogne and set out for the Rhine. Then came accounts of his march through Germany and into Austria; but not a word about the *Victory*.

At the beginning of autumn John brought news which fearfully depressed her. The Austrian General Mack had capitulated with his whole army. Then were revived the old misgivings as to invasion. "Instead of having to cope with him weary with waiting, we shall have to encounter This Man fresh from the fields of victory," ran the newspaper article.

But the week which had led off with such a dreary piping was to end in another key. On the very day when Mack's army was piling arms at the feet of its conqueror, a blow had been struck by Bob Loveday and his comrades which eternally shattered the enemy's force by sea. Four days after the receipt of the Austrian news Corporal Tullidge ran into the miller's house to inform him that on the previous Monday, at eleven in the morning, the *Pickle* schooner, Lieutenant Lapenotiere, had arrived at Falmouth with dispatches from the fleet; that the stage-coaches on the highway from Exeter to London were chalked with the words "Great Victory!" "Glorious Triumph!" and so on; and that all the country people were wild to know particulars.

On Friday afternoon John arrived with authentic news of the battle off Cape Trafalgar, and the death of Nelson. Captain Hardy was alive; he had escaped with the loss of his shoe-buckle. But it was feared that the *Victory* had been the scene of the heaviest slaughter among all the ships engaged, though as yet no returns of killed and wounded had been issued, beyond a rough list of the numbers in some of the ships.

The suspense of the little household in Overcombe Mill was great in the extreme. John came thither daily for more than a week; but no further particulars reached England till the end of that time, and then only the meagre intelligence that there had been a gale immediately after the battle, and that many of the prizes had been lost. Anne said little to all these things, and preserved a superstratum of calmness on her countenance;

but some inner voice seemed to whisper to her that Bob was no more. Miller Loveday drove to Portsmouth several times, to learn if the Captain's sisters had received any more definite tidings than these flying reports; but that family had heard nothing which could in any way relieve the miller's anxiety. When at last, at the end of November, there appeared a final and revised list of killed and wounded as issued by Admiral Collingwood, it was a useless sheet to the Lovedays. To their great pain it contained no names but those of officers, the friends of ordinary seamen and marines being on that occasion left to discover their losses as best they might.

Anne's conviction of her loss increased with the darkening of the early winter days. Bob was not a cautious man who would avoid needless exposure, and a hundred and fifty of the *Victory's* crew had been disabled or slain. Anybody who had looked into her room at this time would have seen that her favourite reading was the office for the burial of the dead at sea, beginning, "We therefore commit his body to the deep." In these first days of December several of the victorious fleet came into port; but not the *Victory*. Many supposed that that noble ship, disabled by the battle, had gone to the bottom in the subsequent tempestuous weather; and the belief was persevered in till it was told in Weymouth that she had been seen passing up the Channel. Two days later the *Victory* arrived at Portsmouth.

Then letters from survivors began to appear in the public prints which John so regularly brought to Anne; but though he watched the mails with unceasing vigilance, there was never a letter from Bob. It sometimes crossed John's mind that his brother might still be alive and well, and that in his wish to abide by his expressed intention of giving up Anne and home life he was deliberately lax in writing. If so, Bob was carrying out the idea too thoughtlessly by half, as could be seen by watching the effects of suspense upon the fair face of the victim, and the anxiety of the rest of the family.

It was a clear day in December. The first slight snow of the season had been sitted over the earth, and one side of the apple-tree branches in the miller's garden was touched with white, though a few leaves were still lingering on the tops of the younger trees. A short sailor of the royal navy, who was not Bob, or anything like him, crossed the mill court and came to the door. The miller hastened out and brought him into



the room, where John, Mrs. Loveday, and Anne Garland were all present.

"I'm from aboard the *Victory*," said the sailor. "My name's Jim Cornick. And your lad is alive and well."

They breathed rather than spoke their thankfulness and relief, the miller's eyes being moist as he turned aside to calm himself; while Anne, having first jumped up wildly from her seat, sank back again under the almost insupportable joy that trembled through her limbs to her utmost finger.

"I've come from Spithead to Portsmouth," the sailor continued, "and now I am going on to father at Weymouth."

"Ah—I know your father," cried the trumpet-major, "old James Cornick."

It was the man who had brought Anne in his letter from Portland Bill.

"And Bob hasn't got a scratch?" said the miller.

"Not a scratch," said Cornick.

Loveday then bustled off to draw the visitor something to drink. Anne Garland, with a glowing blush on her face at she said not what, had gone to the back part of the room, where she was the very embodiment of sweet content as she slightly swayed herself without speaking. A little tide of happiness seemed to ebb and flow through her in listening to the sailor's words, moving her figure with it. The seaman and John went on conversing.

"Bob had a good deal to do with barricading the hawse-holes afore we were in action, and the adm'l and cap'n both were very much pleased at how 'twas done. When the adm'l went up the quarter-deck ladder Cap'n Hardy said a word or two to Bob, but what it was I don't know, for I was quartered at a gun some ways off. However, Bob saw the adm'l stagger when 'a was wounded, and was one of the men who carried him to the cockpit. After that he and some other lads jumped aboard the French ship, and I believe they was in her when she struck her flag. What 'a did next I can't say, for the wind had dropped, and the smoke was like a cloud. But 'a got a good deal talked about; and they say there's promotion in store for'n."

At this point in the story Jim Cornick stopped to drink, and a low unconscious humming came from Anne in her distant corner; the faint melody continued more or less when the conversation between the sailor and the Lovedays was renewed.

"We heard afore that the *Victory* was near knocked to pieces," said the miller.

"Knocked to pieces? You'd say so if so

be you could see her. Gad, her sides be battered like an old penny piece; the shot be still sticking in her wales, and her sails be like so many clap-nets; we have run all the way home under jury top-masts; and as for her decks, you may swab wi' hot water, and you may swab wi' cold; but there's the blood-stains, and there they'll bide. . . . The cap'n had a narrow escape, like many o' the rest—a shot shaved his ankle like a razor. You should have seen that man's face in the het o' battle, his features were as if they'd been cast in steel."

"We rather expected a letter from Bob before this."

"Well," said Jim Cornick, with a smile of toleration, "you must make allowances. The truth o't is, he's engaged just now at Portsmouth, like a good many of the rest from our ship. . . . 'Tis a very nice young woman that he's a-courting of, and I make no doubt that she'll be an excellent wife for him."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Loveday in a warning tone.

"Courting—wife?" said the miller.

They instinctively looked towards Anne. Anne had started as if shaken by an invisible hand, and a thick mist of doubt seemed to obscure the intelligence of her eyes. This was but for two or three moments. Very pale, she arose and went right up to the seaman. John gently tried to intercept her, but she passed him by.

"Do you speak of Robert Loveday as courting a wife?" she asked, without the least betrayal of emotion.

"I didn't see you, miss," replied Cornick, turning. "Yes, your brother hev' his eye on a wife, and he deserves one. I hope you don't mind."

"Not in the least," she said with a stage laugh. "I am interested, naturally. And what is she?"

"A very nice young master-tailor's daughter, honey. A very wise choice of the young man's."

"Is she fair or dark?"

"Her hair is rather light."

"I like light hair; and her name?"

"Her name is Caroline. But can it be that my story hurts ye? If so——"

"Yes, yes," said John, interposing anxiously. "We don't care for more just at this moment."

"We do care for more," said Anne vehemently. "Tell it all, sailor. That is a very pretty name, Caroline. When are they going to be married?"

"I don't know as how the day is settled,"

answered Jim, even now scarcely conscious of the devastation he was causing in one fair breast. "But from the rate the courting is succdling along at, I should say it won't be long first."

"If you see him when you go back give him my best wishes," she lightly said as she moved away. "And," she added with solemn bitterness, "say that I am glad to hear he is making such good use of the first days of his escape from the Valley of the shadow of Death!" She went away, expressing indifference by audibly singing in the distance—

"Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round,  
Shall we go dance the round!"

"Your sister is lively at the news," observed Jim Cornick.

"Yes," murmured John gloomily, as he gnawed his lower lip and kept his eyes fixed on the fire.

"Well," continued the man from the *Tre-tory*, "I won't say that your brother's intended ha'n't got some ballast, which is very lucky for'n, as he might have picked up with a girl without a single copper nail. To be sure there was a time we had when we got into port! It was open house for us all!" And after mentally regarding the scene for a few seconds Jim emptied his cup and rose to go.

The miller was saying some last words to him outside the house, Anne's voice had hardly ceased singing up-stairs, John was standing by the fireplace, and Mrs. Loveday was crossing the room to join her daughter, whose manner had given her some uneasiness, when a noise came from above the ceiling, as of some heavy body falling. Mrs. Loveday rushed to the staircase, saying, "Ah, I feared something!" and she was followed by John.

When they entered Anne's room, which they both did almost at one moment, they found her lying insensible upon the floor. The trumpet-major, his lips tightly closed, lifted her in his arms and laid her upon the bed; after which he went back to the door to give room to her mother, who was bending over the girl with some hartshorn.

Presently Mrs. Loveday looked up and said to him, "She is only in a faint, John, and her colour is coming back. Now leave her to me; I will be down-stairs in a few minutes, and tell you how she is."

John left the room. When he gained the lower apartment his father was standing by the chimney-piece, the sailor having gone. The trumpet-major went up to the fire, and,

grasping the edge of the high chimney-shelf, stood silent.

"Did I hear a noise when I went out?" asked the elder in a tone of misgiving.

"Yes, you did," said John. "It was she; but her mother says she is better now. Father," he added impetuously, "Bob is a worthless blockhead! If there had been any good in him he would have been drowned years ago!"

"John, John—not too fast," said the miller. "That's a hard thing to say of your brother, and you ought to be ashamed of it."

"Well, he tries me more than I can bear. Good heaven! what can a man be made of to go on as he does? Why didn't he come home; or if he couldn't get leave, why didn't he write? 'Tis scandalous of him to serve a woman like that."

"Gently, gently. The chap hev done his duty as a sailor; and though there might have been something between him and Anne, her mother, in talking it over with me, has said many times that she couldn't think of their marrying till Bob had settled down in business with me. Folks that gain victories must have a little liberty allowed 'em. Look at the admiral himself, for that matter."

John continued looking at the red coals, till hearing Mrs. Loveday's foot on the staircase, he went to meet her.

"She is better," said Mrs. Loveday; "but she won't come down again to-day."

Could John have heard what the poor girl was moaning to herself at that moment as she lay writhing on the bed, he would have doubted her mother's assurance: "If he had been dead I could have borne it, but this I cannot bear!"

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—DERRIMAN SEES CHANCES.

MEANWHILE Sailor Cornick had gone on his way as far as the forking roads, where he met Festus Derriman on foot. The latter, attracted by the seaman's dress, and by seeing him come from the mill, at once accosted him. Jim, with the greatest readiness, fell into conversation, and told the same story as that he had related at the mill.

"Bob Loveday going to be married?" repeated Festus.

"You all seem struck of a heap wi' that."

"No; I never heard news that pleased me more."

When Cornick was gone Festus, instead of passing straight on, halted on the little bridge and meditated. Bob, being now interested elsewhere, would probably not resent the

siege of Anne's heart by another; there could, at any rate, be no further possibility of that looming duel which had troubled the yeoman's mind ever since his horse-play on Anne at the house on the down. To march into the mill and propose to Mrs. Loveday for Anne before John's interest could revive in her was, to this hero's thinking, excellent discretion.

The day had already begun to darken when he entered, and the cheerful fire shone red upon the floor and walls. Mrs. Loveday received him alone, and asked him to take a seat by the chimney-corner, a little of the old hankering for him as a son-in-law having permanently remained with her.

"Your servant, Mrs. Loveday," he said, "and I will tell you at once what I come for. You will say that I take time by the forelock when I inform you that it is to push on my long-wished-for alliance w' your daughter, as I believe she is now a free woman again."

"Thank you, Mr. Derriman," said the mother placably. "But she is ill at present. I'll mention it to her when she is better."

"Ask her to alter her cruel, cruel resolves against me, on the score of—of my consuming passion for her. In short," continued Festus, dropping his parlour language in his warmth, "I'll tell thee what, Dame Loveday, I want the maid, and must have her."

Mrs. Loveday replied that that was very plain speaking.

"Well, 'tis. But Bob has given her up. He never meant to marry her. I'll tell you, Mrs. Loveday, what I have never told a soul before. I was standing upon Weymouth Quay on that very day in last September that Bob set sail, and I heard him say to his brother John that he gave your daughter up."

"Then it was very unmannerly of him to trifle with her so," said Mrs. Loveday warmly. "Who did he give her up to?"

Festus replied with hesitation, "He gave her up to John."

"To John? How could he give her up to a man already over head and ears in love with that actress woman?"

"Oh! You surprise me. Which actress is it?"

"That Miss Johnson! Anne tells me that he loves her hopelessly."

Festus arose. Miss Johnson seemed suddenly to acquire high value as a sweetheart at this announcement. He had himself felt a nameless attractiveness in her, and John had done likewise. John crossed his path in all possible ways.

Before the yeoman had replied somebody opened the door, and the firelight shone upon the uniform of the person they discussed. Festus nodded on recognising him, wished Mrs. Loveday good evening, and went out precipitately.

"So Bob told you he meant to break off with my Anne when he went away?" Mrs. Loveday remarked to the trumpet-major. "I wish I had known of it before."

John appeared disturbed at the sudden charge. He murmured that he could not deny it, and then hastily turned from her and followed Derriman, whom he saw before him on the bridge.

"Derriman!" he shouted.

Festus started and looked round. "Well, trumpet-major," he said blandly.

"When will you have sense enough to mind your own business, and not come here telling things you have heard by sneaking behind people's backs?" demanded John hotly. "If you can't learn in any other way, I shall have to pull your ears again, as I did the other day!"

"You pull my ears? How can you tell that lie, when you know 'twas somebody else pulled 'em?"

"Oh no, no. I pulled your ears, and thrashed you in a mild way."

"You'll swear to it? Surely 'twas another man?"

"It was in the parlour at the public-house; you were almost in the dark." And John added a few details as to the particular blows, which amounted to proof itself.

"Then I heartily ask your pardon for saying 'twas a lie!" cried Festus, advancing with extended hand and a genial smile. "Sure, if I had known 'twas you, I wouldn't have insulted you by denying it."

"That was why you didn't challenge me, then?"

"That was it! I wouldn't for the world have hurt your nice sense of honour by letting ye go unchallenged, if I had known! And now, you see, unfortunately I can't mend the mistake. So long a time has passed since it happened that the heat of my temper is gone off. I couldn't oblige ye, try how I might, for I am not a man, trumpet-major, that can butcher in cold blood—no, not I, nor you neither, from what I know of ye. So, willy-nilly, we must fain let it pass, eh?"

"We must, I suppose," said John, smiling grimly. "Who did you think I was, then, that night when I boxed you all round?"

"No, don't press me," replied the yeoman.

"I can't reveal; it would be disgracing myself to show how very wide of the truth the mockery of wine was able to lead my senses. We will let it be buried in eternal mixens of forgetfulness."

"As you wish," said the trumpet-major loftily. "But if you ever *should* think you knew it was me, why, you know where to find me." And Loveday walked away.

The instant that he was gone Festus shook his fist at the evening star, which happened

hurdle with such violence that the whole row of them fell flat in the mud.

"Mercy, Maister Festus!" said Cripplestraw. "'Surely,' I says to myself when I see ye a-coming, 'surely Maister Festus is fuming like that because there's no chance of the enemy coming this year, after all.'"

"Cr-r-ripplestraw! I have been wounded to the heart," replied Derriman with a lurid brow.

"And the man yet lives, and you wants yer horse-pistols instantly. Certainly, Maister F——"

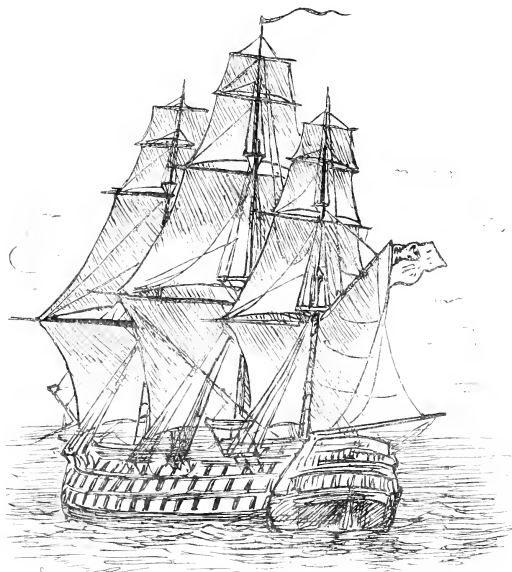
"No, Cripplestraw, not my pistols, but my new-cut clothes, my heavy gold seals, my silver-topped cane, and my buckles that cost more money than he ever saw. Yes, I must tell somebody, and I'll tell you, because there's no other fool near. He loves her heart and soul. He's poor; she's tip-top genteel, and not rich. I am rich, by comparison. I'll court the pretty play-actress, and win her before his eyes."

"Play-actress, Maister Derriman?"

"Yes. I saw her this very day, met her by accident, and spoke to her. She's still in Weymouth—perhaps because of him. I can meet her at any hour of the day—— But I don't mean to marry her—not I. I will court her for my pastime, and to annoy him. It will be all the more death to him that I don't want her. Then perhaps he will say to me, 'You have taken

my one ewe lamb'—meaning that I am the king, and he's the poor man, as in the church verse; and he'll beg for mercy when 'tis too late—unless, meanwhile, I shall have tired of my new toy. Saddle the horse, Cripplestraw, to-morrow at ten."

Full of this resolve to scourge John Loveday to the quick through his passion for Miss Johnson, Festus came out booted and spurred at the time appointed, and set off on his morning ride.



*The Victory.*

to lie in the same direction as that taken by the dragon.

"Now for my revenge! Duels? Life-long disgrace to me if ever I fight with a man of blood below my own! There are other remedies for upper-class souls! . . . Matilda—that's my way."

Festus strode along till he reached the Hall, where Cripplestraw appeared gazing at him from under the arch of the porter's lodge. Derriman dashed open the entrance-

Miss Johnson's theatrical engagement having long ago terminated, she would have left Weymouth with the rest of the visitors had not matrimonial hopes detained her there. These had nothing whatever to do with John Loveday, as may be imagined, but with a stout, staid boat-builder on the Old Quay, who had shown much interest in her impersonations. Unfortunately this substan-

tial man had not been quite so attentive since the end of the season as his previous manner led her to expect; and it was a great pleasure to the lady to see Mr. Derriman leaning over the harbour bridge with his eyes fixed upon her as she came towards it after a stroll past her elderly wooer's house.

"Od take it, ma'am, you didn't tell me when I saw you last that the tooting man



"Anne swept with her eyes the tremulous expanse of waters around her."

with the blue jacket and lace was yours devoted?" began Festus.

"Who do you mean?" In Matilda's ever-changing emotional interests, John Loveday was a stale and unprofitable personality.

"Why, that trumpet-major man."

"Oh! What of him?"

"Come; he loves you, and you know it, ma'am."

She knew, at any rate, how to take the current when it served. So she glanced

at Festus, folded her lips meaningly, and nodded.

"I've come to cut him out."

She shook her head, it being unsafe to speak till she knew a little more of the subject.

"What!" said Festus, reddening, "do you mean to say that you think of him seriously—you, who might look so much higher?"

"Constant dropping will wear away a

stone; and you should only hear his pleading! His handsome face is impressive, and his manners are—oh, so genteel! I am not rich; I am, in short, a poor lady of decayed family, who has nothing to boast of but my blood and ancestors, and they won't find a body in food and clothing—I hold the world but as the world, Derrimanio—a stage where every man must play a part, and mine a sad one!" She dropped her eyes thoughtfully and sighed.

"We will talk of this," said Festus, much affected. "Let us walk to the Look-out."

She made no objection, and said, as they turned that way, "Mr. Deriman, a long time ago I found something belonging to you; but I have never yet remembered to return it." And she drew from her bosom the paper which Anne had dropped in the meadow when eluding the grasp of Festus on that summer day.

"Zounds, I smell fresh meat!" cried Festus when he had looked it over. "'Tis in my uncle's writing, and 'tis what I heard him singing on the day the French didn't come, and afterwards saw him marking in the road. 'Tis something he's got hid away. Give me the paper, there's a dear; 'tis worth sterling gold!"

"Halves, then?" said Matilda tenderly.

"Yes—anything," replied Festus, blazing into a smile, for she had looked up in her best new manner at the possibility that he might be worth the winning. They went up the steps to the summit of the cliff, and dwindled over it against the sky.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—REACTION.

THERE was no letter from Bob, though December had passed, and the new year was two weeks old. His movements were, however, pretty accurately registered in the papers, which John still brought, but which Anne no longer read. During the second week in December the *Victory* sailed for Sheerness, and on the 9th of the following January the public funeral of Lord Nelson took place in St. Paul's.

Then there came a meagre line addressed to the family in general. Bob's new Portsmouth attachment was not mentioned, but he told them that he had been one of the eight-and-forty seamen who walked two-and-two in the funeral procession, and that Captain Hardy had borne the banner of emblems on the same occasion. The crew was soon to be paid off at Chatham, when he thought of returning to Portsmouth for a few days to see a valued friend. After that he should come home.

But the spring advanced without bringing him, and John watched Anne Garland's desolation with augmenting desire to do something towards consoling her. The old feelings, so religiously held in check, were stimulated to rebelliousness, though they did not show themselves in any direct manner as yet.

The miller, in the meantime, who seldom interfered in such matters, was observed to look meaningfully at Anne and the trumpet-major from day to day; and by-and-by he spoke privately to John.

His words were short and to the point: Anne was very melancholy; she had thought too much of Bob. Now 'twas plain that they had lost him for many years to come. Well; he had always felt that of the two he would rather John married her. Now John might settle down there, and succeed where Bob had failed. "So if you could get her, my sonny, to think less of him and more of thyself, it would be a good thing for all."

An inward excitement had risen in John; but he suppressed it and said firmly—

"Fairness to Bob before everything!"

"He hev forgot her, and there's an end on't."

"She's not forgot him."

"Well, well; think it over."

This discourse was the cause of his penning a letter to his brother. He begged for a distinct statement whether, as John at first supposed, Bob's verbal renunciation of Anne on the quay had been only a momentary ebullition of friendship, which it would be cruel to take literally; or whether, as seemed now, it had passed from a hasty resolve to a standing purpose, persevered in for his own pleasure, with not a care for the result on poor Anne.

John waited anxiously for the answer, but no answer came; and the silence seemed even more significant than a letter of assurance could have been of his absolution from further support to a claim which Bob himself had so clearly renounced. Thus it happened that paternal pressure, brotherly indifference, and his own released impulse operated in one delightful direction, and the trumpet-major once more approached Anne as in the old time.

But it was not till she had been left to herself for a full five months, and the blue-bells and ragged-robins of eighteen hundred and six were again making themselves common to the rambling eye, that he directly addressed her. She was tying up a group of tall flowering plants in the garden; she knew that he was behind her, but she did not turn. She had subsided into a placid dignity which

enabled her when watched to perform any little action with seeming composure—very different from the flutter of her inexperienced days.

"Are you never going to turn round?" he at length asked good-humouredly.

She then did turn, and looked at him for a moment without speaking; a certain suspicion looming in her eyes, as if suggested by his perceptible want of ease.

"How like summer it is getting to feel, is it not?" she said.

John admitted that it was getting to feel like summer; and, bending his gaze upon her with an earnestness which no longer left any doubt of his subject, went on to ask, "Have you ever in these last weeks thought of how it used to be between us?"

She replied quickly, "Oh, John, you shouldn't begin that again. I am almost another woman now!"

"Well, that's all the more reason why I should, isn't it?"

Anne looked thoughtfully to the other end of the garden, faintly shaking her head; "I don't quite see it like that," she returned.

"You feel yourself quite free, don't you?"

"Quite free!" she said instantly, and with proud distinctness; her eyes fell, and she repeated more slowly, "Quite free." Then her thoughts seemed to fly from herself to him. "But you are not?"

"I am not?"

"Miss Johnson?"

"Oh—that woman! You know as well as I that was all make up, and that I never for a moment thought of her."

"I had an idea you were acting; but I wasn't sure."

"Well, that's nothing now. Anne, I want to relieve your life; to cheer you in some way; to make some amends for my brother's bad conduct. If you cannot love me, liking will be well enough. I have thought over every side of it so many times—for months have I been thinking it over—and I am at last sure that I do right to put it to you in this way. That I don't wrong Bob I am quite convinced. As far as he is concerned we be both free. Had I not been sure of that I would never have spoken. Father wants me to take on the mill, and it will please him if you can give me one little hope; it will make the house go on altogether better if you can think of me."

"You are generous and good, John," she said, as a big round tear bowled helter-skelter down her face and hat-strings.

"I am not that; I fear I am quite the

opposite," he said, without looking at her. "It would be all gain to me—— But you have not answered my question."

She lifted her eyes. "John, I cannot!" she said, with a cheerless smile. "Positively I cannot. Will you make me a promise?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to promise first—— Yes, it is dreadfully unreasonable," she added, in a mild distress. "But do promise!"

John by this time seemed to have a feeling that it was all up with him for the present. "I promise," he said listlessly.

"It is that you won't speak to me about this for *ever* so long," she returned, with emphatic kindness.

"Very good," he replied; "very good. Dear Anne, you don't think I have been unmanly or unfair in starting this anew?"

Anne looked into his face without a smile. "You have been perfectly natural," she murmured. "And so I think have I."

John, mournfully: "You will not avoid me for this, or be afraid of me? I will not break my word. I will not worry you any more."

"Thank you, John. You need not have said worry; it isn't that."

"Well, I am very blind and stupid. I have been hurting your heart all the time without knowing it. It is my fate, I suppose. Men who love women the very best always blunder and give more pain than those who love them less."

Anne laid one of her hands in the other as she softly replied, looking down at them, "No one loves me as well as you, John; nobody in the world is so worthy to be loved; and yet I cannot anyhow love you rightly." And lifting her eyes, "But I do so feel for you that I will try as hard as I can to think about you."

"Well, that is something," he said, smiling. "You say I must not speak about it again for ever so long; how long?"

"Now that's not fair," Anne retorted, going down the garden, and leaving him alone.

About a week passed. Then one afternoon the miller walked up to Anne indoors, a weighty topic being expressed in his tread.

"I was so glad, my honey," he began, with a knowing smile, "to see that from the mill-window last week." He flung a nod in the direction of the garden.

Anne innocently inquired what it could be.

"Jack and you in the garden together," he continued, laying his hand gently on her

shoulder and stroking it. "It would so please me, my dear little girl, if you could get to like him better than that weathercock, Master Bob."

Anne shook her head; not in forcible negation, but to imply a kind of neutrality.

"Can't you? Come now," said the miller.

She threw back her head with a little laugh

of grievance. "How you all beset me!" she expostulated. "It makes me feel very wicked in not obeying you, and being faithful—faithful to——" But she could not trust that side of the subject to words. "Why would it please you so much?" she asked.

"John is as steady and staunch a fellow as ever blew a trumpet. I've always thought



"Are you never going to turn round?"

you might do better with him than with Bob. Now I've a plan for taking him into the mill, and letting him have a comfortable time o't after his long knocking about; but so much depends upon you that I must bide a bit till I see what your pleasure is about the poor fellow. Mind, my dear, I don't want to force ye; I only just ask ye."

Anne meditatively regarded the miller from under her shady eyelids, the fingers of one hand playing a silent tattoo on her bosom. "I don't know what to say to you," she answered brusquely, and went away.

But these discourses were not without their effect upon the extremely conscientious mind of Anne. They were, moreover, much helped



by an incident which took place one evening in the autumn of this year, when John came to tea. Anne was sitting on a low stool in front of the fire, her hands clasped across her knee. John Loveday had just seated himself on a chair close behind her, and Mrs. Loveday was in the act of filling the teapot from the kettle which hung in the chimney exactly above Anne. The kettle slipped forward suddenly; whereupon John jumped from the chair and put his own two hands over Anne's just in time to shield them, and the precious knee she clasped, from the jet of scalding water which had directed itself upon that point. The accidental overflow was instantly checked by Mrs. Loveday; but what had come was received by the devoted trumpet-major on the backs of his hands.

Anne, who had hardly been aware that he was behind her, started up like a person awakened from a trance. "What have you done to yourself, poor John, to keep it off me!" she cried, looking at his hands.

John reddened emotionally at her words. "It is a bit of a scald, that's all," he replied, drawing a finger across the back of one hand, and bringing off the skin by the touch.

"You are scalded painfully, and I not at all." She gazed into his kind face as she had never gazed there before, and when Mrs. Loveday came back with oil and other liniments for the wound Anne would let nobody dress it but herself. It seemed as if her coyness had all gone, and when she had done all that lay in her power she still sat by him. At his departure she said what she had never said to him in her life before: "Come again soon!"

In short, that impulsive act of devotion, the last of a series of the same tenor, had been the added drop which finally turned the wheel. John's character deeply impressed her. His determined steadfastness to his lode-star won her admiration, the more especially as that star was herself. She began to wonder more and more how she could have so persistently held out against his advances before Bob came home to renew girlish memories which had by that time got considerably weakened. Could she not, after all, please the miller, and try to listen to John? By so doing she would make a worthy man happy, the only sacrifice being at worst that of her unworthy self, whose future was no longer valuable. "As for Bob, the woman is to be pitied who loves him," she reflected indignantly, and persuaded herself that, whoever the woman might be, she was not Anne Garland.

After this there was something of recklessness and something of pleasantry in the young girl's manner of making herself an example of the triumph of pride and common sense over memory and sentiment. Her attitude had been epitomized in her defiant singing at the time she learnt that Bob was not leal and true. John, as was inevitable, came again almost immediately, drawn thither by the sun of her first smile on him, and the words which had accompanied it. And now instead of going off to her little pursuits up-stairs, down-stairs, across the room, in the corner, or to any place except where he happened to be, as had been her custom hitherto, she remained seated near him, returning interesting answers to his general remarks, and at every opportunity letting him know that at last he had found favour in her eyes.

The day was fine, and they went out of doors, where Anne endeavoured to seat herself on the sloping stone of the window-still.

"How good you have become lately," said John, standing over her and smiling in the sunlight which blazed against the wall. "I fancy you have stayed at home this afternoon on my account."

"Perhaps I did," she said gaily:

"Do whatever we may for him, dame, we cannot do too much, For he's one that has guarded our land."

And he has done more than that; he has saved me from a dreadful scalding. The back of your hand will not be well for a long time, John, will it?"

He held out his hand to regard its condition, and the next natural thing was to take hers. There was a glow upon his face when he did it: his star was at last on a fair way towards the zenith after its long and weary declination. The least penetrating eye could have perceived that Anne had resolved to let him woo—possibly, in her temerity, to let him win. Whatever silent sorrow might be locked up in her, it was by this time thrust a long way down from the light.

"I want you to go somewhere with me if you will," he said, still holding her hand.

"Yes? Where is it?"

He pointed to a distant hill-side which, hitherto green, had within the last few days begun to show scratches of white on its face.

"Up there," he said.

"I see little figures of men moving about. What are they doing?"

"Cutting out a huge picture of the king on horseback in the earth of the hill. The king's head is to be as big as our mill-pond,

and his body as big as this garden; he and the horse will cover more than an acre. When shall we go?"

"Whenever you please," said she.

"John!" cried Mrs. Loveday from the front door. "Here's a friend come for you."

John went round, and found his trusty lieutenant, Trumpeter Buck, waiting for him. A letter had come to the barracks for John in his absence, and the trumpeter, who was going for a walk, had brought it along with him. Buck then entered the mill to discuss, if possible, a mug of last year's mead with the miller; and John proceeded to read his letter, Anne being still round the corner, where he had left her. When he had read a few words he turned as pale as a sheet, but he did not move, and perused the writing to the end.

Afterwards he laid his elbow against the wall, and put his palm to his head, thinking with painful intentness. Then he took himself vigorously in hand, as it were, and gradually became natural again. When he parted from Anne to go home with Buck she noticed nothing different in him.

In barracks that evening he read the letter again. It was from Bob; and the agitating contents were these:—

"DEAR JOHN,—I have drifted off from writing till the present time because I have not been clear about my feelings; but I have discovered them at last, and can say beyond doubt that I mean to be faithful to my dearest Anne after all. The fact is, John, I've got into a bit of a scrape, and I've a secret to tell you about it (which must go no further on any account). On landing last autumn I fell in with a young woman, and we got rather

warm, as folks do; in short, we liked one another well enough for a while. But I have got into shoal water with her, and have found her to be a terrible take-in. Nothing in her at all—no sense, no niceness, all tantrums and empty noise, John, though she seemed monstrous clever at first. So my heart comes back to its old anchorage. I hope my return to faithfulness will make no difference to you. But as you showed by your looks at our parting that you should not accept my offer to give her up—made in too much haste, as I have since found—I feel that you won't mind that I have returned to the path of honour. I dare not write to Anne as yet, and please do not let her know a word about the other young woman, or there will be the devil to pay. I shall come home and make all things right, please God. In the meantime I should take it as a kindness, John, if you would keep a brotherly eye upon Anne, and *guide her mind back to me*. I shall die of sorrow if anybody sets her against me, for my hopes are getting bound up in her again quite strong. Hoping you are jovial, as times go, I am,

"Your affectionate brother,

"ROBERT."

When the cold day-light fell upon John's face, as he dressed himself next morning, the incipient yesterday's wrinkle in his forehead had become permanently graven there. He had resolved, for his only brother's sake, to reverse his procedure before it was too late, and guide Anne's mind in the direction required. But having arranged to take her to see the excavated figure of the king, he started for Overcombe during the day, as if nothing had occurred to check the smooth course of his love.

## HYMN.

O FOR a heart from self set free,  
And doubt, and fret, and care,  
Light as a bird, instinct with glee,  
That fans the breezy air!

O for a mind whose virtue moulds  
All sensuous fair display,  
And, like a strong commander, holds  
A world of thoughts in sway!

O for an eye that's clear to see,  
A hand that waits on Fate,  
To pluck the ripe fruit from the tree,  
And never comes too late!

O for a life with firm-set root,  
And breadth of leafy green,  
And flush of blooming wealth, and fruit  
That glows with mellow sheen!

O for a death from sharp alarms  
And bitter memories free:  
A gentle death in God's own arms,  
Whose dear Son died for me!

JOHN S. BLACKIE.



No. 1.—Le Bric Castaluzzo from the Bear Inn, La Tour.

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE VALLEYS OF THE WALDENSES.

THE valleys of the Waldenses have been heard of by everybody. These obscure and inconsiderable ravines among the spurs of the High Alps of Piedmont, though affording but a few square miles of habitable earth, have nourished a hardy handful of men who have made deeper marks on the history of Europe than countries many times their size and natural importance. They have drawn out the sympathies of all who value lofty heroism, or can admire indomitable pluck. They have enlisted the active, enthusiastic help of statesmen like Oliver Cromwell, and of soldiers and philanthropists like General Beckwith. They have attracted the respectful notice of historians and theologians, and afforded to students of ecclesiastical lore their most primitive models of church life and doctrine. Every rock in those valleys has its legend, every pool its thrilling tragedy, every precipice its story of love and war, and every pass among the mountains that hem them in, gives its witness to the long and weary struggle of truth against falsehood, in which truth has been victorious at last. And the natural charms of the country of the Vaudois are as singular as its historic associations. There are few scenes in the world more lovely than are to be found in the Val Angrogna or the Val Pelice, and few more stern and terrible than the upper portion of

the Val Lucerna or Germanasca; while, for wild and untrodden passes amid Alpine snows and icy regions, the Col St. Julian and the Col d'Pis, or the steepes of Monte Viso or Monte Genevre, may take rank with those of the Oberland itself.

Full of romantic anticipations, and primed with the history of this interesting people, I found myself, one autumn, at the Bear Inn, in La Tour Pelice. For a fortnight I gave myself up to the happiness of intercourse with the natives, making pilgrimages to every spot sacred to the memory of heroic actions in the four valleys which are still the patrimony of the Israel of the Alps. During that time I visited every principal village, and every scene of primary interest to which their historians have directed attention, as many other travellers have done before me. But there was one point of high interest, which all the Waldensian writers mentioned, but of which, nevertheless, no one in the valleys could give me definite information, and which no one I met seemed to have ever visited. It was the great Cavern of Castaluzzo. Leger, Muston, Gilly, Beattie, Bramley-Moore, and Worsfold, all tell us much about this celebrated cavern. For centuries, during several successive persecutions, it seems to have formed the chief hiding-place of the long-suffering people of

all the towns and villages in the Val Pelice. Whenever the inhabitants of La Tour, Villaro, or Bobbio were threatened with massacre—and they were frequently threatened—the women and children were conveyed there. Leger tells us that as many as four hundred persons, young and old, lay at one time, and that for a considerable period, concealed in its recesses. He describes it with some particularity, and it is well worth careful description, for a more marvellous retreat could hardly be conceived, and perhaps a place so admirably adapted to the purpose is not to be found in the world as

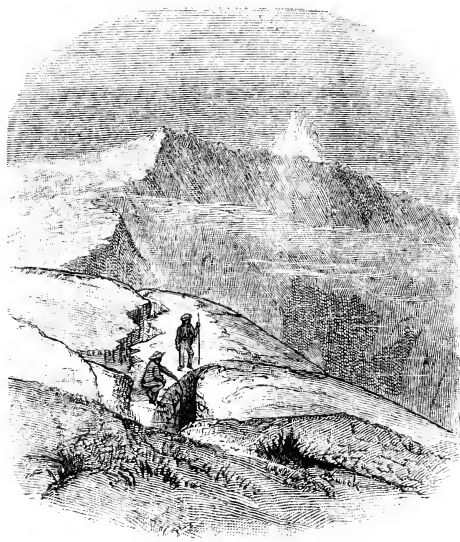
that which God provided for these tried and persecuted people, in close proximity to their principal centres of population. Dr. Gilly felt its importance in the history of their persecutions to be so great that he made repeated efforts to reach it. His account of the manner in which he ultimately succeeded — by means of a rope-ladder and a band of trusty companions—is to be found in page 509 of his later Waldensian

Researches. He ascended with infinite difficulty to the top of Castaluzzo, and, with a number of guides, approached the edge of the precipice, which he says, and says truly, was as perpendicular as a wall. He was utterly incredulous of any cave *there*, or, if there were a cave, of any human creature being able to reach it. He “stretched his body and neck over the precipice in vain.” “Not the slightest hold to a man’s hand or foot was to be seen.” His guide “explained that the descent was to be achieved by stooping over the projecting crag, on the edge of which he stood, and “catching hold of the rough points of the

cliff, and so letting yourself down, till you “come to a sort of chimney, by which, one at a time, it was easy to descend into the cavern. But,” he adds, “how men, women, and children and aged fugitives were to perform this exploit, which we confessed ourselves utterly afraid to attempt, did not appear.” His guide “supposed there had been a second entrance, which was now lost, and most pertinaciously insisted that by that very means he had described, men he knew had actually got into the cavern. He directed their attention to immense blocks of stone at the base of the cliffs, which appeared

“as if they  
“had recently  
“fallen from  
“the rocks  
“above, and  
“which had  
“rendered the  
“descent more  
“difficult than  
“formerly.”

Dr. Gilly and his party then gave up the attempt in despair, although he heard of two persons, Chamforan and Ricca, who had got into the cave in their youth. Some time afterwards he made a fresh attempt, provided with a rope-ladder, spade, pickaxe, hatchets, lan-



No. 2.—Monte Viso from the top of Castaluzzo Rock.

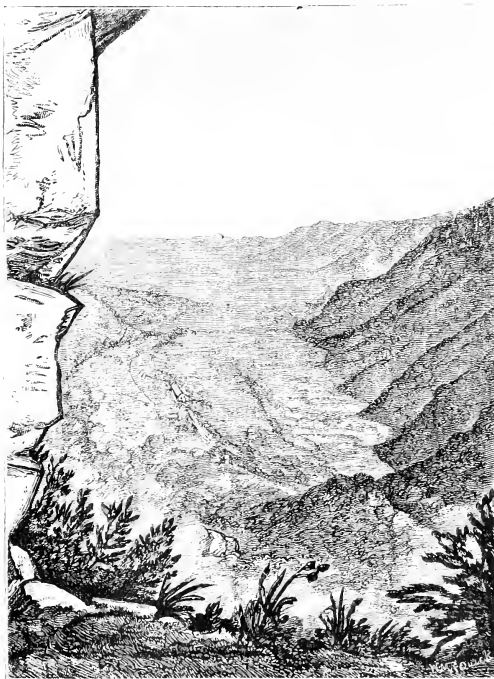
tern, and cords, and this time he was more successful. Making a detour by Borel, he once more reached the point where his guide had conducted him on the 6th of July. “Nothing,” says he, “presented itself to the eye which gave the slightest idea that the wall of rock down which we looked with shuddering gaze contained an accessible hiding-place, large enough to admit four hundred people. The two notable climbers, Chamforan and Ricca” (whose services he had secured) “pulled off their shoes and stockings and stripped off their upper garments, and looked” (says the amiable doctor) “as if they were rallying their courage for

"an exploit. Two young mountaineers besides, one twenty, the other sixteen, signified their intention to follow the elder mountaineers at all risks; and the coolness with which they stood over the precipice and moved along its dizzy edge satisfied us that they had nerve enough for anything. When the guides were ready for the descent they addressed their countrymen, M. Bonjour and M. Revel, and told them that they would not dare to go down. 'Then what

"risk which the men encountered who descended without the rope-ladder consisted in passing from ledge to ledge, where the hold was very slight and insecure. What, then, must have been the horrible nature of the persecutions which compelled women and children to trust themselves to the peril of such an enterprise? It is probable that ropes had been before used to facilitate the descent, for I observed several places which

"friction  
"of cord-  
"age."

This, then, was the place to which my inquiries had been directed. The crag in which the cavern lay is seen from all parts of the valley of the Pelice. On going out on to the balcony of the Bear Inn, early on the morning after our arrival, it was the first object which strikes the eye. Mount Vandin lies on the north side of the valley, the first of a vista of eminences which bound the view to



No. 3.—From the Cave, looking down on La Tour.

"they descended. Presently a shout from below directed us to lower the rope-ladder." And then with infinite precautions and infinite congratulations the worthy doctor stepped down the hempen staircase. He estimated the distance from the top of the cliff to the top of the "chiminee" at twenty feet, and the further distance fifty feet, and then a few feet more landed him on the floor of the cavern. His agile companions took care he should come to no harm, and he adds, "The

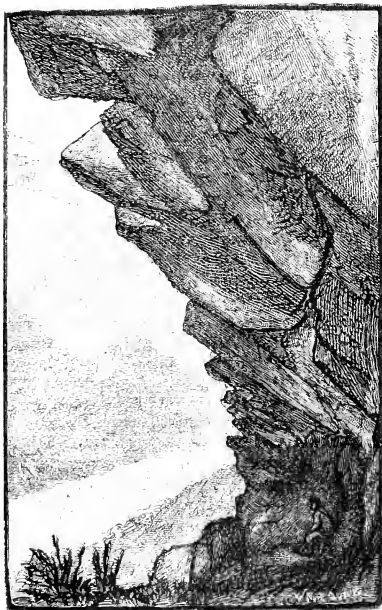
the right. On the side of Mount Vandin, towering above the villages and vineyards of the valley, a castellated spur juts out, and rises in a bold bluff against the sky, called, from its tower-like appearance, Le Bric Castaluzzo, and connected with the masses of the Vandin by a neck of narrow upland. In the steep face of this cliff a mere ledge may be discerned from La Tour with a glass. This is all that can be seen from below of the once famous cavern. Nor

is it easy to see that, for amid the seams and ledges which score the face of the precipice, it is difficult to say with certainty which of them it is. This accounts for the vagueness with which old residents in La Tour, whose whole lives had been passed in sight of it, answered my inquiries as to its exact locality. Their replies were conflicting and perplexing. The existence of a secret rock-refuge among the unscaleable precipices of Le Bré Castaluzzo was known by everybody. The way into it was known by none: and even the possibility of finding access to it was stoutly denied. No one could be induced to accompany me in an attempt to reach it, and I had not read Dr. Gilly's account of his visit to it, or I should not have attempted it without the appliances by which he was, as we have seen, at last successful. A dismal story was carefully repeated to me of two young Waldensian students of the college, who had, some years before, made the attempt, and one of them having slipped was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and his companion returned without having accomplished his purpose.

But there it was, staring me defiantly in the face every day, hung aloft, as it were, like the very key to the whole of Waldensian history. So, leaving La Tour at four o'clock in the morning of the 19th of September, I set off alone for Chabriole, one of the villages just at the foot of the mountain. The sun rose in Alpine magnificence as I entered the village. An old Waldensian patriarch, who was stirring early, told me no one in his village had ever been into the cave, and no one could now get down to it, except by a difficult descent from the top of Castaluzzo, down the face of the precipice. He knew a man, however, who would show me the way to the top. This man was brought, and answered to the name of Davy Gardiol. He was a fine, strapping fellow, whose honest face won my instant confidence and regard. So he and I belted up, and set to to scale the mountain. Groves of magnificent chestnut-trees shaded us for some time from the rays of the sun. But vines and shady chestnuts too were soon left below, and after a steep climb we reached a cluster of two or three huts, "clitched," as they say on Dartmoor, to the side of the mountain. Davy knew nothing of the secret way into the cave; but he knew a shepherd lad who did, and that boy lived in this hamlet. When inquired for, however, the boy had gone to Paris! At last another shepherd boy was heard of who,

it was thought, would know the way. He was sent for. His name was, as near as I could catch it, Jan Cooen, a lithe young mountaineer of thirteen or fourteen. He led me up round the steep side of Castaluzzo to the narrow col between it and Vandolin, and thence, after a hot and fatiguing climb, to the summit of Castaluzzo itself. There we were well repaid by a view of peerless interest and magnificence. Turin, the Superga, the winding Po, and most of the marquisate of Saluzzo, Cavour, Paesana, Campiglione, Fenile, were all in sight beyond the Vaudois territory; San Giovanni and La Tour lay at our feet, Villaro and Bobbio to the westward, and the torrents of Pelice. Angrogna and Biglione, winding threads of silver, at intervals through their valleys; while, peering over the shady ridges of L'Envers, above Roccabetta, and apparently close opposite to us, the snowy peak of Monte Viso shone like a gigantic pharos of frosted silver. The tableland of the summit where we stood was dotted by patches of rhododendron, scrub, and heather; but most of it was just a seamed and wind-swept rock, sloping down on three sides towards a precipice of vast depth and dizzy steepness. First we wound our way to the crevice, or crack in the rock, to which Dr. Gilly was taken, and which he was told had formerly communicated by an underground passage with the cavern. This place seems exactly in the condition in which he found it, more than half a century ago. We then proceeded, as he did, to the edge of the precipice, and reached the spot, which it would have been impossible to discover without a guide, where, the lad said, we should have to descend. I looked in vain for any sign or semblance of a descent, or any possible means of getting on to the face of the rock, which here sunk down to the base of the cliff with absolute perpendicularity. Jan Cooen would not argue with me, but sat down on the edge and pulled off his shoes. His feet were thrown over the edge, and rested, two or three feet below, on a ledge, a foot or two wide, from which a plumb-line might have been dropped clear for some hundred feet. Suddenly he began to thrust his feet inwards through an unseen "trou," or hole, which seemed to pierce the cliff. Gradually his body disappeared, and I soon heard his voice some distance below calling me to follow. I hesitated for a moment, till assured that there was no other means of discovering the mysterious cave. There was nothing for it but to follow; so, removing

my shoes and stockings, I squeezed feet foremost through the "trou" with some difficulty, and found myself on the face of the precipice below it, and just able to get on to a sharp and rapidly descending ridge, on to which I clung, and very slowly and carefully hitched down, face foremost, in the direction in which my agile guide had disappeared. The ridge seemed to get steeper and steeper, and to lead into the air below, after the manner of falling dreams. One foot was hanging over the precipice, and beneath it could be seen villages and fields far below.



No. 4.—From the Cave, looking eastward.

I felt like a fly creeping on a vast wall, but unprovided with that adhesive secretion which emboldens the insect to walk, or those filmy integuments by which, when it can no longer walk, it can fly. I may confess that at this moment the strangeness of the position and the uncertainty of what unknown difficulties lay below, so impressed my imagination, that if I could have turned round and got back again I should have done so, and given up the pursuit. But it was impossible. The utmost care was needed to avoid being overbalanced by projections of

the rock, which jutted inconveniently outwards, but afforded no holding. I could now and then hear the voice of the lad some distance below, but during all the descent never caught a glimpse of him, or could learn by what peculiar gymnastics he had got down. The thought of however I was to get back obtruded itself uncomfortably; for just then a moment's indecision or loss of nerve must have destroyed me. Gathering myself together I crept down, and rounding a projection which hid the lower part of the descent, I came to the top of all that is now left of what the old Waldenses called the "chiminee." It probably was formerly a shaft through the rock. It is now simply an open cranny, down which the climber must get inch by inch, planting his feet firmly against one smooth and sloping side of it and his back against the other. He must then look sharply for certain thin ledges one or two inches in breadth, to prevent a fatal slip; and at this point he will experience the importance of having removed his socks as well as his shoes. The prehensility of the naked foot was invaluable to me. By the aid of it I reached the bottom of this open chimney in safety, though every limb trembled with the unaccustomed exertion; and soon after, relaxing not a muscle, but gingerly descending from projection to projection, I found myself at last in what is left of the great cavern of the Waldenses. It is now an open horizontal gallery of rock cleavage, deeply indenting the southern face of the precipice. It was so exposed that at first I felt some doubt whether it could be the veritable cavern. But my doubt was instantly resolved. For there, on the sides of it, stared me in the face, carved on the rock, the names and initials of the very few visitors who have ever managed to get into it. There was the large name of Gilly and of A. Vertu, of Caffadou, of Henri, of I. Gott, Meille, and Th. Malan. Rl., for Revel, and a few initials, including J. D., to which I added my own, with the date of my visit, feeling that I might possibly doubt hereafter whether I had really visited such a place, unless the record of the visit could be appealed to on the spot. It was more than fifty years since Dr. Gilly's visit, and during that time, with a few rare exceptions, this place had been unvisited, and was now almost unknown.

Calling my young companion to kneel beside me, I offered up a thanksgiving to God for His mercy, and a prayer that we might be worthy inheritors of those great and vital doctrines for which the Waldenses had been

so often driven to take refuge in this inaccessible fastness. I then made those sketches which illustrate this paper—one in each direction—and which, imperfect as they are, may serve to convey some idea of this interesting locality. I picked up at the lower end of the gallery a fragment of some iron implement, which I have carefully treasured, as it probably belonged to the refugees in the old time. There was a solemn stillness, full of awe and sweetness, about the place, which my young companion did not seem inclined to break. But he showed me the place where he had been told the Waldensian marksmen picked off their Papist foes, resting their nine-foot-long guns on the outer edge of the rocks. Another place was pointed out where buckets or baskets were let down for those provisions which supported the refugees, and in which, he said, children had been sometimes sent swinging down, to run—at the risk of their lives—with information of the movements of the enemy, and to return with news and provisions. From this lofty aerie the poor Waldenses could have seen distinctly their houses in flames, or heard, on still days, the shouts of their brutal pursuers or the cries of their martyred relatives. From this scene of strange loveliness the persecutors and the persecuted have alike long since passed away to judgment, not without leaving behind them indelible foot-prints upon the sands of history, indicating to all after ages

the principles by which they were respectively animated. But enough. It was time to return, and it required some resolution to face the climb once more. But the ascent was many times less trying than the descent, chiefly because I knew exactly what to expect. There, at the top on the ledge, lay my shoes, socks, and umbrella, and from thence I reached the house of my friend, M. Seeli, after having been absent about seven hours.

It is quite clear that this is the great Cavern of Waldensian history. It is equally clear that it is not in the condition in which it afforded shelter to so large a body of persons. It seems that Dr. Gilly's guide explained the matter when he pointed to the "rocks, crags, and mounds confusedly hurled" at the bottom of the cliff. The face of the rock has fallen, including one of the three sides of the shaft or chimney, and all the outer walling of the cave itself, in which formerly the windows were pierced. Only the inmost parts of it are now left. But its shelter is no longer required. A fresh set of perils, more subtle than the open and bloody persecutions of former times, has now set in. But on to this ground we must not venture. My object will have been attained if I shall have roused interest and curiosity by this narrative of a perilous adventure among the wild rock refuges of Waldensia.

FRANCIS GELL, M.A.

## "POST TENEBRAS LUX."

BY THE REV. CANON VAUGHAN, M.A., OF LEICESTER.

### PART II.

JESUS was speaking quite in accordance with his usual manner and wont, when He said to this sorrow-stricken father, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible unto him that believeth." We in our ignorance might, perhaps, have expected that He would make the father's faith easy to him by then and there, first and foremost, healing his son. Whereas what He really does, is to require the father's faith as a condition of the son's restoration to health. "If thou canst do anything," says the father to Jesus, "have compassion on us, and help us." To which the answer is with another "If:—" *If* thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." But this, again, is entirely in accordance with the invariable rule and method of Jesus. He always steadily re-

fused to work miracles, when challenged to do so, in proof of his mission—whether to refute opponents or to convince unbelievers. He always demanded faith, or, at least, a predisposition towards faith, as a condition of the exercise of his wonder-working power. "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief;" such is St. Matthew's record of what He did, or refrained from doing, in Nazareth; to which St. Mark adds, "Save that He laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them." We, again, in our ignorance, fancy that the natural thing for Him to do would have been to work miracles, on account of their unbelief, and in order to remove their unbelief. *He* knew better. *He* knew that unbelief can never be removed by miracles—that faith can never be built upon



miracles. He knew what was in man, when He closed his terrible parable of Dives and Lazarus with the weighty, solemn words, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Not a few of the difficulties of belief in our own day arise out of a total misunderstanding of the position taken up by Jesus with reference to this fundamental question of miracles. We find it exceedingly hard to rid ourselves of the notion—(it is another instance of a much-needed correction of the premiss)—that He appealed constantly to miracles in attestation of his mission, and in proof of his right to speak with authority in the name of God and as the Son of God. And now that miracles have come to be looked upon in some quarters with a certain amount of suspicion, we fancy that a fatal flaw has been discovered in the evidence to which the Christian Church has been all along trusting, and upon which Christ Himself rested his claim. To us, who do not believe in the infallibility of the Christian Church, it is matter of comparatively small account that it should have erred on this point. The error, so far as there has been an error, is not Christ's error, but the error of his Church; an error committed by his Church in spite of repeated warnings on his part. And now that the necessities of the case have compelled us to look carefully into this question and to define to ourselves very clearly the attitude of Jesus in relation to his own miracles, the discovery of what that attitude really was ought to be a very great relief to us, and a very great aid to our faith in Him. It does indeed seem as if, in his foresight of the future, He had distinctly measured and carefully provided against the special intellectual difficulties of an age, perplexed and perplexing, such as ours is. Now, that He should have done this, that He should have been able to see so far in advance and provide against the perils of so remote a future, is of more avail than ten thousand miracles to guarantee his title to our homage and to warrant our confidence in his ultimate triumph. The "desire of all nations" is also the desire of all ages. There is not the shadow of a sign that his power over the human heart can ever decay or become obsolete. The ancient promise of Holy Writ will yet be realised: "There was given Him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve Him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

As to the suspicion with which in these days miracles are viewed in some quarters, I cannot help regarding it as a transient phase of thought, the shadow of a passing cloud, a needless exaggeration of present difficulties, an intellectual craze which in due time will cease to trouble us. But whether this be so or not, at any rate it is quite certain, that (to say the very least) our Lord Jesus Christ placed his own miracles in a very subordinate position, so far as faith in Himself was concerned. And the question is, How did He think about faith? What did He understand by that faith to which he made such boundless promises? What did He mean, for example, when he said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth"? And what was the nature of that faith of the father, which made it (if we may say so) possible for Jesus to heal his son, and which expressed itself in the tearful cry, "Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief."

It is a great deal easier to say what faith is not, than to say exactly what it is. For example: The yielding of the mind to evidence is not faith. The feeling which we have, when we have gone through a proposition of Euclid and are satisfied with the result, is not faith; is not faith in Christ's sense of faith, nor, indeed, in any reasonable sense of the word "faith." Faith is not the assent of the mind to demonstration. Now this, obvious as it is, is often, I think, forgotten at the present day; and people are put, in consequence, on a wrong scent in their search after faith. They say, "We want evidence, more and stronger evidence, evidence which shall satisfy our minds, and prove to demonstration, that things are as the Christian advocate affirms them to be." Now such evidence is not forthcoming—cannot, must not, be forthcoming. The Christian advocate can never hope to have the last word. There will be always something to be said on the other side, whoever it may be who has spoken last, whether Christian advocate or unbeliever. The infidel can no more have the last word than the believer can. The controversy, from the very nature of the case, must needs go on *ad infinitum*, in one interminable series; nay, often, as a circulating or recurring decimal, in which you get the same weary round of figures for ever and for ever repeated. But, more than this, even if the series could be cut short by one conclusive demonstration on the side of Christianity, the assent of the understanding to this demonstration—an assent which could not be withheld, if it were demonstration—would not be *faith*.

*The yielding of the mind to evidence*, then, is not faith. Neither, again, is faith the receiving certain articles of belief on authority. Not very long ago a letter appeared in the newspapers, written by a man well known in the English ecclesiastical world, in which the writer explained his reasons for forsaking the Communion of the Church of England and taking refuge in the Church of Rome. "Catholic instinct," he explained, led him on, step by step, until he was made to see that *authority* is the one only basis for faith and practice, and that only the Church of Rome claims this authority. "When I became convinced," so he wrote, "that the right principle of faith and practice in religion was authority; when I saw clearly, that it is of less moment *what* one believes and does than *why* one accepts and practises, then I had no choice as to my course. The only spiritual body which I could realise that actually claimed to teach truth upon authority, and that visibly exercised the authority which she claimed, was the Church of Rome." I hope I do not misunderstand or misrepresent him. I should be very unwilling to do so. To me the letter seemed a very pathetic production, hardly fitted for the rough climate of the columns of the *Times*. It carried my thoughts back to Dr. Newman's famous work, his "Apologia pro vitâ suâ." The writer of the letter was evidently quite in earnest, just as Dr. Newman was. He was following, too, the logic of his convictions, just as Dr. Newman did. "Catholic instinct" landed him inevitably, by an inexorable syllogism, a humble suitor for admission into the fold of the Church of Rome. One would have thought that the conclusion, in which his syllogism landed him, ought to have made him suspect the soundness of the premiss from which he set out. "*Authority, the revealed basis of faith*" (I quote his own words)—let the revelation, which makes authority the basis of faith, be produced. Where is it? Where is it to be found? Not in the words of Jesus, who said, in the most solemn moment of his earthly career, when life and death were trembling in the balance: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth; every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Nor yet in the Epistles of St. Paul, who wrote: "Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy." Nor yet in the Epistles of St. John, who wrote: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things: I have not written unto you

because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it." Nor yet in the Epistles of St. Peter, who wrote: "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder;" that is, an elder along with you, one of yourselves. We shall search the Scriptures in vain for anything which shall give colour to the notion, that faith rests upon authority, and is merely the receiving certain articles of belief, be they many or few, on authority. And if revelation affords no warrant for such a notion, certainly reason does not. It would, indeed, be the suicide of reason to do so.

It is, however, comparatively easy to say what faith *is not*. It is much more difficult to say what faith *is*. We turn for assistance to the words and actions of Jesus. We read that, when he had said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth," "straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." And immediately Jesus proceeded to heal the child. Evidently, then, Jesus was satisfied that the father *did* believe in that true sense of the word "believe," which He had Himself intended when He said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." In the judgment of Jesus, then, the cry of the father, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," is the cry of faith—of a true and genuine faith, though as yet perhaps weak and wanting in courage. The subsequent action of Jesus, coupled with his own antecedently imposed condition, puts his "imprimatur" upon the father's cry, and endorses it as the language of *faith*. And, as the language of faith, it may well help us to understand, what, in the view of Jesus, faith is. Let us endeavour to analyze it, and see what we find in it.

The man had come to Jesus, bringing with him this afflicted son of his, in the hope that Jesus could do him good. "Master, I have brought unto Thee my son; if Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." The fact of his being at the trouble to bring his son to Jesus showed a certain amount of confidence in Jesus, for which, no doubt, he could have assigned reasons. If asked for his reasons, he would probably have said, "I heard that such and such a person had got good for himself—or for some member of his family, as the case might be—by coming to Jesus; and so I resolved that I would at least give the thing a trial for my own poor afflicted son." A certain amount of reason, or of reasoning, went into the father's action, bringing him at last to his

"if;"—"If Thou canst do anything." But this, in the view and insight of Jesus, was not enough. Hence *His* "if;"—"If thou canst believe." This balancing of the evidence, on the father's part, ending in the "If Thou canst do anything," was not faith. It needed something more to transmute it into faith. And what was *that*?

*What* it was is very clearly declared by the earnest, tearful cry which followed. The tears showed how thoroughly in earnest the father was. For *men* do not shed tears, except on very rare occasions, and only when they are very strongly and deeply moved. Evidently the man's whole soul and will went into that cry of his, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." His reasoning powers had carried him to a certain point—to the edge, as it were, of a great resolve. Then the words of Jesus touched his soul and quickened his will; and he cast himself in conscious weakness upon Him. "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief:"—as though he would say, "Lord, I would fain believe; yea, I *do* and *will* believe, in spite of all the unbelief which whispers in my ear, and would pluck me from Thee, and would stay the healing word that can restore my son. Oh, tear this unbelief out of my heart, and enable me, in very truth and deed, to believe!"

We can never be sufficiently grateful for this wonderful and most pathetic Gospel story, and for the steady light which is thrown by it upon the nature of that faith to which the promises of Jesus are made; and, particularly in these difficult and dangerous days, these days of darkness and doubt, when so much claims to be faith and passes for faith which is really unbelief; and so much is stigmatized as unbelief which is really, if not distinctively faith, at least closely akin to faith, and ready to become in a moment, at one touch of the Master's hand, faith. The wider our experience of men's minds and ways of thought, the more tolerant shall we be, and the more leniently shall we judge them, if we must judge them at all, in this matter of faith.

Wherever there is earnest clinging to and moving towards the larger, loftier, holier hope, *there*, it seems to me, there is *faith*; *faith* such as Christ Himself can own as faith, spite of all its unbeliefs, and dashed and checkered though it be with many a doubt. The father cried out, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." There was unbelief in his cry, as well as faith. He was perfectly aware of it. Yet, in the judgment of Jesus,

there was more of faith in the cry than of unbelief. It could be recognised by Him as the cry of faith, to which his healing word might respond. The seeming unbelief, which a complacent orthodoxy is ready at once to denounce, may have more of faith in it than that very orthodoxy itself. For the saving, justifying virtue of faith lies more in its *will*-element, than in its *reason*-element; more in its *moral* factor, than in its *rational*. The great question is, Does the will choose firmly, and move steadily towards, the highest—that which is *morally* highest? Is there fidelity, fealty, loyalty, allegiance of the moral nature to its true liege Lord, "under circumstances and amid the temptations of usurpation, rebellion, and intestine discord?" I have known those, whose minds seemed to me to be honey-combed with intellectual doubts and denials, who yet, so far as I could judge, had more of "the root of the matter" in them, than many others, whose minds, to all appearance, had never been crossed or shaken by a single misgiving. Into this innermost shrine of the soul, however, only one eye can look and judge—the eye of Christ. Of one thing alone we may rest most positively assured, and it is this: Wherever there is the honest, earnest cry, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," *there*, there is faith,—a faith which Jesus Himself can justify. Let there be that cry, and let there go along with it a persistent effort to eradicate by degrees the unbelief, which troubles and saddens it; and all must be well at the last. The vital germ of the faith which saves and justifies, which brings healing and righteousness into the soul, is *there*.

I would most earnestly press this *moral* aspect of faith, as the work of the will, choosing the highest simply because it *is* the highest; because reason and conscience combine to proclaim that it *is* the highest. In these days of doubt and controversy, I frankly admit that a special strain is put upon the *will*-factor, as contrasted with the *reason*-factor, of faith. We must call into requisition, with all the moral force at our command, the earnest, energetic, "Lord, I believe," of the Gospel story. It will not always be so. The strain upon the will-element, as contrasted with the reason-element, will not always be felt as a strain. It is a peculiarity of our own days, that it should be so. Sooner or later, the reason-factor will come once more into harmonious working with the will-factor. The false premisses will be corrected. The new light will break over the past: the new spirit descend into the present.



### TO A DEER IN A PARK.

**G**RACEFUL, winsome creature,  
 So fair of form and feature,  
 With eyes as soft as sunshine,  
 And dark as ebony ;  
 I love to see thee flitting  
 Athwart the green, or sitting  
 Beneath the spreading tree.  
 In every dainty curve and line—  
 In slender limb and head's decline—  
 I see the grace of Nature ;  
 And when thou flittest through the trees,  
 Amid the sunshine and the breeze,  
 Art image fair of beauty ;  
 Or stooping o'er the little lake,

Whereon no ripple comes to break  
 The perfect shadow given ;  
 Ah, then, my heart is full of thanks,  
 That beauty moves through many ranks.  
 And makes us dream of heaven ;  
 For thou, sweet creature, meet'st the mood,  
 O'er which the fairest dreams still brood  
 Of sylvan bliss and glory  
 In earliest Grecian story :  
 Art shy, retiring, thinking not  
 Of thine own charms ; thy only thought  
 Is to fulfil thy nature ;  
 A message good to me hast brought,  
 Thou graceful, winsome creature.

## PLAIN-SPEAKING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## IV.—A LITTLE MUSIC.

"WILL you favour us with a little music?"

Such, in my young days, used to be the stereotyped request. And truly the "favour" was small; likewise the gratitude. When the music began the talking began also, louder than ever, and probably only the hostess, standing politely by the piano, was much the wiser for that feeble, florid performance of "La Source," or "Convent Bells," or "Home, sweet Home, with variations"—very varied indeed. Perhaps, afterwards, one or two people condescended to listen to a mild interpretation of "She wore a wreath of roses," or even of "The heart bowed down," and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." But any one who remembers what was the standard of drawing-room vocalism a quarter of a century ago will understand how the gentle sentimentalisms of Poet Bunn and Michael Balfe sufficed all our needs. A good many of us young folks sang—some in tune, some out of tune; it did not matter much, nobody listened particularly. And some of us could play our own accompaniments—some could not. These last fared badly enough, falling into the hands of young ladies who "had never been used to play at sight," or being hammered into nothing by some wild pianist who considered the accompaniment everything, the voice nothing. And, our performances over, the listeners or non-listeners said "Thank you!" and went on talking faster than ever. All had done their duty, the evening had been helped on by "a little music"—as little as possible—and everybody was satisfied.

This, I believe most middle-aged people will allow, is a fair picture of what English drawing-room music was like, from five-and-twenty to thirty years ago.

In the concert-room things were not much better. There were—so far as I can call to mind—no educated audiences, and therefore no classical repertoires to suit them. Ballads and bravuras, theatrical overtures, and pots-pourris of operatic airs, a few showy, noisy pianoforte pieces, or arrangements for violin and flute—this was the ordinary food provided for music-lovers. Such a bill of fare as nowadays true musicians revel in, of Saturday afternoons at the Crystal Palace, at the Philharmonic, or the Monday Popular was absolutely unknown. No-

body would have cared for it. I myself remember when Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worte" were first played, here and there, and nobody listened to them particularly, or thought very much of them. And sixteen years ago I heard a large and fashionable audience in a provincial town keep up a steady remorseless monotone of conversation all through one of Charles Hallé's best Recitals.

People do not do that now. Whenever or wherever you go to hear a Beethoven symphony, you have the comfort of hearing it in silence. Nevertheless, to a great many people might still be applied the withering sarcasm which was hurled at myself the other day, on daring to own to an artist that I did not admire all Old Masters. "Madam, there are people who, if you play to them a fugue of Bach's, will answer, 'Yes, very fine!' but in their hearts they prefer 'Pop goes the weasel!'"

It is in the hope of raising the masses from this depth of musical degradation, that I am tempted to use a little plain-speaking.

If we believe, as most of us do, in our own great superiority to our grandfathers and grandmothers, why not hope that our grandchildren may be superior to ourselves? The old ways are not always the best ways, and the weakest argument one can use against a new thing is its being new. With unalloyed pleasure I admit in how many things I have seen the world improve—even in my own time. For instance, last night, I heard a young lady scarcely out of her teens give Handel's "When'er you walk," in a thin soprano, certainly, but with perfectly true intonation and correct taste. Her mother accompanied her; and afterwards played a page or two of dear old Corelli, in a way to refresh any musical soul. And I have lately been staying in a peaceful provincial family, where the father and son sang, "The Lord is a man of war," almost as well as I had heard it at the Handel Festival the week before; and where, out of business hours, the whole house was alive with music; one boy playing the violin, another the organ, a third the pianoforte, and all being able to take up a glee or anthem and sing it at sight, without hesitation or reluctance.

Of course, this implies a considerable amount of natural musical faculty, as well as of cultivation. The chief reason of the low standard of what may be called domestic music, in England, where professional music

is as good as anywhere in Europe, is not so much the lack of talent as of education. A professional musician of long experience said to me the other day that he believed everybody had a voice and an ear—a fact certainly open to doubt. But, undoubtedly, the number of persons, male and female, who have voices and ears, and could—with some little trouble—be made into musicians, is sufficiently numerous to prove that we have only ourselves to blame if the present state of English drawing-room music is—well! all true musicians and music-lovers know what it is, and how much they have to endure.

I once heard a non-musical friend say of herself and another, after listening to an exquisitely-played trio of Mozart's, "It was eighteen pages, and we bore it well!" To which, of course, a laugh was the only possible answer. But the negative sufferings of unmusical people can be nothing to the positive agonies of those others, blessed, or cursed, with a sense of time and tune, when doomed to be auditors of "a little music." As to the instrumental, one braces one's nerves for what is going to happen; but when it comes to the vocal, one often feels inclined to put one's fingers in one's ears and scream. The torture—I use the word deliberately—that it is to sit and smile at a smiling young lady singing flat, perhaps a quarter of a tone, with the most delightful unconsciousness, or pounding away at a deafening accompaniment, which is sometimes a blessing, as it hides all errors of voice and style! And what patience it takes to say, "Thank you!" to a young man who has perhaps a really fine voice and great love for music, but has never learnt his notes, and sings entirely from ear. Consequently his unhappy accompanist has to run after him, stopping out a crotchet here, and lengthening a quaver there; abolishing time altogether, and only too glad to be "in at the death" with a few extempore chords. Yet both these young sinners probably consider themselves, and are considered by their friends, as accomplished performers.

There is a delusive tradition that music is an "accomplishment," and those who exercise it must be "performers." Whereas it is an art, or rather a science, as exact a science as mathematics (which perhaps accounts for the fact that many mathematicians have been also musicians), and all who pursue it ought to be careful, conscientious, laborious students. Thoroughness in anything is good and right—thoroughness in music is indispensable. While "the pianoforte and singing" are taught merely as superficial branches of

education, with a view to showing off, so as to play a well-taught piece or sing a bravura song, so long will the standard of music remain as low as it now is among our young people. They may be performers, after a fashion, but they will never be artists. For the true artist in any art thinks less of himself than of his art, and the great charm of music, to all educated musicians, is that it is a combination art. That is, the aim of it is not—at least never should be—simply to exhibit one's self, but to be able to take a part in a whole, and so contribute to the general benefit and enjoyment of society. Therefore, a pianoforte player who "hasn't brought her music," a vocalist who "doesn't know that duet—has never learnt it," or a part-singer who is "very sorry, but cannot sing at sight," are a style of musicians much to be deplored, and a little blamed. Until music is so taught from the first, that every one, who pretends to love and practise it, shall be capable of doing this in concert with others, of sitting down to play an accompaniment at sight, or reading a part in a glee as easily as out of a printed book, I fear we cannot be considered a musical nation. And it would be better for us if we were, since of all the arts music is the most social, and sympathy therein the most delightful and the most humanising.

Another superstition of the last generation I should also like to drag to light and annihilate. It was considered right and fitting that young ladies—all young ladies—should learn music, to sing if they could, but at all events to play. Young ladies only. The idea of a boy playing the piano was scouted entirely.

Now, both boys and girls who show any aptitude for music should be taught it without hesitation. Nay, for some things, the advantage is greater to boys than to girls. It is a common complaint—how very helpless a man is without his work! Should sickness or other necessity keep him away from it he goes moping about the house, restless and mournful, "as cross as two sticks," a torment to everybody, and above all to himself. Women have always plenty to busy themselves withal—employment for heads and fingers; but men, unless blessed with some special hobby, have almost nothing.

But then, as I said, music must be studied as an art, and not as a mere amusement. Whether or not my clever professor be right, and everybody has a voice and ear, only needing cultivation more or less, still, in many cases, it requires the more and not the less, "Everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and music is one of

those things which if not done well is better left undone, for the sake of other folk. A man may hide his feeble sketches in his portfolio, and publish his bad poetry in books which nobody reads, but an incapable violinist, an incorrect pianoforte player, or a singer out of tune, cannot possibly be secluded, but must exhibit his shortcomings for the affliction and aggravation of society.

Therefore, let no child be taught music who has not a natural aptitude for it. Decided musical talent generally shows itself early. Many children sing before they can speak. I have written down, with the date affixed, so that there could be no mistake, more than one actual tune, invented and sung by a small person of three years old. But the negative to these positive instances is less easily ascertained. The musical, like many another faculty, develops more or less rapidly according to the atmosphere it grows in. And there is always a certain period of "grind" so very distasteful that many a child will declare it "hates music," and wish to give it up, when a little perseverance would make of it an excellent musician. I am no cultivated musician myself—I wish, with all my heart, the hard work of life had allowed me to be! but I feel grateful now for having been compelled, three times over, amidst many tears, to "learn my notes," which was nearly all the instruction destiny ever vouchsafed me.

Nevertheless, I believe I did a good deed the other day. A mother said to me, "My child is thirteen, and has been working at music ever since she was seven. She has no ear and no taste. If she plays a false note, she never knows it. Yet she practises very conscientiously two hours a day. What must I do?" My answer was brief: "Shut the piano, and never let her open it more." The advice was taken, and the girl, who now spends that unhappy two hours upon other things, especially drawing, in which she is very diligent and very clever, would doubtless bless me in her heart if she knew all.

But the love of music, which she had not, often exists without great talent for it. Still in such cases cultivation can do much. Many vocalists, professional and otherwise, have begun by being *vox et præterea nihil*, that is, possessing a fine organ, but no skill in using it. While, on the other hand, many delightful singers, I recall especially Thomas Moore and Sheridan Knowles, have had scarcely any voice at all. The expression, the taste, the reading of a song are as essential and delightful as the voice to sing it with;

and these last long after nature's slow but inevitable decay has taken away what to a singer is always a sore thing to part with, so sore that many are very long—far too long!—in recognising this. Sadder to themselves even than to their listeners is the discovery, that now, when they really know how to sing a song, they have not the physical power of singing it.

But art, cultivation, and a little timely clear-sightedness—or clear-hearingness—can prop up many a failing voice. Any one who remembers how Braham sang at seventy-five will acknowledge this. A then young, but now elderly musician, once told me how he remembered having had to accompany the great tenor in the "Bay of Biscay," given with a fire and force almost incredible in a septuagenarian, and received with thunders of encores. "My boy," whispered Braham, "play it half-a-tone lower." Again it was given, and again encored. "Half-a-tone lower still," said the old vocalist; "they'll never find us out." Nor did they. And the applause after the third effort was loudest of all, so completely did art conceal the defects of failing nature. But suppose the singer had not been an artist, or the accompanist had only understood a little music, and been incapable of transposing the song "half-a-tone"?

If music is studied at all it ought to be studied thoroughly, and from the very first. Parents are apt to think that anybody can teach music to a child, and that any sort of piano is good enough for a child to practise on. No mistake can be more fatal. A child who is fit to be taught at all should be taught by a capable musician with intelligence enough to make the groundwork not merely superficial, but solid; and not only solid, but interesting. A great deal of the preliminary study of music is not at all interesting, unless the teacher thoroughly understands it, and takes the trouble to make the child understand it—the infinite and complicated beauty of the science of harmony, in opposition to the dulness of mere strumming. Then the little soul, should there be a musical soul, will soon wake up—will comprehend the why and wherefore of the most wearisome of scales and the hardest of exercises, and conceive an ambition not merely to "play a piece," but to become a true musician.

The too early playing of pieces or singing of songs is the most fatal thing possible. It substitutes clap-trap for pure taste, and outside effect for thoroughness of study. It is also very bad for the young performer. Many a nervous child can play well enough

alone, but if set to show off before a room full of indifferent people is absolutely paralyzed. And an inferior child who is not nervous is probably made intolerably self-conceited by this showing off, which foolish parents applaud and are delighted with, ignorant that the true aim and end of music is first the delight of the musician himself, and next that he should be able, either singly or as part in a whole, to contribute to the delight of other people. Cultivated people first, but likewise all people; for, in spite of my friend's severe remark about "Pop goes the weasel," I believe that the very highest art is also the simplest, and therefore will always touch the masses; perhaps far more than art a degree lower and more complex. There may be two opinions upon Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," grand as it is; but I think the veriest clown that ever breathed could not listen unmoved to Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," or to what, after twenty-five years, I remember as the perfect expression of musical art and religious faith—Clara Novello's singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It is art such as this, and taste cultivated so as to be able to appreciate it, which I would desire to see put in place of that "little music" which, like little learning, is a "dangerous thing." Dangerous, in the first place, because all shallow and superficial acquirements must be so; and secondly, because it inclines to a system of personal display at small cost, which is always the deterioration of true art. Surely it would be none the worse for us in England—it is not in Germany—if, instead of each person being taught to sing or play for himself, more or less badly, the general aim of musical education was that every member of every family should try to be able to take part in a simple family concert—classical chamber music or pleasant after-dinner part-songs and glees.

In the good old times probably it was so. "Pepys's Diary" seemed to imply that in his day everybody could bear a hand, or a voice, in an after-supper catch; and farther back still we have plenty of evidence that the Elizabethan soldiers thought none the worse of themselves for being able, not only to sing, but to compose an Elizabethan madrigal.

But even in my own generation I have seen music advance so much that I have hope in the "good time coming," which often casts its shadow before. It did on me the other day at a garden-party, where one of Mendelssohn's concertos for piano, violin, and violoncello was given by three young people, not

professional, in a manner that Mendelssohn himself would have liked to hear. Afterwards a brother and sister played a Handel duet—violin and piano—after a fashion that implied many a pleasant evening of fraternal practising. And in the singing, though one voice was a little past its first youth, and the other owed more to cultivation than nature, and the third, which was exceedingly beautiful—well, the luckless accompanist had now and then to count five crotchets in a bar in order to keep time—still every vocalist showed taste, feeling, and expression, and every song was well chosen and pleasant to hear. Between whiles people wandered to the simple tea-table under one tree, and the fruit-table under another, but they always came and filled the music-room—filled it, I am glad to say, with an audience that was *perfectly silent*.

And here let me end with one passionate and indignant protest against the habit which ill-conditioned guests indulge in, and timid hosts and hostesses allow, of talking during music, a breach of good-manners and good-feeling which, whenever it is found, either in public or private, should be put a stop to firmly and remorselessly. If people do not like music they need not listen to it; they can go away. But any person who finds himself at a concert, or in a drawing-room where music is going on, and does not pay it the respect of total silence, is severely to be reprehended.

To recapitulate in a few words the aim of this "Plain-Speaking." Let every child, boy or girl, be taught music, or tried to be taught, till found incapable. In that case, abolish music altogether, and turn to more congenial and useful studies. Secondly, let no one pretend to learn music who does not really love it, but let those who do, study it well and thoroughly, so far as the work of life will allow; always remembering that the aim of their studies is not to exhibit themselves, but *the music*—for the best of musicians is only an interpreter of other people's language. There are endless varieties of language to choose from; each reader may have a different taste and different style; nay, I will go so far as to say, that he who plays "Pop goes the weasel" with spirit, force, and accuracy, is not at all to be despised. But one thing is inexorably right and necessary—let every one who does anything in the science of sweet sounds try to do it as well as he possibly can.

Then, haply, we shall gradually cease to be "favoured" with that great abomination to all appreciative souls—"a *little music*!"



## COFFEE-ROOMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

By LADY HOPE OF CARRIDEN.

"EYES and no eyes!" was a poem of great popularity among youthful minds when I was a child. It was driven into our memories by repeated study, and recalled to our attention perpetually by the sharp-voiced reproof of some governess or instructress. Notwithstanding the hammer-and-chisel force used to make us see our deficiencies in the observance of the lessons therein inculcated, we liked the little poem, and read it many times. Since I have grown older, circumstances have constantly brought vividly to my mind the simple lines; and I have too often been aware of my own sightlessness, and of that strange phase of the same, which may be called "wilful blindness," amongst my acquaintances.

When we rise in the morning to a comfortable breakfast, and enjoy the bright fire that greets us, the bundle of friendly letters brought by the postman, and the pleasant sitting-room gladdened by the sunlight, and furnished with many a luxury, to know that there is no fear of hunger to-day in our house, no prospect of hard work, no dread of ill-treatment, or likelihood of beholding painful or terrible scenes—do we ever think of the fact that all are not so sheltered from these sorrows as we are? Why have we been given these comforts? Why are we given those riches? Why have we been intrusted with our education? We pass through towns and villages every day in our drives and walks. Do we never think of the hidden sorrows that lie concealed behind many a window-pane, eating away the happiness, and often the very life, of the sin-stricken, or, from other causes, suffering inmates?

We can never think that because, in the afternoon, when our carriage stands beside the door of the shop in which we are making our purchases, all is quiet and orderly, the passers-by clean and respectable, and the opposite cottages bright and pretty, that this millennium state is uninterrupted, and constant in its duration. We could not make a greater mistake. "All is not gold that glitters," and those pretty cottages are by no means what they look. Each one is full of real life—joy and sorrow, passions of love and hatred, careful anxiety alternating with seasons of moderate prosperity. Self-denial, such as we know little of, may be found there, and selfish cruelty, perhaps, beyond our most sensational imagination. The interior of

those "romantic little places" (as some one called them the other day) is by no means as smooth as the surface of an unused pillow. And yet, judging by the apathetic way in which hundreds and thousands of such abodes are passed every day by the ladies and gentlemen who live, as we say, "in the lap of luxury" themselves, and know nothing but "a downy pillow," as far as their own outward lot is concerned, we might think that such was their tacit opinion.

"Do you take any interest in the people?" I asked a gentleman as he showed me his garden radiant in the spring bloom of rhododendron and early foliage, pointing out delightedly his exquisite conservatories full of rare flowers, and the bright-coloured foreign birds that inhabited them. We were looking down on the town of which he was a neighbour, and admiring in the half-distance its rustic beauty, which stood out as a background to the nearer loveliness.

"Oh yes," he said, and turned round to me as he spoke, "I go down to it constantly;" and then a very quizzical smile overspread his handsome face, as he said—"when the people do anything *wrong*, that is to say."

My friend was a magistrate, and I soon found that his visits only occurred when any court business had to be attended to. A case of drunkenness, or theft, or improper rioting, he considered his summons to the duty devolving on him, on account of his near neighbourhood to the little town. He was right, no doubt, and kind so far to take an interest in the people. But the punishment of the evil-doer can hardly be the sole application of the Scriptural injunction, so plainly given as the second command, and *like unto the first*, viz., "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." I acknowledge a state of obedience to the *second* of these must result entirely from a pervasion of the whole being by the *first*; and place their order as you will, the one is impossible without the other. But as there are many amiable and philanthropic men connected with every town, no doubt, in the country, the question is worth considering: Ought our duties, as neighbours, to consist *entirely* in punishing the lawless? This seems hardly Christlike! There is much more, surely, to be done in reform before the man, woman, and child may reach the state of morals which must bring them before the magistrate, or to the prison cell.

If we wait until they pass into the character of confirmed criminals, we tacitly acknowledge, either that for human nature there is no remedy, or that in our hearts there is no love. Did we love our neighbour, it would grieve us that he should drink, and curse, and swear, and every day sink lower (often against his will) into the mire of open crime. From such evils it is ten times more difficult to reclaim him, than from their first beginnings. How many a young man, too, is standing about the street-corners, outside the public-house, in the low dancing-hall, perhaps taking his first essay at such life, merely because he wants some occupation, some source of interest in the long evenings, some friend, in fact, with holy influence and loving tact, who will take him by the hand and show him a better way. He has not learnt yet to care for the degrading sources of amusement that are just opening up before him, but having no very strong principle, or a principle that is beginning to succumb to exceedingly powerful influences on the wrong side, he feels himself slipping down into the career that he dreads. What is he to do? Where is he to go? How is he to escape?

"Stay at home," you answer. This answer is so common a palliative to our consciences when we see the young men of our country by thousands and thousands going astray, that it is worth replying to again. One room, or possibly two, of twelve feet square, is scarcely a tenement that you or I would like to use without an outlet! Cooking, sleeping, dressing, and every other family occupation carried on within those very narrow walls by father, mother, sons, daughters, little children, and often lodgers, who can wonder that from an early age the boys are found in the street during the entire evening? This is their earliest habit, and it grows upon them. Certainly, family customs among both rich and poor are as varied as the leaves on a tree; but, still, we shall find, in a very large proportion of cottage homes, that the parents by no means encourage their own sons to spend all their leisure hours cooped up in the little room. The domestic arrangements are hindered by their presence, the room is too crowded to be pleasant; and for these reasons, even from the better class of mothers, I have constantly heard the expression—"You ain't wanted. Get your cap, and go out." "Mind you don't come in again!" the mother will often add, as the retreating form of the boy is seen. Of course the lodgers are not expected to sit in the small room. They do not pay for this luxury.

Bed alone they pay for; so they must go out. And, too often, as we well know, the father also finds home irksome without books, without resources, without music, without the easy-chair which our gentlemen consider so indispensable after a long day's work. Then he seeks resource outside his house; and what is the result? He is quickly laid hold on by other working men who have learnt to frequent the public-house and dancing saloon. One evening he is amused, and another and another, until his name is added to the list of criminals in the town. Then he is brought before the magistrate, and for the first time in his life a gentleman speaks to him; but it is a condemnatory sentence—"Hard labour," "six months," or whatever it may be. Whereas, a kindly shake of the hand, a friendly word, an open place of positive, not negative, benefit, and an influence exerted for his soul's good, as well as the suggestion of new thoughts to his mind, might easily, by God's blessing, have saved that man. Multiply the *one man* by thousands upon thousands, and who can dare to say we have no responsibilities?

Let us cast those responsibilities upon God, and go forward!

Before discussing this subject amongst ourselves, may I say that whilst so doing, we may handle very freely the working man's lack of economical resource, his restricted space in the tiny home, and the drawbacks he is subjected to in the congregating together of very uncongenial elements in the shape of lodgers, that every possible shilling may be drawn into the vacuum of needs daily created by frost and rain, and many mouths and huge appetites; yet in speaking to himself I would touch upon the subject very differently. I would urge upon him (and I wish we could do this amongst these men in mass meetings!) the *sacredness of his home*, reminding him that if the churchyard is "God's acre," how much more is the place of *life* hallowed by His kept law, and adorned by ties of love—with its burdening responsibilities and its unequalled joys—worthy of such a title! God has created all the earth in families. Family life has been ordained from the earliest ages, and like all God's works, remains the unchanged custom still, as well as the natural fact. Animal, bird, insect, and flower life all testify to this same marvellous arrangement from a Creator's hand for the happiness and well-being of His created world. Unhappy instances we see of the frustration, through man's would-be wisdom, of this blessed law, and instances too, how

frequently, of the pollution of these sweet streams by uncontrolled evils.

Let us prove to him, if possible, that these are the evils we desire to remedy, and that in our effort we require his aid. If we can enlist his sympathy, and, better still, his enthusiasm, we have gained something, we have done much, in fact, towards carrying our point. As we all know so well, neither an Englishman nor a Scotchman will be "driven," he must be "drawn." The great thing, therefore, is to get him on our side, *i.e.* on the side of such reform. The difficulty of this is appalling if we look at the whole question at once, and, taking it from our usual stand-point, at a little distance from him. Sitting in our drawing-room arm-chair, newspaper in hand, we feel disposed to shake our head hopelessly, and who can wonder? The police reports and other accounts of crime wherein our evil genius, "the drink," figures so largely, however abbreviated they may be out of regard to polite ears, are quite sufficient to make us feel helpless to stay the torrent or mitigate its force. Unlike the Danish king, we are speechless before the wave.

But these difficulties are not so great if we look at them from a different level. In the first place, taking our stand amongst the working men, rather than above them; and in the second, calling to our aid the Omnipotent Help that is promised and has ever been given to those who in their own insufficiency of resource are ready to rely upon it, we may very confidently make an advance. A hand-to-hand fight offers on the whole, perhaps, the surest prospect of success. Making friends with the mass, man by man, we gradually overcome prejudice, and introduce new thoughts among minds singularly frank and open, and often very susceptible to impression. A kind word, a friendly act, the forming of an individual acquaintance, will often give us the good-will of a whole gang of men who before they knew us were inclined to ignore or to think hardly of the lady or gentleman who could "drive," while they "must walk," and in other ways led what they considered a life of ease.

The great thing is to go among the people. We need not fear moral contamination if we are zealous in doing good. God's truth is our "shield and buckler," and in using our own energies—mental, spiritual, and bodily—we do not succumb, as the onlooker might expect, to the enemy's weapon. Eloquence will do a great deal, but personal love and true personal interest will do a great deal more. Thus we benefit our neighbour and

we benefit ourselves too. How many an objectless existence, and therefore a suffering existence, has, on either side, been by this means transformed into a bright and happy one? An empty cup becomes an overflowing one by the mutual imparting and reception of any real benefit. If we share "*His* benefits," we do indeed throw a halo of sunshine around us, and reap an "hundredfold" in return.

In any spot where this subject has been discussed by thoughtful minds a variety of volunteers may generally be found, each of whom has discovered some medium or channel by which he or she may present the *one* all-sufficient remedy to the people. One can speak, another can read, another can sing, another can visit, another can converse, another can adopt the method of the silent, uncouth man, who confessed himself to be "no scholar," but who wrought much for *the kingdom*. "I can put my arm round a fellow's neck and say, 'Come,' and the Lord *brings* him." If we dare not class ourselves amongst the more gifted ones of 1 Corinthians xi., we may at least take rank under that comprehensive though unpretending title, which carries with the rest *His* cross of honour, "*Helps!*" But let none of us be left out from the great throng of workers, however humble be our part.

Old Father Humphrey used to say that a man once complained of a smoky chimney. Immediately a visitation of sympathising neighbours became the penalty that he had to pay for his difficulties. In they flocked. One suggested one cure, and one another, until the unfortunate owner of the misfortune was sadly bewildered. Happily for him he was saved from the dilemma of choosing remedies by the "happy thought" at last suggested by some Solomon of the party that *he should try them all*. If I recollect my story rightly, this last advice was taken, the result being a *cured chimney!* This relation from the pen of one who understood somewhat of the ills of life, must be my apology for introducing at this juncture of my paper an earnest advocacy of the *Coffee-House* scheme.

There are many and varied phases of this useful specific now to be seen and heard of in most quarters of the British Isles, each taking its rise generally from the brain and pocket of the higher educated and more moneyed portions of our community.

To begin with the largest, we find in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, and other cities, one brilliant rival to the gin-shop, repeated many times in the

shape of the coffee-palace. Its large, brightly lighted windows, spacious saloons, ample provision for the supply, occupation, and recreation of mind and body, are generally well supported by the prosperous trade it attracts. Drinks of every description (non-intoxicating) are to be found here; and they are popular. This is an excellent index to the state of public feeling on these points, and proves that when the working man is tired or thirsty he does not frown when you replace the whisky bottle by a cup of coffee, ginger ale, lemonade, or some other beverage. These palaces are no longer charities, but self-supporting institutions. If, therefore, they are carried on from a right basis, and ruled by a sound principle, there is no reason why they should not multiply *ad infinitum*.

Again, we find the working man's club. In the smaller towns some phase of this is

very general. It succeeds or fails entirely according to the management. The head that takes the lead is the responsible one here, and either concentrates or disperses the various human elements, according to the direction in which his own moral force works. If controlled by some genial, earnest, and respected character—with social gatherings at the expense of the members, well planned and effectively and beneficially carried out—they ought to succeed remarkably well for a certain class. To a movement which naturally keeps itself rather select there must always be a large number of outsiders. At this we cannot be surprised, for the very fact of membership implies sobriety and respectability to some degree at least, for anything like irregularity would result naturally in a downfall.

(To be concluded in next part.)

## YARROW.

THE simmer day was sweet an' lang,

It had nae thoicht o' sorrow,  
As my true love and I stood on  
The bonnie banks o' Yarrow.

I took her han' in mine, an' said,  
"Noo smile, my winsome marrow;  
The next time that we come again  
You'll be my bride on Yarrow."

A tear stood in her sweet blue ee,  
An' sair she sigh'd in sorrow,  
"I dinna like the sug' that rins  
Alang your bonnie Yarrow.

"It soun's like some auld dirge o' wae,  
It chills my bosom thorough,  
An' it makes me creep close to your side;  
Oh, I dinna like your Yarrow.

"For aye I think on the wae an' dule  
That auld, auld sang brings o'er me;  
An' aye I see that bluidy fecht,  
An' the deid, deid men afore me."

I clasp'd my true love in my arms,  
I kiss'd her sweet lips thorough,  
Her breast lay saft against my ain,  
On the bonnie banks o' Yarrow.

"A tear is in your sweet blue ee,  
A tear that speaks o' sadness,  
Noo what should dim its happy hue,  
This simmer day o' gladness?"

"The Yarrow rins fu' fresh an' sweet,  
The licht shines bricht an' clearly,  
An' why should ae sad thoicht be ours,  
We wha lo'e ither dearly?"

"The Yarrow rins, an' as it rins  
Nae sadness can it borrow  
Frae that auld sang that's far awa',  
When I'm wi' thee on Yarrow."

I pu'd a daisy at my feet,  
A daisy sweet an' bonnie,  
I put it in my true love's breast,  
For she was fair as ony.

But aye she sigh'd, an' aye she said,  
"I fear me for the morrow.  
Oh, tak' awa' your bonnie flower,  
For see, it grew on Yarrow.

"The bluid still dyes its crimson tips,  
It speaks o' dule an' sadness,  
An' the deid that lay on the gowany brae,  
An' woman's wailing madness."

I took the daisy frae her breast,  
I flung it into Yarrow,  
An' doon the stream wi' heavy heart  
I cam' wi' my sweet marrow.

O simmer months, hoo swift ye flew,  
Wi' a' your bloom an' blossom!  
O death, hoo wae fu' was thy touch  
That took her to thy bosom!

For my true love, sae sweet an' fair,  
Lies in her grave sae narrow,  
An' in my heart is that eerie moon  
She heard that day in Yarrow.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.





"The child was happy with his flowers, the mother thankful for the rest."

## SARAH DE BERENGER

By JEAN INGELow.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

AMIAS was standing on the rug in the room where he had talked with Uzziah Dill. It was a pleasant morning; the red curtains of the windows had been partly drawn, and shafts of sunshine came in between, casting a fine glow upon the figures of an old man and an elderly lady, who sat on two comfortable chairs.

"Yes, my dear uncle is much disappointed," said Sarah. "He thinks the little girls look thin and weakly. Yes! and dear Amabel and my pretty Delia——"

"Why mention them in the same breath with the others?" interrupted Amias. "My uncle, I understood, was come here to talk over his affairs—express some of his wishes as regards his grand-daughters."

"And dear Amabel and my pretty Delia," Sarah went on, as if she had not heard him, "have each had an offer of marriage. Yes, very natural, I am sure, and does the young men no special credit."

The dark cheek of Amias mustered colour, and his eyes flashed. Sir Samuel, in spite of a little depression which showed itself in his air, smiled furtively here.

"No special credit," she went on, "for anybody might see, with half an eye, what charming, desirable girls they are—though, to be sure, the lovers, both in the army, had nothing at all but their pay. However, as they said to me, there's always hope of a scrimmage. War, war—that's what they all look to, what they daily pray for. But it's rather shocking to think of their dropping on their knees—whole rows of them—and deliberately entreating a merciful Providence to send 'battle, and murder, and sudden death,' that they may get their promotion! Yes; but that's what, as I'm informed, they always do."

Sir Samuel sat through this speech in silence, and, as he still said nothing, Sarah spoke again.

"Some girls are far too rich," she observed, "and others far too poor. It would be much better if my dear uncle would have his six grand-daughters as before. Punctilios are quite out of place in family matters; and you are so particular, Amias, about your rubbishing proofs, that now you see the consequences. The property, as my dear uncle has said, must go to those four pale-eyed,

sickly girls (not the least like the family), and their fortunes will be so large, that they will be the victims of all the neediest scamps out."

"I am not so sure of that," said Amias, "if Felix is to have the charge of them, and I am to be their guardian."

"Much too rich, poor children! But when my will comes to be investigated, perhaps it may be found that I have been less regardless of the family interests than you have, and have not thrown dear John's children over just because he died before he could come home to claim them—and produce his marriage certificate," she added, after a short pause, "which he had no reason to suppose we should ever think of asking for."

"If you please, sir," said a servant, entering, "Mr. Uzziah Dill wishes to speak with you."

"I will see him in a few minutes," replied Amias. "Now, aunt," he continued, when the door was shut, "you have been giving me rather a long lecture this morning."

"Well, perhaps I have," she answered, looking up at him affectionately, "and I must say you have borne it like a lamb. Yes! but it will have no effect upon you, Amias."

"You accuse me, among other things, of meddling in the affairs of this world, of a strong wish to make it better and happier. Now, there is a poor, weak wretch of a lame cobbler down-stairs——"

"Yes! going to prove that my remarks were so much wasted breath."

Amias turned from his aunt to his uncle. "I say, uncle, that I feel a wish just now to see the world—at least, those few atoms of it which are held together by the body of that lame cobbler—a little better and a little happier."

"Then there's money in the wish," said Sir Samuel, smiling rather grimly. "By how much money is the little demagogue to be made better and happier? I remember him. I heard him rant when you were at the seaside, a year or two ago."

"I think five-and-twenty pounds would satisfy me."

Sir Samuel lifted his eyebrows involuntarily, he was so much astonished at the audacity of Amias in naming so large a sum. "This comes," he thought, "of my having laid myself under an obligation to him by making him my girls' guardian."

"The poor man's case is hard, and I deeply pity him," continued Amias. "He was a reformed drunkard, and kept himself sober for years; but in a time of deep distress—an illness of his wife's, I think—he was overcome by temptation, and drank again. Now he almost despairs, and his living is lost, for of course he cannot rant, as you call it, on temperance any more."

Partly in gratitude to Amias, but more in pity for the man, Sir Samuel took out his purse, and, to the surprise of Sarah, gave Amias, in gold and notes, the five-and-twenty pounds.

Amias, thanking him, took the money and went into a little waiting-room, where he found poor Dill and his wife. Uzziah looked the shadow of his former self, and was very desponding.

Amias applauded him for his intention of leaving London, held out no hope that any more temperance lecturing was possible for him, but gave Mrs. Dill the money, and said it was a generous gift from a friend.

Mrs. Dill accepted it with beautiful and homely dignity. "It was a king's ransom to her," she said; "it would give her husband hope and courage, and that was what he mainly wanted to keep him sober."

She had money, more than this sum, lying in the hands of Mr. Bartlett, but since a certain dreadful fact had come to her knowledge, she feared the very sight of a lawyer, and had made her husband more timid than herself.

"Then I suppose I've got to retire into private life, sir," said poor Uzziah, in a desponding tone.

Amias with difficulty forbore to smile.

"I am sorry for you, Dill," he began.

"It's a sore blow, but a meat punishment," interrupted the poor man.

"We have taken up enough of Mr. de Berenger's time," said the wife, with gentle firmness. Amias shook hands with her, but not with her husband, and when Uzziah saw that he was determined to say no more, he made his bow, and departed.

He and his wife went and sat down on a bench in Kensington Gardens, for Uzziah was too weak to walk all the way home without a rest, and the Gardens were in their way.

The poor man was very wretched, and his wife understood his misery. He wiped his brow as he seated himself, and spoke for the first time.

"He never gave me the least hope,

Hannah; he never even said I might stand forth again at some future time."

She was silent.

"To think I could do good and help the cause was almost what I lived for. It was not only the applause I got, Hannah; you must not think it."

"I do not think it."

"I was buoyed up by it. It enabled me to deny myself."

"Ay, my poor husband; but it made you forget."

Uzziah wiped his forehead again.

"Am I to have nothing to do, then, for God?"

"Ay, truly; you've got to get our living by your trade. So far as I can see, that is God's will about you just now, and that it may last His will, I daily pray."

"Then, if I am to go, let it be a long way off. There's plenty of money. Let us go where I may forget."

He spoke weakly and almost peevishly. His wife encouraged him, but from that day she recognised a change. His crime, which it seemed he had almost forgotten, was now ever present to his mind; he had supposed that in the end he should be discovered as its perpetrator, but because he believed that God had forgiven it, he had felt that he was free of it in the meantime.

He now discovered his mistake. No need to tell him to be distant and humble in his manner to his wife, or meek and silent with others; he was all this of his own accord. With a touching patience he undertook such work as he could get, and contented himself with such fare as it would procure.

Hannah Dill could find no consoling words for him; but she forbore from all reproach, and gradually, as he left more and more to her, she took the guidance of him and of their small earnings. In one thing she always yielded. He had sometimes a fit of restlessness, and would long to leave the town or village where they were. Then she would produce Sir Samuel's money, and by some cheap excursion train, and still cheaper steamer, they would go on. It was always in the same direction—always north. At last, after a full year of such wandering, they found themselves at Whitby, and here the change of scene, the cordial manners of the people, and perhaps the fine air of the place, seemed at last to revive the poor man. He settled to his work with more hope, slept better, and would sometimes walk about the shore and into the country,



evidently refreshed by the beauty of the scene.

Hannah Dill felt relieved, for she could not but be influenced by the deep depression she always saw in him. Gradually it passed, she scarcely knew when or how. He was very humble, very silent still; many an hour he would spend in prayer, lying on the floor of the little chamber; but at meal-times he would now sometimes converse with her, or he would whistle to the child, now grown a fine, rosy little fellow. Sometimes he would read aloud, and always he would work diligently at his calling.

Hannah Dill calmed herself by degrees, and began to live from day to day. She had been long looking for a catastrophe: it did not come. She now began to feel some refreshment in the present. The constant changes of the sea fed her observant mind. Sometimes the harbour would be full of heavy rolling waves, and the tugs and vessels would rock on them like ducks, while the pier lighthouse would be drenched by the breakers that reared at it, and rushed on, hiding it for the moment, in a great fountain of seething foam.

Every day she took her child on her arm and walked forth, that he might enjoy the bracing air.

And she could again enjoy it. The sweet life of the rectory was remote as Paradise might have been to Eve's imagination when she had left it; but she had another child to love and tend, and she had much ado to make the money cover their small expenses. Then she took in needlework when she could get it, and sometimes did a little clear-starching, so that she had plenty of occupation, and yet not of a sordid kind. They were poor, but there was no grumbling in their home, and though the parents frequently went without meat with their potatoes, there was always a cup of milk for the child.

The year thus spent by Hannah Dill proved a very eventful one for the De Berengers.

Sir Samuel, now eighty years of age, began slightly to lose his memory, and to depend more and more on his niece Sarah, and on his two great-nephews. To describe the anguish this caused to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. de Berenger, would be quite impossible. When she heard that Amias had gone to live with the old man, and always attended to his affairs while he was in London, and sat at the head of his table,

she was taken ill from sheer anxiety—so likely, it seemed to her, that Amias would influence him to the prejudice of her four children. She wrote to Sarah frequently, and, expressing the deepest solicitude about the old man's health, begged that she would use her influence to get him into the country. He had already given up his seat in Parliament, and disposed of his business; how much better it would be for him if he would live in the fresh country air. It was such a needless expense, too, as he saw hardly any company, to have two establishments.

Sarah, showing the letter to Amias, who saw its real meaning, the old man was easily persuaded to go into the country; but there matters were no better. Sir Samuel did not want his daughter-in-law, would not invite her and her children to come to him. He wanted Amias—always Amias; and as he could not have this favourite nephew in the country, he got Felix to come about him as much as the parson nephew would consent to do, and at other times, rather than be alone, he would come and stay at the rectory, contenting himself with the quiet life led there, and paying for himself and his old servant a due proportion of its expenses, and no more.

From week to week, though his mental decay was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, he seemed to become more conscious of a change in himself, and to be more desirous of guidance; more afraid, especially in money matters, of committing some imprudence, more openly dependent on the opinion of one or other of his two great-nephews; while, at the same time, his spirits improved, and his temper grew sweeter, partly from the absence of all business or political worries, partly from the delightful consciousness of how much money he was saving by living so frequently at the rectory.

His presence was never regarded as a trouble there; quite the contrary. Felix, who had been keenly aware of his foibles some years previously, became now very indulgent to them. From mere sociability of temper, he always liked to have his house full. He was never easy when Amabel and Delia were away; his aunt Sarah's presence had always been a pleasure to him; and now Sir Samuel frequently in and out, riding with the girls, going to sleep in his most comfortable chairs, and conforming to the early hours of the rectory, was decidedly agreeable to him.

If anybody had taken the trouble to observe the fact, and place it to its true account,



"Every day she took her child and walked forth."

Felix must have been held to be changed. He was much more particular in his dress; he was altogether brushed up, and looked better and younger: but his temper was not quite so indolently gentle as it had been, and he was sometimes a little unfriendly toward a certain young officer in the army, who frequently rode over to the rectory about this time, and would turn very red, and half choke himself with sighing, whenever Delia condescended to look at him or to speak to him.

Delia thought this young man a great bore, for a certain instinct of propriety made her aware that, as she did not mean to let him get friendly and intimate—as she would not let him help to feed her young ducks, or knock down the sweetest crab-apples for her, or beat the donkey when she indulged in a canter—she must, therefore, take the trouble to smooth her wandering locks for him, and treat him to her best frock. She never gave him a smile, but then she took care that her sash was not awry.

Nothing, however, could repress the gallant soldier's love, and one afternoon, when Delia was out—gone out riding with her

sister and old Sir Samuel—he laid his modest prospects before Felix, together with his manly hopes, and begged leave to make his offer in due form.

It was his last hour in the neighbourhood; his leave was up. Felix was perfectly sure that Delia cared nothing at all about him, but he consented to lay the matter before his ward; and when the two girls returned, rosy and beautiful, from their ride, he called her into his study.

Felix was seated on his sofa. He had seldom in his life looked so well. Delia looked at him, and thought so. There was more fire in his dark eyes than usual; there was even a shade of red under the dark cheek. He began quietly to state the soldier's wishes.

"What a goose he is!" said Delia, when the story had been told.

Felix was gratified. He would have liked to rise and set a chair for Delia, but this would have been such an unwonted proceeding that it must have roused her attention, and for the present he did not dare to do that; he wanted to let things drift.

"Was he very droll, Coz?" she next inquired.

"Droll!" exclaimed Felix; "droll, poor fellow! No. Why?"

Delia was standing before him, with her whip in her hand; she was twisting round it a long bine of wild briony that she had gathered in the hedge. "Oh, because you look so—so amused. I don't like you to look pleased."

Felix could not help looking pleased.

"Why?" he inquired, almost faintly.

Delia made no answer for the moment. She seemed to cogitate; then she said, in a pleading tone, "I suppose I'm not obliged to try to like him, Coz, if I don't wish?"

"Certainly not," replied Felix.

Delia came and sat down beside him next, and she blushed, and seemed to look inquiringly at him. So sweet a hope had never dawned in the heart of Felix in all his life, as swelled it in that happy moment, but he said not a word.

Then the unreasonable young creature laughed, and shrugged her shoulders. "If you want me to send an answer to him," she said, "you'd better tell me what to say; for, of course, I don't know."

Felix was so sure she did not care for her lover, that he found no difficulty in doing him justice, and in taking care that his suit was duly presented.

"How can I tell what to say, unless I know what you feel?" he inquired.

"I don't feel anything particular," replied Delia—"excepting when he comes," she added.

"And what then?"

"And then I do so wish he would go."

Felix laughed. He felt that the situation was getting the mastery over him. This child of his adoption was so sweet, so familiarly affectionate in her manner towards him, that he could not but retain his old household ways with her, and yet she did not now give him her good-morning kiss without making him tremble from head to foot. He started up hastily from his seat, and began to pace the room. Delia still occupied her hand with the strand of wild briony, and he looked at her: a beautiful blush went and came on her rounded cheek; it seemed that she could not meet his eyes.

"Delia," he said, stopping opposite to her, and speaking not without some trembling in his voice, "you must say yourself what I am to repeat to him. You must make a direct answer to his proposal."

"He's so old," said Delia, as if excusing herself for not caring about him.

"Old!" exclaimed Felix, astonished and almost horrified. He felt himself turning chill, and a sudden dimness seemed to becloud all his dearest hopes. "He is only six-and-twenty," he went on, sitting down and sighing.

"He's much older than Dick," said Delia. "Oh—I would much rather—wait—for Dick."

Felix looked at her earnestly while she spoke; a flood of rosy colour covered her fair face and throat. She bent her head a little, and was too much absorbed in her own trouble to notice that Coz was pale.

"Wait for Dick?" exclaimed Felix, in the quietest of tones.

Delia felt something unusual in it; a certain dulness and dimness made it seem far off. She blushed yet more deeply. "I did not think you would mind," she began.

"Dick is a mere boy," said Felix. "Is it possible that he has spoken already?"

"No, he hasn't yet," answered Delia, excusing him; "but he will soon."

"He will soon?" repeated Felix, between astonishment and dismay, and instantly Delia started up and ran to him. He rose to meet her, and, putting her dimpled hand on his shoulder, she sighed out—

"Oh, Coz, don't tell him. I did not mean to say it."

"Never mind, my sweet," he answered, and it seemed as if he was consoling her—"never mind; it cannot be helped."

"But you'll never tell any one?" she entreated, and she laid her cheek for a moment against his.

He answered, "No."

"No, Coz, dearest, don't," she repeated; "and there he is coming." She had caught the sound of Dick's foot outside the door, and, with a mischievous little laugh, she snatched up the train of her habit, and, darting out at the open window, ran to join Sir Samuel, who was sitting under a chestnut-tree on a low bench.

She spent the next quarter of an hour in thinking a good deal about her cheeks, now and then laying her dimpled hand upon them, to ascertain whether they were growing cooler.

Felix spent the same time in his study, sitting perfectly motionless and silent. He had wasted his youth on a long, obstinately cherished attachment; it had melted away quite unaware, and for the last few weeks—only a few weeks—a new one had risen, suddenly as a star. Delia was so young. He knew, of course, that at present she felt

only a childlike love for him, but he never supposed that she loved any one else; and now she herself had told him that she did, and if he could believe that she knew her own mind, his hope was lost, and his day was over.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

LITTLE Peep was dead. Amias wrote a long, affecting account of his last illness to Amabel, how for many alternate nights he and Lord Robert had watched by him, how patient and content he was, and how kind Mr. Tanner had been.

Amabel kissed the letter; it pleased her to think that Amias had such an affectionate heart.

Lord Robert, it seemed, had "broken down" at the funeral. Yes, but Lord Robert had got a fine appointment in one of the colonies; he would sail in a few days with his pretty wife, and soon forget poor little Peep. Amias never would.

Little Peep, in his last will and testament, left several thousand pounds in trust to Amias, to build a temperance public-house, and his portrait was to hang in the bar.

Little Peep was there represented as a young man of average size, and a decidedly intellectual countenance. The temperance lecture that Amias had written appeared in his hand as a folded scroll, and he was coming forward on a platform to read it.

The poor young fellow took much innocent pride in this picture, and the last night of his life, when Lord Robert and Amias were both with him, he told them what he intended to have done with it.

"Some people think it an excellent likeness," he said faintly. "I enjoy public-speaking, and if it had pleased God to prolong my life, I might have made myself a name by it. I might have done something great."

"That you would, dear boy," said Lord Robert; and soon after this he died.

"He had so many endearing qualities," said Amias, speaking to Lord Robert the night after his funeral—"so many endearing qualities—that it was impossible to despise him, and yet I think, on the whole, he was the greatest fool I ever knew."

"He was not by any means the greatest fool I ever knew," answered Lord Robert, pointedly, and in a tone of good-natured banter.

"Why, what have I done now?" exclaimed Amias.

"Oh, nothing now; but I do not see why

you are to be allowed to go about the country making yourself conspicuous for this temperance cause, without being made to pay for it."

"I have paid," answered Amias. "I paid when I was a boy."

"But I have a fine eye. I observe the march of events. You'll see that poetical justice will be done upon you before long. I don't say that I should not take a certain pleasure in seeing it done."

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"When you took yourself off from your old uncle, he had three sons. They have all died, one after the other, and every year he became more attached to you. Now, there's a great uncertainty about the ways of this world; people don't always do in real life what is expected of them. But if you had been a man in a book, Amias, the old uncle about this time would have done poetical justice upon you; he would have let you know—in fact, he would have said in the presence of those friends you most liked (would, perhaps, have convened them on purpose to hear it)—that but for your rebellious, unfilial, and unfeeling conduct to him, he would have (leaving a poor fortune to each of his grand-daughters)—he would have adopted you, and made you his principal heir."

"Verdict, 'Serve me right,'" said Amias.

"The march of events distinctly points to such a catastrophe," continued Lord Robert. "Depend on it, he will say something of the sort before he has done with you."

"Poor old man!" answered Amias. "No, Bob, he never will; he will say nothing of the sort."

"But am I to have these noble aspirations after poetical justice for nothing?"

"Time will show."

"If I had been blessed with such an uncle, would I have so treated him? Yes, Amias, I repeat it: little Peep was not the greatest fool I ever knew."

A very eventful year followed for the De Berengers, but Hannah Dill, who thought of them unceasingly, never had a hint of anything that concerned them; her darlings, as she often felt, with an almost unbearable pang, might be dead and buried, while she knew nothing of it. But her little son helped her to endure this uncertainty, as he also helped to fill the empty, aching heart.

Her husband had quite, for the time, got over those paroxysms of craving for stimulus; he could trust himself alone about the

town, but he never proposed to speak at meetings again, and she did not conceal her opinion that this was best.

But now the last of Sir Samuel's money was spent, and though Uzziah worked hard, his poor earnings did not quite keep them. Several of their best articles of clothing had been sold, yet he could not make up his mind to let his wife write to Mr. Bartlett for the money due to her, so much was he afraid now of bringing himself into undesirable notice.

And yet money was sorely wanted—money for the quarter's rent now nearly due—and, after the only discussion they had held since leaving London, Dill consented to write to Mr. Bartlett, authorising him to give the money to his wife, and then consented to her going to London and taking the letter by hand, so as not to betray his whereabouts.

With great difficulty, and by the sale of every article that they could possibly spare, they scraped together just enough money to pay for an excursion ticket, and then, some small provision of food tied up in a handkerchief, the husband and wife proceeded to the station, the former carrying his child.

"Keep a good heart," said the wife as she took leave of him; but unaccountable depression weighed down her own heart. She had not an easy moment during the long journey, and she walked to Mr. Bartlett's house full of wretched forebodings.

Apale, faded woman, he scarcely knew her at first, but she soon recalled herself to his mind, and, almost to her own astonishment, she got all the money due to her, with only the little formality of waiting for her husband's signature, which she wrote for and obtained, before she could carry it away.

"And now you have got it," he said to her, with a certain dispassionate curiosity, which was more an interest in the event than in her, the human agent that was to bring it to pass—"now you have got it, Mrs. Hannah Dill, do you mind telling me what you are going to do with it?"

"Why, take it to my poor husband, sir."

"Oh!" was all he answered; but he looked at her in a way that suggested both surprise and incredulity. "I only asked you as a friend," he observed. "Of course it does not matter to me what you do. I am perfectly safe."

"Yes, sir; but what else should you think I would do?"

"Should I think?" he repeated. "Well,

I may have thought you would go on as you began."

"Sir, in the other case I only acted against Dill to save, if I could, his poor children; not to save myself."

"And this poor child?"

"I fare to think he cannot be saved, sir," she answered, melting into tears. "His father sets that store by him that I could not be so cruel as to carry him off."

"Well, well, Mrs. Dill," he answered, "it is no business of mine—none at all."

"I was never treacherous to him," she interrupted. "I never said to him that former time, 'Dill, I am off to get our money. Keep a good heart; I am coming home as soon as I can.'"

"And you did say so this time?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Mrs. Dill, I am truly sorry for you."

His voice was rather kind, but his manner suggested all manner of doubts to her—doubts as to what she really meant to do, and doubts whether, knowing what she meant to do, she was wise; but she had hardly reached her humble lodging before she became calm and assured again. She had promised her poor husband that she would go back to him, and go she would.

But, oh! with what fear she returned; with what crowding unfortunate presentiments! What they meant she could not tell, but she never lost them for a moment till she stopped at Whitby Station, and saw her landlady waiting to meet her, and smiling in cordial, pleasant fashion, as she stepped up to the carriage-door.

"Dill was off to a little hamlet some miles off," she explained, "and would not be back till the next day. A poor man, whom he sometimes went to read to, was near his end, and had just sent to beg that he would sit up with him that night and pray with him."

"And Dill is all right?" asked the wife.

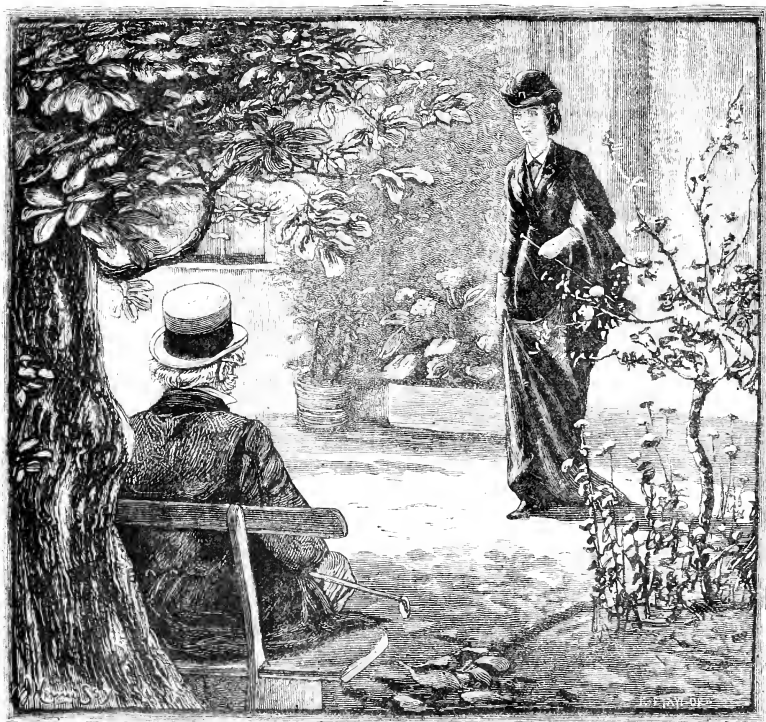
"As right as can be," was the answer.

Where now were all her fears?

She was so wearied and exhausted with what she had gone through, that her knees shook and her head ached. The relief was great of finding her superstition, as she now called it, unjustified by any reasonable cause, yet she could not settle to any work. What she had gone through is by no means a rare experience; it had been a restless sense of conscious danger or of deep need, weighing down the spirit of her husband, and having power to affect her, making her a partaker of his misery, without imparting to her the cause.

She knew she should not be quite at ease till she had seen Uzziah, and she wanted to pass away the time, so as soon as she had taken something to eat, she dressed her boy in his best, and went forth among the visitors to the pier that forms one side of the harbour. She had been so deeply brooding over her own thoughts, that during the journey she had hardly noted anything that passed around her. Now her eyes wandered with conscious

refreshment, and her ears were thankful and attentive; all that passed helped to fill her mind with fresh images. Two old fishermen were coiling ropes close to her seat. "Ay, ay," quoth one to the other, speaking with deep pity of the visitors, "there they was, dawdling about, poor souls; nought to do but listen to the pestilent music tootle-tooting, fit to drive 'em distracted. Folks should be piped to their work, and not to their play."



"Darting out at the open window, ran to join Sir Samuel."—P. 757.

"What's a lugger?" some boy coming up asked the other fisherman.

His companion quietly went on with his business, while he answered, in his broad dialect and soft, persuasive voice, "What's a lugger? Why, that's one; her that has a small mizzen, and lug sail on it."

"Won't her masts come out?" asked a still younger boy.

"Ay, for sure; they have kin' o' steps in

the boat for to rest 'em on—yo' can see 'em. They make the foremast rake avast. Now, mebbe yo' doon't see what that's fur."

Neither of the urchins pretended that he did see.

He continued, "It's to give the wind more power, so's to lift the sail—git under it like; and so, if she's heavy laden wi' fish, to lift her at the bows moor out o' t' watter."

This valuable information was given with

conscientious care: in his deep pity for these poor children of the land, the old seaman would neglect no opportunity, but do his manifest duty towards them, which was to put the A B C of shipping life (and what other life is worth the name?) plainly before them.

Mrs. Dill looked at their rosy faces with interest. A great many little boys are brought up by old fishermen to take to the water. A few quaint phrases stick in their minds. The loss of that one life-boat, the Whitby life-boat, has alone caused many youths to risk their lives, for danger that ends in death has a fearful attractiveness; it draws the island children out, quite as strongly as that which is surmounted and comes safe home again.

"Ay, t' harbour dues are high," she next heard on her other side. "What do they come to? Why, nigh upon sixpence a ton!"

"Oh!" said the lady who had inquired. "Then, how much will that ship pay?" indicating a vessel with her finger.

"That collier schooner?" asked the fisherman, with genuine pity in his air. "She's not a ship at all, mem. Well, mebbe eighteen shillings. Folks say t' new dues keep out t' vessels. But I doon't complain; when God shuts one door, He mostly opens another. There's less shipping, but there's moor fish.—Who pays for t' lights? Why, every vessel that passes Whitby lights has to pay a halfpenny."

"All those vessels out there? Why, surely it's not worth while to send out to them for only a halfpenny?"

The old fisherman straightened himself up when he heard this, and looked at his mate, as if he would have him testify that the words had truly been said.

"The vessels pay wheer they start from—say Hull. You've heerd talk of Hull?" he then replied, doubtfully.

"Why, of course!"

"Oh, I wasn't sure. Hull, or Sunderland, or wheer not."

"Your boat's ready now, mem," said the second old man.

"Take extry care on 'em, mate," whispered his fellow, with something like contempt; "for they're real landlubbers, and no mistake. And her, the mother of a family, too, to know nothing more than the babe unborn!"

"Bless you," replied his companion, "what should she know of *dues*, nor what's reasonable? If yo'll me believe, she asked me las' night whither there were any difference atwixt a roadsted and a harbour!"

Mrs. Dill smiled, so exquisite was the enjoyment of the old fishermen over this ignorance "in the mother of six." She watched the boys and this rosy-faced parent down to their boat. They were going to fish—at least, they thought so; the old fisherman was going to bait the lines, and they were going to hold them.

It was a still, warm day. A great bulging cloud, black and low, was riding slowly up from the south. The cliffs had gone into the brooding darkness of this cloud, which had stooped to take them in. The water was spotted with flights of thistledown, floated from the meadows behind the church, and riding out to sea. Suddenly a hole was blown in the advancing and lowering cloud; the sun glared through it, and all the water where his light fell was green as grass, and the black hulls of the crowded vessels glittered; while under the cliff a long reach of peaked red roofs looked warmer and more homelike than ever, and on the top of them the wide old church seemed to crouch, like a great sea-beast at rest, and the ruined abbey, well up on the hill, stood gaunt and pale, like the skeleton ribs and arms of a dead thing in sore need of burial.

So Mrs. Dill thought; but then she was not cultivated enough to love death and decay. She felt the weird gloom of the cloud and the blackness of the nearer water; something of its gloom came over her also; the short respite that change had brought was over. A weight fell down upon her; the peculiar instinct of coming sorrow was upon her again. A step was drawing near rather slowly. She knew it, and a more than common pang of pity shot through her heart; it included her husband and herself, and the child. While seated on her knee, the little fellow held up his arms and babbled, "Daddy, daddy!"

Hannah Dill looked up at her husband, and at the moment was too much struck by his appearance to speak. His eyes were not absolutely looking at her, though, a little wider open than usual, they seemed to take in the whole scene—the lowering cloud, the grass-green sea, the rocking boats, and herself and her child. Was it the arrest of some great surprise that held him motionless? That could not be all. He was lost in thought, and wonder, and perplexity. There was nothing like fear in his face, but no fear could have made it more utterly pale.

"Uzziah!" she exclaimed, with a sharp cry of terror and suspense. Then, as it seemed, he brought his eyes to look at her,

and his lips moved; but he uttered no sound. "Whatever is it? Do speak!" she said faintly.

And in a low, mumbling tone, he said slowly, "I went to read with Jonah."

"Well?" she cried. That was no answer to her question.

"He's dead," proceeded Uzziah.

"Well?" she repeated, shuddering; for he looked distraught, and it seemed as if his thoughts were still remote. But as he saw the terror in her face he appeared to note it (yet not till he had examined her well with his eyes), and then to rouse himself with a sudden start, and with a violent effort to regain almost his usual manner and voice.

"It looks like a storm coming up," he said, while his wife, trembling and sick at heart, wiped away a few tears.

He was folding up a newspaper in his shaking hand; he now put it in his pocket, and when his child slid from the mother's knee and toddled towards him, he retreated, saying—

"No! Maybe you'd liefer lead him yourself, Hannah! And I've nothing to say against it."

She rose then. There was something wrong, and she did not dare to hear it, or ask what it was. He preceded her to the house, and she noticed that, his hand in his pocket, he kept hold of the newspaper all the way. Yet when they got home the strange manner was all but gone: he was less pale, more observant; he could even eat. And she was very thankful for a comfortable meal. She ate and drank almost with urgency, for she thought there must be something terrible for her to hear, and that she would fortify herself for it beforehand. Something, she thought, was impending. But nothing occurred; as soon as he had eaten, he told her he was going out to the shore to pray, and he did not return till ten at night.

"I am not going to bed this night," was all he said, when she, weary with her journey, roused herself up to let him in.

She went up to bed, and while she undressed, heard him as he sighed to God, and afterwards heard the same sighing in her dreams; but she was greatly wearied, and when at last she woke, in full daylight and all the splendour of an August morning, it startled her to find that there was silence below at last.

She stole down-stairs. Her husband, dressed in all his best clothes, had opened the window, and was sitting with his head leaning on the sill, fast asleep. He looked ex-

hausted, and she thought he must be ill. He had not treated himself to a holiday for many months. As he had said nothing, there could, she now thought, be nothing to say; he must and should have a day on the heather, and breathe the air from the hills. She went out quietly, bought some fish for breakfast, made the fire, and dressed the child.

It was not till past eight o'clock that he woke, and she called him to his breakfast, and laid her plan before him. Oh, how gentle and quiet he was! How little was left of the husband of her youth! He was to see what money she had brought. Yes, he would. He was to rouse himself up. He would try. He was to go with her and the child in the railway to a place he had loved the previous summer, and they were to sit together on the hills. Yes—so best. She began to get alarmed again, as she saw how quietly he sat while she made her simple preparations.

And they went. They stopped a few miles out of Whitby, at a station called Gothland, between two great expanses of heather. They climbed the steep, cliff-like hill on the left-hand side, and reached a long expanse, all purple and gold; a lovely, peaceful view spread itself forth in successive descents at their feet. The place was remote from life, and yet it was not lonely, for every valley, as it lay open for inspection, had its own farmhouse, and on every space of grass kine were feeding.

What peace appeared to rest as a presence over the purple moor! The child was happy with his flowers; the mother sat quietly looking about her, and feeling thankful for the rest. She thought change might have done her poor husband good. He had eaten, and was wandering hither and thither. She watched him awhile; then her eyes were attracted to a steep declivity, down which a sparkling beck was leaping. In the vale, where it spread itself out into a shallow, lonely pool, a crowd of rooks walked on the moss in companies, and a flock of little finches washed themselves sportively. She was still tired. Her eyes rested on these careless creatures with a dull contentment that was almost pleasure.

She had forgotten her husband for the moment. Where was he? Wandering about in the heather, most likely. Not at hand, for she turned and could not see him. And what was this? Close where he had been sitting, and almost under her hand, he had spread out his handkerchief, and laid upon it most of the money she had given him in the



morning. It was all in gold. Her heart sank. Why had he done this? She counted it: he had taken with him seven pounds. She looked about her again, and at last there he was, descending the steep path toward the station. He was half a mile off, and before she could decide what to do, a train came up and stopped. The lame man's figure was visible, running hard to reach the little lonely station. He was the only passenger. She stood up in her place; she saw that he was in time, that the train went on, and that he was gone.

Very few trains stopped there.

It was evening when Hannah Dill and her child got home. Her husband was not there; she had scarcely expected it would be so. Where, then, was he gone? She looked about her, and saw her husband's every-day coat hanging behind the door. She took it down with a trembling hand. She was always looking for evil tidings, and however heavy the blow might be that fell on her then, it was not a shock, it was hardly a surprise.

A south-country newspaper was in the pocket. Her eyes ran down the columns.

She felt, before she saw, what it was that concerned her. The assizes were going on. The judge would be at a certain town that was named, on such and such days. There were several important trials, and one—Hannah Dill cried out, and flung the paper down and wrung her hands. She saw a name that she knew, the name of a murdered man. Some of the details of the crime were given; she remembered them. The murderer was found, it appeared, and was about to be tried.

She quieted herself with difficulty. This could not concern her, then? And yet her terror all concentrated itself upon those assizes. The paper had been read and re-read and wept over; it was still limp with tears. She must go down to this town in the south-west. It was not far from the place where her little Delia had been born. Her husband had been tried there. She should die if she remained in ignorance. Why did she think he had gone there? She could not tell; but she must go, and if her husband did not prove to be there, she was a happier woman than she feared.

## A VISIT TO THE PARIS INSTITUTION FOR BLIND YOUTHS.

OF the many material blessings which Christianity has brought us in its train, not the least is the provision made for persons deprived of sight, hearing, and speech. The methods used for their relief in our own land are generally well known. But the system of treatment of these unfortunate ones pursued in France is not so familiar, and a brief account of a visit paid by the writer to the excellent institution for blind youths, in Paris, may not be without interest.

A word about its origin will serve to introduce the subject. A poor weaver of St. Just-en-Chaussée, in Picardy, was the honoured father of two sons of whom France may well be proud: René Haüy discovered the law of the formation of natural crystals; the other, Valentin, left even a stronger claim to celebrity, as having inaugurated the first efforts for the relief of the blind. He has himself related the singular circumstance by which his attention was drawn to them. "Passing, on May 18, 1782, over the Place of Louis XV., I observed," he writes, "ten poor blind men in a café, tricked out in a very extraordinary manner. They wore paper caps on their

heads, had eye-glasses made of cardboard, without lenses, on their noses, pieces of music were spread out before them, and lighted candles on the table, placed in derision for them to read by, while they played on various instruments in the most discordant fashion. At the door were sold engravings of the atrocious scene, with verses written in mockery of the afflicted men." This inhuman and shameful burlesque deeply roused Haüy's generous indignation, and led him to reflect upon the helpless misery of the blind, which left them exposed to such injurious treatment. His compassion soon bore fruit in action. Beginning with a few friendless ones, whom he found amid the slums of Paris, and clothed, fed, and educated, he persevered in his noble work of philanthropy until, as the number of his protégés increased, it became necessary to provide a suitable asylum for them. This he eventually secured, and, in spite of the many difficulties and discouragements incident to such an undertaking, he carried out from step to step this noble purpose on which he had set his heart. Unhappily, however, his work was interrupted

by the political changes that followed the first Revolution.

Having incurred the displeasure of the first Napoleon, he became an exile, and retired to Berlin and St. Petersburg, in both of which cities he established similar schools for the blind. On his return to France, after the accession of Louis XVIII., he lived for several years in privacy, and died in 1822. Like many another benefactor of mankind, he was not permitted to see the final success of his enterprise. But it could not be said of Valentin Haüy, as Antony said of Cæsar, that, "the good he did is interred with his bones." This very valuable institution, which claims him as its founder, is his enduring and most honourable monument.

The exterior of the building will not detain us long. Plain, substantial, and unpretending, it in no way rivals the splendid edifices in which Paris, the city of palaces, abounds. It stands on the Boulevard des Invalides. The only objects which strike the eye as we approach it are the façade, on which is carved in stone a representation of Haüy surrounded by a group of blind boys and girls, and his statue, which stands within the railing in front.

My visit was paid during the mid-day hour of recreation. As soon as I entered I saw a number of youths streaming along the wide corridor with all the sportiveness and animation of boys let loose from school. A few less boisterous ones, linked arm in arm, were descending the stairs with more caution. In another moment all were in the playground, a spacious, airy courtyard, planted with trees. I followed them, and was pleased to find that, although they did not engage in any regular games, these poor blind lads seemed as full of life and spirits as others of their age, running fearlessly about, and occasionally trying each other's strength in mild wrestling matches. All appeared quite unconscious of their great misfortune, and played in perfect good-humour. After half an hour the bell sounded through the building, and with equal alacrity they dispersed to their various occupations. The morning classes were over, and most of them assembled in their workrooms. In one of these they were engaged in chair-covering, under the direction of a superintendent. Very neatly did they do their work. Even little fellows, that had just been initiated into the art, showed great dexterity. Chairs were turned out such as would have done credit to experienced mechanics blessed with the vision of both their eyes. In another room they

were employed in making nets for various uses. Some were of a strong, coarse texture, for fishing purposes or gymnasia; others were of a finer quality, intended as receptacles of ladies' hair, or the happily almost antiquated and always obnoxious anti-macassars. One fine lad, lately admitted, seemed very loath to apply his tiny fingers to his task. He had not long left his mother's care, and was unused to anything but play. But no harsh words were spoken, or coercive measures adopted. I was pleased to notice the patient, gentle way in which the motherly woman who presided over the department was endeavouring to interest her tiny pupil in his work, and to overcome his reluctance. The porter, too, who was my guide, put in a kindly word: "*Le pauvre enfant a été un peu gâté,*" was his only comment. Such appeared to be the prevailing tone of the institution. The law of love, carried out by mild yet firm discipline, as far as a visitor could judge, seemed to regulate the many wheels of its machinery so that they worked without much friction.

I next inspected the printing-room, and was not a little surprised and gratified to find that the directors had been adventurous enough to establish one. Very wisely they have not attempted to train the blind to competition with those who can see, in an art to which, above all others, quick sight is of the first importance. For this reason their efforts are exclusively directed to the special purposes of the house. They receive no orders from outside, and are not taught the use of ordinary type, but devote themselves entirely to preparing books in raised characters for their own use. Still, the comparative rapidity and accuracy with which the blind compositor picked out his types was most astonishing. Each box had its own character raised in relief upon it, otherwise, of course, their task would be impossible. Composition was the only branch of the trade which they could practise unassisted. In the use of the press and the other processes, they had the help of boys, whose sparkling and intelligent eyes shone in painful contrast to the lack-lustre countenances of their comrades. But it may be asked, what characters have been adopted in this establishment? It may be well, therefore, to offer here a word of explanation. The system of stenography, which is a leading feature in their treatment of the blind, has been arrived at by slow degrees. At first the founder devised a method of printing in ordinary characters simply abbreviated, and with marks to distinguish doubled or similar letters. But this proved too elab-

borate, and failed to enable the blind to communicate or read their own writing. In 1821 a French cavalry officer, M. Charles Barbier, being an enthusiastic student of shorthand writing, invented an entirely new system. He put aside all attention to orthography, and directed his thoughts only to the sounds. Having discovered thirty-six sounds to represent every inflection of the voice in the French language, he arranged these in six lines. Each distinct sound he expressed by a certain number of points. Thus the point became the germ from which the present method of blind writing was developed. His scheme was, however, still imperfect. It was in itself too complicated and confusing, and had the further disadvantage of not being adapted to either arithmetical or musical notation—two essential branches of the education of the blind. These serious defects remained for some time without a remedy, and it was left to one who had himself fought through the difficulties of the situation, to add the final improvement, which now appears to satisfy in great measure the wants of the blind. Louis Braille was a former pupil of this institution, and had remained as a professor in it. He was an exceptionally intelligent man. The son of a saddler, he had lost his sight at the early age of three years, while playing with his knife. So distinguished did he become, that his bust now stands in the entrance-hall in memory of the invaluable services rendered by him to his fellow-sufferers. By means of points, disposed horizontally and vertically and in different number and order, he contrived a perfect alphabet, applicable to both figures and musical notes. Those used for the first nine figures are the same as for the first nine letters. The signs are all very simple, the most complicated consisting of three dots above the line and two below.

For writing purposes, to obviate confusion in the lines, he devised a small frame of zinc, bordered with wood, with lines sunk into it, and a movable copper rule of the width of two lines, in which are drilled two lines of rectangular holes, twenty-six in each line. Between the frame and the rule is passed a sheet of thick paper. The marks are made with a sharp pointer, and when the first two lines are full the rule is slipped down to the next, and so on to the end. By this simple but ingenious contrivance the order of the lines is strictly preserved, and the marks never run into each other. It is, moreover, possible to write on both sides of the paper, the writing on the reverse side

being inserted between the lines of that first written. In this way the friends of the pupils soon learn to correspond with them. The dreary chasm, interposed by their infirmity between them and distant friends, is thus bridged over. Nor is this all, for they are enabled, not only to communicate their own thoughts and feelings to others, but to enjoy the unspeakable benefit of converse with the good and great of ancient and modern times, and, greatest blessing of all, to study for themselves that inspired Word of God which giveth light and understanding unto the simple.

At the same time, since, as we have seen, the same signs are employed as musical notes, a source of much innocent enjoyment, evidently intended by a merciful Providence as a compensation to the blind, is opened to them, as well as, in many cases, a valuable means of support provided. The reading of music has by this means been rendered almost as easy to them as to those who can see. They who possess the talent, by a patient exercise of memory, can develop their gift to any extent. These advantages have been fully appreciated by the directors of this institution. The founder, indeed, did not realise all its value. He introduced it into his system merely as a recreation. But in 1815 Dr. Guillié, who was then the director, evinced more practical discernment than those who had gone before him. With the assistance of eminent "artists" of the day, he developed the musical element in the education of the blind so completely, that we now find, as the result of his plans and exertions, a school of music of the first order existing here. The following is the system pursued:—As soon as a child has learned the notes he is assigned an instrument, for which he has shown the greatest aptitude, and learns to play it under the tuition of a master, himself generally blind. A considerable part of the building is devoted especially to this purpose. The second and third floors are partitioned off into small studies, the door of which is partially glazed, that each pupil may be open to inspection. He is thus left to practise alone. The second floor is assigned to the various wind instruments, the third to pianos. On the first floor is a concert-room, containing a large organ of considerable power, where they occasionally meet for rehearsals and united public performances. As one stands at the end of the corridors leading to these studies, a Babel of sounds, such as may be better imagined than described, almost deafens the listener. Harmony there seems

none. Various melodies, discoursed on various instruments, are blended in marvellous confusion.

A considerable number of the pupils were assembled in the common hall below under the direction of two blind professors. It was not, however, in this case the blind leading the blind. The piece selected was a very effective composition, by one of the masters himself. It was also admirably executed. The time was given with two hollow wands, struck against the hands. Generally, as I was informed, they practise classical music. Gluck, Beethoven, and Weber are their favourite composers. They often take three months in learning one of their works, so thorough and painstaking is their manner of teaching. More rapid progress too is not possible, as they meet for united practice only for one hour five times a week. The instruction is principally given to each pupil separately. With a view to elevate their standard of excellence, and to stimulate them to the highest efforts, they are taken to hear some of the best concerts in Paris; in fact, no attainable means is neglected to cultivate this talent to the utmost. As we might expect, the results fully justify the pains bestowed. Concerts, to which the public are admitted, are given frequently during the season, at which the performances are said to be of a decidedly high character. The success also which has marked the lives of many of the pupils, after they have left the institution, speaks very loudly in its favour. From January 1, 1848, to December 31, 1872, during a period of twenty-four years, out of 514 boys admitted 53 have left capable of gaining a livelihood as either organists or tuners of instruments. Five have even attained considerable eminence in music by winning prizes at the Conservatoire, while eleven have received honourable mention. In fact, it has been the aim of the directors to make the cultivation of music, as a profession, the leading feature and object of their establishment. And so important has this its character appeared to Maxime du Camp, a writer of great repute and influence in social questions, that he has gone so far as to advise that this metropolitan asylum should be exclusively devoted to the promotion of this art. He

would have all the blind who give no promise of excellence in it drafted off to other institutions in the provinces. Whether this would be an act of justice to that large number of those afflicted ones not endowed with this special talent may, perhaps, be questioned. Certainly the successful prominence thus given by our neighbours to the utilisation of a gift, with which a merciful God has especially distinguished the blind, may suggest the inquiry whether more might not be done amongst ourselves in the same direction.

It is gratifying to know that so much is effected both here and in France for the relief of this peculiarly tried class. Most thankful do we feel that the inmates of this valuable school have had their reasoning powers developed, their mental darkness in great measure dispelled by instruction, and their characters formed amidst the softening and elevating influences of moral culture. It is also ground for hearty congratulation that they who must otherwise have been through life helpless burdens to their friends and families, have left the institution happy and useful members of society. Only one serious drawback will be received with deep regret by all who feel the immense importance of a thoroughly Christian education as the only sound basis of morality. It is one which the religious condition of France renders, perhaps, inevitable at present. The Roman Catholic, as the dominant faith of the country, seemed to be alone represented here. The religious teaching appeared to be exclusively Roman. The services of the chapel are of this type, and the only spiritual instruction given in the classes is of the same kind. Some small part of the New Testament has been printed in raised characters, but I did not find a single copy of the Holy Scriptures, or of any part of them, in the hands of the pupils. That truest source of light and consolation which in our own more favoured institutions has contributed so greatly to the elevation and comfort of these poor sufferers, is wanting here. With the exception of this one most serious defect, the highest praise is due to the ingenious philanthropy which devised, and to the judicious energy and untiring charity which maintain, this truly excellent institution.

WILLIAM BURNET.





Bergen and its Harbour.

## BERGEN.

By LIEUT. GEORGE T. TEMPLE, R.N.

**E**VEN a Deal boatman would have admitted that it was "well on to fresh" when we left Stavanger, towards the close of a raw, gusty day in the early summer, *en route* for Bergen; and dismal were the sounds of woe that issued from the passengers' cabins throughout the night. The weather improved towards morning, however, the sky cleared, "visages pale and wan" solemnly emerged from gloomy recesses between decks, and a charming panorama of coast scenery was unfolded before us as the steamer threaded her way through the labyrinth of narrow, winding channels which form the inshore route along the west coast of Norway. The company on board consisted of a district judge, who was on a business tour with a subordinate; a couple of Bergen dignitaries, who talked politics and stock-fish; an elderly gentleman, who was going all the way to the North Cape to burn a hole in his hat by the midnight sun; and a Quaker, who said such a long grace before meat that the meat got cold; the sort of company, in fact, that is not specially lively or entertaining. After dinner, however, the captain and I discovered that we were, or ought to be, old shipmates, and strange legends of the sea, partly inspired, no doubt, by the attentive steward, beguiled the time until my new friend announced that there was only one point between us and Bergen. With the

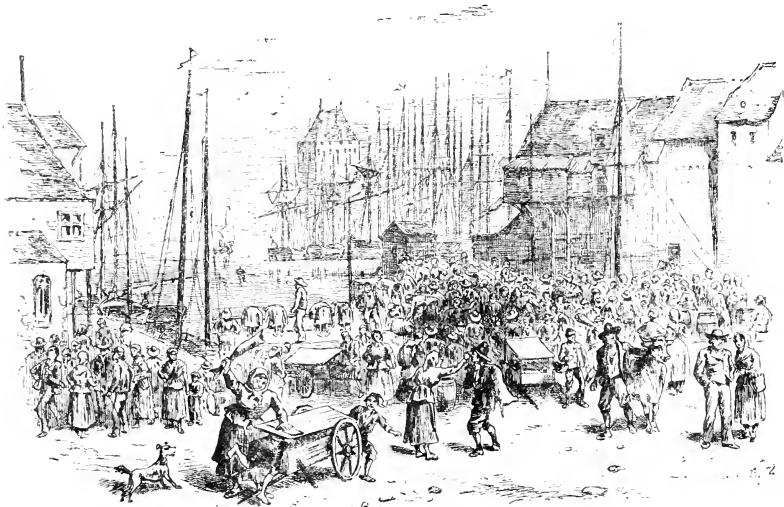
point came a heavy shower, which blurred the landscape and sent the passengers below to moralise on the fallaciousness of human hopes, especially when their fulfilment depends on the weather. From an artistic point of view, the situation of Bergen leaves nothing to be desired; but being nearly surrounded by lofty hills, which collect and condense the moisture-laden clouds from the Atlantic, it has a flourishing trade in umbrellas and waterproofs, and an unenviable notoriety in the matter of rain. In this respect, however, the old town is not fairly treated, for though it is true that rain falls frequently, yet it seldom lasts long, and the intervals of fine weather are so lovely that they quite atone for the temporary discomfort of a wet jacket. The yearly rainfall is 71 inches, or 8 inches less than that of the Sønd-fiord and Nord-fiord districts, while it is far exceeded in some parts of our own islands.

The difference between Bergen and all other Norwegian towns is very striking, the representatives of the Hanseatic League who ruled, or rather misruled, it for more than three centuries, having left indelible traces behind them. The people are quick, energetic, and of a somewhat yielding disposition; while their countrymen generally are very deliberate, and possess great firmness of character. More than a hundred years have passed

since the power of the Hanseatic merchants was finally destroyed in Bergen; but the massive tower built by Christopher Walkendorf, to awe them into the semblance of decent behaviour, and the long line of counting-houses and warehouses on the north side of the harbour—the so-called “Tydskebygge,” or German wharf—form interesting monuments of the lawless sway of a confederacy which once commanded the respect, and defied the power, of kings.

The Tydskebygge is still the emporium of the great Nordland fisheries, and when the old-fashioned jægts come streaming in

from the north by hundreds at a time, with their great square sails swelling to the breeze, and their cargoes stacked high up the masts behind the lofty prows, we half expect to see portly merchants coming down to the water-side in the quaint costumes of the Middle Ages. But the scene is too busy and animated for the indulgence of day-dreams, and the prosaic clank and whirr of steam-winch and other modern appliances remind us that we are part and parcel of the nineteenth century. From four or five o'clock in the morning to ten or twelve at night the turmoil is unceasing. The atmosphere is impregnated



Fish-Market at Bergen.

with the odour of marine stores, and of some millions of dried and salted fish packed in barrels and bundles, which are swinging from derricks and flying about in all directions. Stevedores rushing to and fro, with wet and dirty ropes trailing after them, seem to be solely bent on tripping up the unwary. Sailors with stentorian voices are exchanging nautical compliments and pungent comments on things in general in half-a-dozen different languages; wheelbarrows and casks, loaded and unloaded, are trundling and tumbling about in the slippery, greasy mud, as if they too shared the general excitement, and had suddenly gone mad; ships' dogs mounted on

capstans are barking and howling with frantic energy to a running accompaniment of ships' bells and steamers' whistles; everybody and everything, in short, appears to be inspired by a common ambition to add something to the bewildering din and confusion, which attains its climax when a salute is fired from the guns of the fort, and seems strangely at variance with the respectable, old-world appearance of the town and the stately repose of the surrounding hills. These great maritime fairs, which are called “stævnerne,” or “meetings,” have been held twice a year for more than six centuries, and while they last a visit to the Tydskebygge requires a cool

head and no little activity. The first "stævne" is in May and June, the second in August and September.

There is yet another famous exhibition peculiar to Bergen, and it is open from six to nine every Wednesday and Saturday morning, when the fish-market is held. On these days no right-minded Bergenser would allow meat to appear on his table; it would indeed be superfluous, for the newly-caught fish are superb, and the Norwegian mode of cooking them is not to be surpassed.

To appreciate the fish-market, however, we ought first to pay a visit to some of the countless islands between Bergen and the sea, which are inhabited by a very peculiar race—a race primitive as to their mode of life, of small intellectual capacity, and un-

susceptible of cultivation. It has been suggested that they are not Norwegians at all; but whether they are descendants of the aboriginal people of Norway, or whether their idiosyncrasies are merely the result of circumstances, is a question that must for the present be left to ethnologists. They speak Norwegian, after a fashion of their own, but it is very difficult to understand them, and there is reason to suppose that their idioms have a Samoyede root.\* These people are known in Norway as "Strils," pronounced "Streels." A distinction is drawn between "Land-Streels" and "Sea-Streels;" but the latter is the more correct designation, as they nearly all live by fishing. They are, in fact, an amphibious race, and it may be truly said that to them—



Bargaining with a Stril.

"The teeming seas supply  
The food their niggard plains deny."

Their rude hovels are built on barren, rocky islets, where agriculture is almost entirely confined to a small patch of earth, producing about half a bushel of potatoes. Cows there are, but of a very diminutive breed, and their pasturage is of the most original description, for they too look chiefly to the sea for subsistence, and, like the dogs of Newfoundland, eat fish-heads and offal, eking out their scanty meals with marine plants and anything else that may be cast up by the sea or thrown aside by the fishermen. The milk of these animals is said to have a certain maritime flavour in consequence, somewhat resembling cod-liver oil. The pig lives with the

family, and so do the fowls, which show their gratitude by laying all through the winter.

The sea is really the Streel's heritage; the halibut, cod, and herring his best live-stock. His treacherous broad acres swallow up friends and relations, and may crave his own life before the harvest is yielded; but he still ploughs on with unwearied patience, and still regards the sea as his natural element and his home. That it is so in reality no one who has seen the Streel afloat and on shore can possibly doubt. Accustomed from his earliest childhood to handle the oars, his body is out of all proportion to the lower

\* V. St. Lerche, a well-known Norwegian artist and author, to whose works I am indebted for several of the ideas in this paper.

limbs, which are undeveloped and weak. Rowing is, therefore, his natural means of locomotion, and his awkward, wavering gait exposes him to many jeers and witticisms, accompanied by snowballs in winter and still more disagreeable missiles in summer, from the street boys of Bergen, whose well-known vivacity is not of the most pleasing kind.

Early on Wednesday and Saturday mornings the Streels may be seen racing for the harbour, each boat pulling two or more pairs of oars. It is the most original regatta that can be imagined, and every man does all he knows to get the best place, for it is a case of first come first served, and the early Stree! catches the customer. At the inner end of the harbour, where the fish-market is situated, there is a final desperate struggle, and then an acre or two of boats are firmly wedged together under the wharf in a compact mass, the volleys of abuse with which the competitors have been regaling each other begin to slacken, and the Stree! indemnifies himself for the past excitement by assuming an apathy of demeanour which nothing can disturb. The market-place is enlivened by the varied and picturesque costumes of peasants from the surrounding districts, who come to dispose of the produce of their farms and gardens and buy fish; but the chief interest is centered in the boats. The wharf beside which they lie is only a few feet above the water, and, fortunately, a strong iron railing runs along the edge, for it is thronged from end to end with servant girls, all vociferating, clamouring, scolding, and wrangling, in the shrillest treble, quite oblivious of their reputation for amiability. Away from the fish-market these lively handmaidens, with their short sleeves, roguish eyes, and coquetish little caps, are pleasant to look upon. But for the Stree! they have no attractions; on him they expend neither smiles or glances, but bending nearly double over the iron railings of the wharf, they belabour his head and shoulders with umbrellas to attract his attention, screaming all the time in shrillest concert, "Stree! Stree-e-e-! What will you take for the fish?" while one points at a cod, another at a coal-fish, a third at a halibut, a fourth at a lobster, a fifth at a bucketful of herrings, a sixth at a plaice, and all seem bent on excelling each other in superfluity of gesture and expression.

The incessant racket, combined with the treatment to which he is subjected, might well be expected to goad the Stree! to reprisals. But not a bit of it. There he stands on a thwart with his hands in his pockets,

serene as a summer's morning, seldom moving except to transfer a huge quid from one cheek to the other. Clearly the Stree! is a philosopher! Occasionally, however, he condescends to answer one of the many questions put to him, that is when he is lucky enough to identify the questioner and the object referred to. Whatever his reply may be, he will inevitably be asked if he is mad; about half the sum demanded will be offered, and so the haggling goes on, the fair customer expressing herself in language far more forcible than elegant. Every sentence that falls from the delicate lips contains matter for at least five actions for defamation, but the Stree! is calmly indifferent, and does not abate his price. He knows the power of masterly inaction, and simply allows his opponent to scream herself hoarse; then, when voice and adjectives are fairly exhausted, a bargain is struck, and the dispute closes with the transaction.

Still worse fares the Stree! who comes too late to get a place near the wharf, for he must struggle through the crowd with his wares, and find room for them amongst carts, barrels, tubs, and stalls, in the market-place itself. Here he is terribly out of his element, and no doubt gets sorely badgered; but he has the one consolation of knowing that he is not so much exposed to the *argumenta ad hominem*, which, with the help of umbrellas, are so freely expended upon his compatriots in the boats.

Many interesting relics of the Hanseatic merchants are still to be seen in St. Mary's, or the German church, which, as the latter name implies, was given up to the occupants of the old German quarter on account of its situation. The interior is very old and curious, much of it in pure Norman style; and there are some interesting remains of the art of the Middle Ages. Amongst the numerous votive pictures is the portrait of a Dr. Johannes Neuhavius, a venerable-looking man with a majestic white beard, whose claims to distinction are summed up in the following laconic epitaph:—"He was the last Catholic and the first Lutheran priest of this church"—a Scandinavian vicar of Bray, in fact. The walls of the chancel are adorned by the portraits of various bishops, and probably owing to want of space, it was found necessary to hang one of them over a small window. One night some thieves broke into the church through this window, and finding the bishop in the way, they simply cut a hole in his back and crept through it. The damage seems to have been irreparable,



for the prelate's waistcoat still bears traces of the sacrilegious treatment to which he was exposed. But perhaps there is nothing quite so unique in the whole church as the font, and a stranger attending a christening for the first time would be not a little astonished. The child cries, the nurse tries to pacify it, the sponsors look at each other, but no font is to be seen. Presently, however, the priest comes out of the vestry, and, "Hast du nicht gesehen!" down comes a life-sized angel from the roof in a cloud of dust, and hovers at a convenient height before the altar. The figure holds out a basin, into which the clerk pours some water, and retires to its former

position under the roof when the service is over, there to lie in wait for the arrival of the next "little stranger."

Amongst the other lions of Bergen, the museum and collection of pictures by Scandinavian artists are well worth visiting; and here it may be observed, that the Bergensers have honourably distinguished themselves by their encouragement of science and art. Perhaps, however, they are better known to the majority of English travellers for what is certainly as much to be praised, their genial kindness and hospitality, qualities which are no doubt held in pleasant remembrance by many readers of GOOD WORDS besides myself.

## PROPAGATION OF FOOD FISHES.

AT the meeting of the German Fishery Association at Berlin, March, 1877, the President, Herr von Behr, observed, "A disagreeable word demands admission at the gates of Germany, as it does in most of the states of Europe, and this word is *depecoration*.\* This word, unfortunately adopted by our language, I call disagreeable, for it means that the number of those quadrupeds whose flesh supplies food for man is decreasing both absolutely and relatively, if compared with the increase of population."

Allowing only fifty pounds of meat annually for each of the forty-two millions of people in the German Empire, the quantity of meat required for the annual increase of population ought, it seems, to be twenty million pounds. Instead of that Germany is being "depeparated." That ugly word denotes the existence of a state of matters to be deplored by all who know how important it is that animal food shall be supplied in such proportions as are needed for maintaining the physical energies of the people. Science has demonstrated that flesh-eating animals are generally stronger than those which are herbivorous, and that no other substance equals animal food in the reparation of the muscular energy expended in labour. A half-starved nation is robbed of half its strength, and criminal statistics demonstrate that public peace and morality have no greater enemy than hunger.

It is comforting to know that though a country may be dolefully "depeparated," it need not be depopulated, or even reduced to scanty fare. Three-fourths of our terra-

queous globe consisting of water, the quantity of alimentary matter derivable from fish is inconceivably great, if communities would only wisely avail themselves of the bounties of Providence. In the ocean by which we are surrounded, in the lakes, rivers, and canals by which the British Islands are intersected, we are provided with alimentary substances of the greatest value, and to an extent which is inexhaustible. But of these bounties we have not wisely availed ourselves. We have done almost all that can be done by ignorance and folly to reduce the productiveness of our fisheries. Of the scarcity of salmon and oysters we need not write. It is very necessary, however, that we should be brought to perceive the disastrous impolicy of a great maritime nation, possessing extensive and valuable fisheries, enfeebled by multitudes of the people living only a few degrees above starvation, because they have not been stimulated to put forth their hands and gather the easily attained food stored up in the bounteous reservoirs of the earth-encircling sea. It is amazing to how small an extent our people are fish-eaters. A ploughman's wife once told us that she thought little of herring, and that she had never tasted fish-pudding or fish-soup, and this in a locality where fish-carts frequently pass her door. The astonishing fact in connection with the penury of certain portions of the British people is this—employment un-failing, and sufficient to supply all their wants, is at hand; but they will not resort to it. The Celtic race seems affected with somewhat of the horror of the sea which characterizes the modern Hindoo. The starving

\* From *de*, privative, and *fecus-oris*, a herd or flock.

Irish will not be persuaded to develop the resources of the Irish fisheries, and actually import large quantities of salt fish and herrings. Enterprising foreign craft come to the coast of Ireland and carry off the treasures of the deep before the very eyes of the often famished natives. It is the same in the Hebrides, where the proprietors are so little successful in their encouragement of sea-fishing that they have difficulty in procuring a supply of fish for their own table.

As to Scotland in general, we are not a fish-eating race to anything like the extent that might be expected from our maritime position. We do not eat salmon largely, because they are so dear; cod and haddock are not habitually eaten, even by the middle classes; skate, generally undervalued, is scorned by the multitude; and as to eels, the national antipathy to them is so notorious, that to ask a Scotsman to make a meal of them would be almost as distasteful as to present him with a slice of the sea serpent. It is very puzzling that a people so sagacious should have been so slow to avail themselves of the alimentary resources of the ocean, though these stand first in that venerable book which contains the Divine command, "Have dominion over the fish of the sea."

Owing to the rise in the price of butcher meat we may possibly be unusually predisposed to listen to those who advocate the extension of our fisheries, and recommend the merits of a fish diet. To furnish the means of forming a judgment upon a matter of such importance to the national wealth and to individual comfort is the object of this paper.

Before we can become covetous of more fish as an article of frequent diet we must be satisfied that it is really good as a means of maintaining a household.

That we can demonstrate by pointing to the long experience of a singular fish-eating community—Comacchio, on the shores of the Adriatic, and not far from Ferrara. Its inhabitants, in addition to wine, chestnuts, flour-pudding, and some fruits, live upon fish alone, and, above all, upon eels. "And yet," observes M. Coste, "this diet, far from injuring the public health, maintains it in the most flourishing condition. Those submitted to its permanent influence are robust, and live as long as those who in other countries live on butcher meat. Their elevated stature, the breadth of their chest, the muscularity of their limbs, the elasticity of their bodies, their animated look, their bright complexion,

their thick black hair, are proofs of vigour as striking as can be seen in any other part of Italy."

Comacchio is remarkably healthy. Inter-mittent fever, so common in the neighbouring marshes, is not frequent, and scurvy is of exceptional occurrence. And thus, when the young of the neighbouring district are threatened with consumption, they are sent to the lagoons of Comacchio, to share in the toils and fare of the fishermen. In short, the value of a fish diet is demonstrated by an experiment unique in the history of the world.

The nutritive virtues of fish diet being undeniable, medical writers have investigated its effect upon the public health, and especially upon tubercular consumption, so common among the working classes throughout the kingdom. From the records of the Public Dispensary at Plymouth, as furnished by Dr. Cookworthy, it appears that of six hundred and fifty-four cases of confirmed lung disease only four were of fishermen's families, which is in the ratio of 1 to 163. It appears, then, to be undeniable that the sanatory action of fish fare is remarkable, and that in every respect it is to be desired as an important means of public alimentation.

But, with the price of almost all sorts of fish constantly rising, it may seem chimerical to expect that it may, in this country at least, enter largely into family use. On the contrary, our position highly favours such a possibility. Great Britain and Ireland have a coast line of more than four thousand miles; and of the more than eight thousand fishes described by naturalists, two hundred and fifty-three inhabit the fresh waters of Britain and the surrounding seas. Our shores abound with those kinds of fish which exist in the largest numbers, and yield an unfailing supply of most grateful food. The noble salmon has, it is true, been extirpated in many of our rivers, and our lakes and streams are too often tenanted by species of fish comparatively worthless. There is a remedy for all this, however, which has already done wonders, and which, if steadily and intelligently prosecuted, will add immensely to our comfort and our wealth. The acclimatisation of animals must be a difficult and costly process, owing to their size and the care required in moving them to a great distance from their original habitat. But the ova of fishes are easily transportable, so that already the eggs of Tay salmon have been transferred to Australia, and those of

California salmon have been safely deposited in many of the streams of New Zealand. And such is their vitality that they bear with impunity long transport by sea and land, and are hatched thousands of miles from their native rivers. As this new application of natural history is interesting and important in no ordinary degree, we shall proceed to make our readers acquainted with the processes of pisciculture, and with the places where it has been most successfully prosecuted. Our intention is to give prominence to the doings of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, as detailed in the last bulky volume published by the Commissioners. We do this because the proceedings of European pisciculturists are on a smaller scale, and better known in this country.

For the happy idea of artificially impregnating the ova of fishes, and placing them in running water till hatched, we are indebted to the German naturalist Jacobi. Observing how flowers are impregnated by the fertilising dust conveyed by winged insects lighting on them, it occurred to him that, in like manner, the prolific seed of one living creature could be artificially transferred to another. In 1758 he artificially impregnated the ova of trout and salmon. Taking the female fish when her ova were mature, he gently pressed them out into a vessel of pure water, into which, in like manner, he immediately introduced the milt of the male. The impregnated ova were deposited in long cases, the bottoms of which were covered with an inch thickness of sand and gravel, on which was a bed of pebbles, of the size of a nut or an acorn. Through this he conducted a streamlet of pure water. The experiment was perfectly successful. The young fishes came forth as well formed as those naturally propagated. It was near Nortelem, in Hanover, that he carried on his interesting researches. They afforded results so important, fishes thus obtained having become a considerable article of commerce, that England awarded him a pension in acknowledgment of his services.

How a process so evidently fitted to add to the national wealth by creating an inexhaustible supply of precious food, should have yielded such slender results until recently, is a great mystery. Two humble French fishermen, Géhin and Rémy, living in the obscure village La Bresse, department of the Vosges, brought it into renewed notice in 1841. In ignorance of Jacobi's proceedings, they were led to precisely the same method of fecun-

dating fishes. In 1844 the Vosges Société d'Emulation bestowed on them a bronze medal and a small sum of money. Being subsequently employed to apply their system to the streams and rivers of the department, they speedily demonstrated its value by stocking these waters with millions of trout. Fortunately for them and for France, Dr. Haxo, Secretary of the Société d'Emulation, brought their proceedings under the notice of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The Academy at once appreciated their importance, and invited the attention of the Government; which with equal readiness afforded the ingenious fishermen ample field for the application of their system, by employing them to stock with fish certain rivers, and teach the peasantry how elsewhere to carry it out. Pisciculture was soon consigned to the care of a Commission of distinguished men of science, prominent among whom was M. Coste. His reports led to the creation of a great piscicultural establishment at Huningue—a veritable *piscifactory*, to which from all parts of Europe came inquirers anxious to learn the most efficacious modes of propagating fishes. At the instigation of the late Dr. Esdaile the salmon fishing proprietors of the Tay commenced, in 1853, those experiments in salmon rearing at Stormontfield, about five miles above Perth, which have added largely to our knowledge of fishes, and also to the rental of the Tay fisheries.

As many of our readers may desire to know how the fecundating process is conducted at Stormontfield, we shall describe it.

A gravid female salmon and a male having been procured from the neighbouring river, the first thing to be ascertained is whether they be "ripe," that is, whether the roe and the milt readily flow from the fish when gentle pressure is applied. If not "ripe" the fish are placed in "the lying-in hospital," that is, a space in the mill-lade close at hand, shut in by gratings, and where they remain till fit to be spawned. The ova are extracted by gently stroking the belly of the fish, from whose vent they flow as readily as pellets from a shot-belt. They are received into a tub one-fourth full of water, and into this the milt is expressed by similar manipulation, care being taken that the vent, both of male and female, shall be under water. The impregnation is effected by stirring with the hand the contents of the tub. It seems to take place instantaneously, and is followed by a heightening of the salmon colour of the ova. Those which are injured turn white, and are rejected.

The ova of fish are exceedingly hard and tough, and so elastic as to rebound when thrown on the floor—a beautiful provision of nature to prevent them being crushed or injured by the stones among which they are deposited. This elastic toughness facilitates the transport of fish ova for the purpose of pisciculture; and experience has demonstrated that they can be transported hundreds of miles, either by land or water, if carefully packed in layers of moist moss, or of rough sponge the size of a walnut, and well cleaned.

The breeding boxes in which the impregnated ova are placed are inexpensive; the dimensions, inside measurement, being 5 feet  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet broad, and 1 foot deep, and are made of 2-inch wood. There are 30 rows, and 12 boxes in each row. The boxes are placed in double rows, with a foot-path 18 inches wide between each double row. The water passes through each row of boxes from the canal stretching along the upper end of the pond by gravitation; this canal being copiously fed with water from the filtering bed. This is an essential part of the arrangement, in order to prevent the introduction of trout ova, injurious insects, and plants which are apt to choke up the boxes with fungus growths very pernicious to the ova. Vivification is effected in about 120 days, according to the temperature of the season.

The young salmon has at first an ungainly tadpole-like appearance, owing to the disproportionate size of the head, and to the umbilical appendage attached to its belly. This protuberant bag is a singular provision for supplying it with food for the first five weeks of its existence, during which it takes no external nourishment. When turned into the rearing pond the fry are regularly fed with boiled ox and sheep liver ground small. In 1863 the fry were so unusually plump and large as to suggest inquiry regarding the cause. On examining an aquatic plant growing in the pond it was found to be covered with mollusca of various sizes, ranging from that of a mustard seed to that of a pea. This was ascertained to be *Lymnæus peregra*. As the famed Loch Leven trout is believed to owe the flavour and colour of its flesh to the circumstances of its feeding on a small red shell-fish, there is much probability in the surmise as to the nourishing qualities of *Lymnæus peregra*.

The fry are about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and distinctly show the transverse bars characteristic of the parr. Until, in 1836, Mr. Shaw demonstrated this little fish to be the young

of the salmon, it was almost universally believed to be a distinct species of fish, of little value, and therefore allowed to be killed by everybody. The Stormontfield experiments made us acquainted with some perplexing anomalies in its history. When the young salmon is a year old the transverse bars on its sides begin to be covered with those silvery scales which characterize it in the smolt stage. Until so covered it shows no desire to migrate to the sea, and dies if placed in salt water. In fifteen months those reared at Stormontfield were decided to be parr on 2nd May; and thus corroboration was given to the theory that two years elapse before salmon fry assume the smolt aspect. But by 17th May so many of the fry were seen to be smolts that the tacksmen of the Tay fisheries insisted that they should be permitted to begin migration into the sea. Their request being granted, it was found that only about half of the fry would migrate, the rest still being destitute of the silvery lamination, without which they will not proceed to sea. And this was followed by something more singular still. While one portion was still in the pond, tiny creatures of about three inches long and little more than an ounce in weight, the other portion which had proceeded to sea were returning to the river, and were being caught as beautiful grilses. That is to say, within six weeks after leaving the pond a smolt weighing a single ounce had developed into a grilse weighing at first three or four pounds, and, as the season advanced, eight or nine pounds. At two years and eight months old it has been known to become a salmon weighing fifteen pounds. After that the rate of growth has not been ascertained; but by the time it becomes thirty pounds in weight it has increased 115,200 times its original weight. A salmon caught in the Tay produced £7 10s. in the London market, and was sold in retail for £13. No creature increases so rapidly in value as a salmon, and this without cost to any one. After fattening himself at sea he insists on returning to his native river, and surmounting innumerable obstacles stupidly thrown in his way. He will infallibly find his way to where we may catch him, unless *en route* he be poisoned by river pollutions, or foully circumvented in some unreasonable way. The salmon, moreover, possesses the power of multiplying itself to such a degree that for each pound of weight the female is roughly estimated to produce a thousand ova. And, stranger still, the male, while still in the parr state, has milt so

developed that at Stormontfield it was successfully employed for the impregnation of the ova of full-grown salmon.

When shall we awake to a practical perception of the fact that *aquaculture* yields harvests cheaper and more abundant than those which reward the labours of the agriculturist? He knows what it costs to rear an ox fit for the market. No fish, flesh, or fowl should be so cheap as salmon. Unless we violently interfere with them they import themselves, free of charge, for our consumption. The farmer may have a salmon river at his door, and year after year allow his servants to *leister* gravid fish, and "burn the water," and never ask whether it would be his interest to make them respect the law, and hinder this senseless slaughter of valuable fish.

When the Stormontfield experiments commenced they were spoken of disparagingly by those wiseacres who discourage all innovations. "You may rear salmon fry artificially," they said, "but there is not the millionth part of a chance that they will ever return to reward their early benefactors." The fact is, some of these people, we know, were obliged to eat in their words after having dined on Stormontfield fish, admitted so to be in consequence of their wanting the second dorsal fin, of which they were deprived on their leaving the rearing pond. The Tay fishermen have been very unwilling to aid in determining the proportionate number of the artificially reared fish captured in the river. We suggest an expedient by which every eater of a salmon may be a witness to the place of its birth.

M. Millet has shown that powdered madder mixed with the food of salmon fry colours their bones yellowish red. Without mutilating the fish, or encumbering them with rings of silver or copper wire or gutta percha, the bones of every artificially reared fish may be made to bear a certificate of the place of its birth; and ladies and gentlemen feasting on its flesh will simultaneously exclaim, "Stormontfield!" If some one will suggest other kinds of colouring matter which can be safely used in feeding the fry of different rivers, more light will be thrown on the migratory habits of salmon. If we can thus indicate by the different colour of their bones the various rivers in which salmon have been reared, we shall no longer be dependent on reluctant and lazy fishermen for information regarding the migrations of salmon; every grilse or salmon eaten at our tables may supply us with new facts in the natural history of fish.

The piscicultural experiments at Stormont-

field are most trustworthy. The only thing unsatisfactory is the limited extent to which they have been carried. An annual rearing of some five hundred thousand ova is a trifle as an addition to the number of salmon in a river like the Tay.

Turning to the proceedings of the Commissioners of Fishings in the United States, we find that they are on a scale more proportionate to the magnitude of the work in which they are engaged.

Well may the Americans be proud of their magnificent country, and look with disdain on the small size of British lakes and rivers, in comparison with their own, teeming with a vast variety of valuable fishes. The abundance of salmon of several species in the Columbia River has long excited astonishment, and made it appear extremely improbable that it would be necessary to have recourse to artificial propagation. And yet the decrease in the yield of salmon has been so marked that "the canners" have memorialised Congress to restrict the capture of the fish, and to favour artificial fish culture. The canning industry on the Columbia, though of very recent introduction, now consists of fourteen large establishments, employing nearly two thousand men, turning out twenty million pounds of canned salmon. The process of canning is thus described. A large rack, capable of holding one or two thousand salmon, being filled, the salmon are passed to the cleaning bench, where the heads, tails, fins, and entrails are removed, and the body of the fish thoroughly washed in three different waters. They are then passed on to the cutter, where revolving knives cut the fish into pieces about four inches long. Chinamen, who, it is satisfactory to know, must wash their hands every half hour, cut the fish with meat knives into pieces suitable for canning, and pack them in cans of a pound each. The next set of Chinamen solder the cans, which are then boiled, washed, labelled, packed, and removed to the wharf for shipment.

In some of these establishments the tin alone for the cans costs from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars. The canned salmon if all placed lengthways would reach upwards of five hundred miles.

That such a river as the Columbia should exhibit alarming signs of diminishing supplies of salmon is sure evidence of reckless fishing. To arrest the diminution of so valuable a fish, salmon breeding, on a great scale, has been resorted to on the McCloud River, in Shasta County, California.

Seven years ago the United States paid the Canadians forty dollars a thousand for salmon ova, but now the United States Fish Commission is sending them from California to the British colonies of the Pacific for fifty cents a thousand.

The California salmon, termed *Salmo quinnat*, differs from *Salmo salar* in its ability to endure a temperature of 80 or even 85 degrees Fahrenheit, which quickly proves fatal to *Salmo salar*. This, of course, is an immense advantage when transporting ova. But even with this it is no small exploit to have introduced them abundantly into ten of the rivers of New Zealand.

Strenuous efforts are being made to diffuse "the Shoodic" or "landlocked salmon," which abounds in the State of Maine, and of which a variety is found in numerous waters of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Though the idea be discredited by the Commission, this was thought to be really a landlocked sea salmon, a veritable *Salmo salar*, which, for some reason, has remained in the fresh waters instead of repairing to the sea, and by restriction in run has been reduced in size, while containing all the characteristics of its larger relative as to flesh and attractiveness to the angler. As the sea-trout is known to breed when so confined that it cannot follow its instinct of annual migration to the sea, it is probable, we think, that the true salmon may have lost its oceanward tendency, and become the "landlocked" salmon of America, and also of Lake Wenern, in Sweden, where, in 1820, were caught no less than twenty-one thousand eight hundred and seventeen salmon, which could never have been in the sea, their average weight being six or seven pounds. If by artificial feeding, and placing them within certain limits, salmon lose their migratory instinct, we shall be greatly benefited. We have them in places where we can always lay hands on them; we secure them from the attacks of otters, seals, and porpoises; we may in almost every county have lakes abundantly stocked with salmon not *anadromous*, that is, which do not visit the sea. The United States Commissioners of Fishings have the merit of having propagated so valuable a fish. The idea was not new to us. In 1865 we thus wrote: "In Scotland we have about one hundred and eighty miles of canals. Why are they fishless, when they might so easily be stocked with many valuable species of fish? Why do the Water Company, owners of the compensation pond among the Pentland Hills, not try to swell their annual dividend by the introduction

into their capacious reservoirs of the species of salmon so abundant in Lake Wenern? In order to induce a private proprietor to do what a Water Company may not have the spirit to attempt, we suggest a locality admirably suited for the experiment.

"If our readers have ever travelled by rail to Perth *via* Fife, they doubtless remember the little Loch of Lindores, two or three miles from Newburgh. Within half an hour's journey from the populous towns of Perth and Dundee, and distant from Edinburgh and Glasgow not more than two and four hours respectively, such a locality has every advantage for carrying out the experiment we suggest."\*

It is provoking that we were not listened to, and that thus, instead of being on comfortable terms with ourselves, we are nationally humiliated because our American friends have gone far before us in fish culture. In a speech in defence of the Colonies, which ever since has rung in the ears of every boy born or bred in an American seaport town, the great British orator Burke spoke thus:—

"For some time past has the Old World been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age, if America, with a true filial piety, with a human charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent. Turning from the agricultural resources of the Colonies, consider the wealth which they have drawn from the sea by their fisheries. What in the world is equal to it? Then follows a glowing eulogium on the energy exhibited in prosecuting the whale fishery. The Americans of to-day deserve the same admiration. Their liberality and ingenuity have not been confined to propagating salmon, but extended to food fishes generally. To new waters they have distributed 4,098,155 ova of California salmon, but 24,263,350 ova of shad have also been distributed by the United States Fish Commission. And as no species of American food fish is superior to the white-fish (*Coregonus albus*), more than twenty-six millions of its ova have been distributed. There has also been an enormous distribution of carp eggs.

Though the flesh of the sturgeon is not particularly tender, it is very nutritive, and is known as "Albany beef." The main object being the production of food for the masses, forty thousand of its ova were placed in a

\* "Contributions to Natural History." By a Rural D.D. P. 77.

shad-box in the Hudson, and behold ! after three days forty thousand young sturgeons were hatched.

There is another American process especially worthy of being introduced into this country, which will put an end to the deplorable loss of precious food when many tons of fish are destroyed because unfit for use. We allude to freezing fish for winter food.

To equalise the supply of fine fish, several varieties of which are superabundant in summer and scarce in winter, the fish-dealers of New York have erected three large refrigerating houses, in which many tons of frozen fish are stored. When the supply of fish in the market is likely to be in excess of the daily demand, the wholesale fish-dealers select the best and remove them

from the vessels to the freezing-houses, where each fish is cleaned and prepared for the refrigerator. When frozen stiff, the fish are taken to the apartment of the special owner, and there laid away in the cold till wanted. Before September the work of refrigeration is usually at its height, and this season it was expected there would be over 250,000 lbs. of frozen fish in the storehouses of New York. The rarest fish will thus be obtainable for the rich man's table in the depth of winter ; and sheep's-head, salmon, blue-fish, Spanish mackerel, and many other kinds, only known to ordinary consumers during summer, can be supplied at rates which may be deemed cheap, considering the labour and cost of preserving the fish.

D. ESDAILE.

## THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

By J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

### V.—DRESS.

"At least put off to please me this poor gown,  
This silken rag, this beggar woman's weed :  
I love that beauty should go beautifully :  
For see ye not my gentlewoman here,  
How bright, how suited to the house of one  
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully."

IN previous papers the decoration of dwellings has fallen under notice, and now will be considered how far the same art principles apply to the adornment of the human body. One point of distinction may be premised, that whereas a dwelling-house is constructed by man, our fleshly tabernacles have been made by God : the body, as taught by some old writers, is a temple, though perchance in ruins. And without pursuing this idea in its consequences, it is an admitted fact that the human frame is the most beautiful form, the most perfect piece of construction and mechanism in creation. And a preliminary lesson should be, that this Divine framework deserves to be treated reverently ; a truth too often forgotten in the caprice, frivolity, and falsity of the world's fashions. And another introductory thought is, that while man is the most complete of created beings, he is the only animal not provided by nature with clothing. We all know how many have been the devices for supplying this need, and, speaking generally, it can be said that the best dress is that which accords most nearly to right reason and good taste, which conforms most closely to the conditions of nature, to the proportions and functions of the body, which enhances its perfections and

adds to its beauty without hindrance to its utility. And thus in dress we at once arrived at the axioms already laid down for the decoration and furnishing of a house : utility must underlie ornament, organic form and structure must sustain and justify superincumbent draperies. Moreover, in dress, as in other surface decorations, the bodily construction must be confessed and pronounced ; the design or pattern in scale and line of composition must be in proportion, balance, and symmetry, preserving in the midst of the details breadth and simplicity. In fine, in dress and draperies, nature and art alike teach that grace flows out of law and order, and that beauty finds alone its safe foundation in truth.

The philosophy of fashion may be briefly stated. Fixity, as in the Quakers' costume, is false to nature, and is neither feasible nor desirable ; the mind loves variety, and a monotonous sameness palls on the senses. Finality is found nowhere in creation ; in the animal and vegetable kingdom alike rudimentary beginnings develop into perfected forms ; and so also, notwithstanding disturbing retrogressions, a progress from savage to civilised times is established, by a kind of Darwinian selection, even in dress. And an

interesting and not unlooked-for analogy may be pointed out between architecture and the art of dressing, between the structures raised for man's dwelling and the costumes contrived for his clothing. Each art arose equally out of necessity; man coming into the world drapeless and houseless, the readiest expedients were at first resorted to, but little by little appliances grew, till plain utility gave place to ornament and beauty. The house was decorated with a carved or painted frieze, and at the same time bodily garments received the ornament of a border or fringe. Moreover, the house, as it became homish, was furnished and draped; and so, as by natural evolution, the draperies on the walls and the dressings on the backs of the inmates grew in agreement. Thus it may be more easy to understand how, when at length the world had developed into "an art epoch," the house, palace, temple, and church, the internal fittings, the decorations, furniture, draperies, and paintings, and lastly, yet not least, the dress of the living tenants, were found one and all for better or for worse in absolute accord. Hence costume becomes of grave significance, and, therefore, do antiquaries, historians, and ethnologists study dress as an index to civilisation and as part of the physiognomy of races. And the costume of society, as we have seen, is subject to fashion. Yet fashion, writes an accomplished critic in the *Quarterly Review*, to whom the present writer acknowledges indebtedness, has laws and boundaries of her own, deep-seated in the nature of things; she always preserves certain balances and proportions, thus "when the farthingales were large the ruffs were enormous, when the waists were short the foreheads were low, when the sleeves were wide the coiffures were wide also, and, moreover, when the sleeves were tight the heads were small," and so on. "Of course, in the time of transition, when a struggle is taking place between the plumage that is casting off and that which is coming on, some apparent confusion may occur, as all birds are shabby in their moulting season." The once single-minded sect called "the Friends" would seem to be now passing through the "moulting season:" in dress they are divided between the Church and the world. "But the worst discrepancies are occasioned by the class of foolish women, who have not the sense to be off with the old love before they are on with the new, and try to combine the old chrysalis with the new wings."

Persons there are of finer instincts who

still look to the possibility of costumes which shall be artistic and beautiful, and at the same time utilitarian. And painters often show the way by eschewing or evading prevailing fashions, which in their singularity will surely appear monstrous in the eyes of posterity. Sir Joshua Reynolds and other great portrait painters had a mode of generalising costume, which thus served as a kind of everlasting drapery, suited more especially to those mortals who pose themselves for posthumous fame. And Mr. Watts, R.A., in an eloquent paper to a contemporary, throws out ideas which serve to correct prevailing errors. He deplores, "as one of the most striking points of difference between ancient or mediæval and modern life," the present want of "the untiring interest, the pains, the love bestowed formerly upon the perfecting and decorating of almost all the objects of daily use, even when the service required was most material." And, coming to the ordinary modes of attire, he complains that "the human form, the noblest and most interesting study for the artist, is distorted in the case of men's dress by the most monstrous garments, and in the case of women's dress by extravagant arrangements, which mar simple nobility and impede refined grace of movement." And then he urges, that in our public schools the sense of beauty should receive such cultivation that "the educated gentleman would no longer encourage by admiration the vagaries of female fashion." "The eye must appreciate noble form and beautiful colour before the jar consequent on the sight of ugliness is felt, which feeling would, as a rule, prevent its existence. In modern life the cultivation of the eye is sacrificed to all kinds of meaner considerations." The materials out of which paintings are composed, the picturesqueness of costume, the unbought grace of life, no longer exist in society, and hence "daily and social life loses with its former ceremonies almost all dignity and grace, and so art of the highest kind is deprived of its very breath, and must die." "It must be remembered that the artist, no less than the poet, should speak the language of his time; but if the visible language by which alone the artist can make his thoughts intelligible is out of tune with beauty, the painter is forced to invent his language." The sense of beauty is passing away as a natural possession, refinement of taste gives place to habits of mind accounted more robust and healthy, and the ways of relaxation and pleasure are so unlovely and gross that a beauty-



loving art no longer ventures to reflect outward life or the manners and costumes of either the higher or the lower classes. Hence the artist in his utterance "is obliged to return to the extinct forms of speech, if he would speak as the great ones have spoken." Dress is itself a language; it tells of the mental state of the wearer; in all times it has been the visible sign of the actual civilisation. The artist in our day surely has a crying grievance; he cannot find in town or country a man or woman in a condition fit to be put on canvas or in marble. People, in wearing an ugly dress, do injustice to themselves and an injury to others. Let the question be asked how they will look in a picture; let them try in their own persons to be a picture.

A few examples may be given of scenes at home and abroad rendered wholly unpaintable by reason of the absence of beauty of character and personality in costume. A dinner of the staff of writers on a leading journal takes place on the banks of the Thames, the guests number somewhat short of a hundred, and among the company are men of state, clergymen, lawyers, doctors of medicine, all picked men, ample in development of brain, and marked in intellectual countenance; and yet the dinner-table could not have been painted, there was nothing artistic to invite the eye or the pencil; not only was there no colour, but all lines of composition were absent; the most that could be said in favour of the coats was that they were easy to the wearers, but instead of expanding at the chest amply they were contracted by a button, while the neck was throttled; the hands, which, for literary men especially, are delicate and skilled instruments, were negligent; and the heads, the organs of thought, looked supremely indifferent to the impression made on the spectator. All this may be very much as it should be, except for the purposes of a picture. Titian would have turned away in despair, and Veronese might have left the banks of the Thames for the shores of the Adriatic. How vastly more scenic were the tables at which Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Sheridan sat! A few weeks later the writer happened to be present at an evening gathering of German artists, their wives, daughters, and friends at the "Malkastan" or "Paintbox" Club, most pleasantly located in the famous Jacoby Gardens, Düsseldorf. Here, at any rate, something pictorial might have been looked for, but the idea seemed to be to drop "the shop;" the figures that walked the bowery paths beside the babbling brooks

had not assuredly stepped out from pictures, and certainly the artists ran no risk of being mistaken for their models. The men, as in England, appeared to shun the suspicion of taste or sentiment; they affected deshabille, and rejoiced in negligent disorder; in their favour it may be said that they looked as if they never gave a thought to what they put on; and yet when the music sounded the dirty browns of wide-awake hats struck discordantly against the pure sky of starlight. An incongruity no less harsh marred a religious procession along the banks of the Rhine at Stolzenfels: the country lasses were clad as Manchester factory girls. The scene changes next to Cologne Cathedral, at high mass, Sunday morning. The music sounds divinely, the choir of the church rises as a canopy of colour, illuminated by frescoes and tapestries, and jewelled with painted glass; but the heavenly pageant was brought down to the grossness of earth by a motley crowd "black as Erebus." The dress, of course, had no pretence to Christian grace or comeliness, and scarcely did it affect Vanity Fair. The same evening the waters of the Rhine shone as opal in the mingled light of sunset and moonrise, and on the bridge of boats which crosses the river passed in black shadow the moving panorama of the city population, a sight abhorrent to artistic eye. The picture was absolutely colourless, and even as to light and shade, the figures cut as dark silhouettes against the sky and background. Costumes, though pictorial, are costly, and the lower orders make a willing sacrifice of taste in the cause of utility, convenience, and economy; and yet what could be less costly or more comely than wreaths of the oak, the vine, and the wild convolvulus, as twined by Rhine peasants round their heads? But in England and on the Continent, for the most part, the phases are alike; the lack of money and education induce cheap show, flash tinsel, and common imitations machine-made. As for the men it is well when they care to be just clean and tidy; and as for the women, they do wisely in putting decently upon their shoulders the warm and comfortable fabrics of modern manufacture; and then as to the girls, who naturally desire to please and make an impression, we must try to excuse the tawdriness and vanity, not to say vulgarity, of untutored youth. The fact is that from an artistic point of view the state of things is as bad as it well can be, and might seem all but hopeless. There is no desire to mend it; there is no consciousness of doing wrong. The unspoilt peasant, nature's nobility, will

become extinct like the dodo, and artists already are driven to seek costume and native charm among the beauty and grandeur of mountains and valleys inaccessible to civilisation.

Fashions have wandered so widely from essential truths that it may not be unsalutary to revert to some of the fundamental principles to which dress should conform. On the utilitarian side of the question are the proportions of the human figure, health, sex, age, height, size, climate, season of the year, economy, ease, convenience, and decorum. And out of these actual conditions grow the more expressly art elements of beauty of form and harmony of colour. As to the human figure, we unhappily all know in how many ways dress has marred and mutilated its proportions, and at the same time equal outrage has been committed on sanitary laws. Dr. Richardson delivered a lecture on dress with the purpose of showing what reforms are required in the interests of health, and some of his incidental remarks may be here fitly quoted. He appropriately premised that the character of dress stands in such close relations to the character of the person who wears it that it is hard to touch on the one without introducing the other. All kinds of sympathies are evoked by dress; political sympathies are on the most intimate relationship with it, social sympathies are indexed by it, artistic sympathies are a part of it. The lecturer did not deprecate good fashion in dress; on the contrary, he deemed it the duty of every one to cultivate good fashion, and he thought that every woman ought to make herself as becomingly beautiful as she possibly could. Good health and good fashion would always go well together. The errors of fashion in dress arise, as a rule, from the fact that the fashions are dictated and carried out by vain and ignorant persons neither skilled in art nor in the rules of health. What is wanted in the reform of dress is good fashion for both sexes in social intercourse and in every-day life. The lecturer denounced corsets, waistbands, garters, and tight shoes. The dress should be loose, and the weight of it borne by the shoulders. The argument broke down only when the doctor came to the specification of the precise reforms required. "Let the mothers of England," he said, "clothe the girls precisely as they clothe the boys, permitting knickerbockers if they like, but let them add the one distinguishing mark of a light, loose, flowing gown, and the girls will grow into women as vigorous, as healthy, and as well-formed in body as their

companions of the sterner sex." But "knickerbockers" for girls surely savours full much of the "Bloomer costume," which years ago was deservedly hooted out of London by the boys in the streets.

As to a distinctive dress for the two sexes, there can be no question as to its propriety and desirableness. We find that when nature clothes with her own hand the nobler animals, she puts some indicative marks upon the sexes. The flowing mane of the lion, the branching antlers of the stag, the bright head gear and wing trappings of many birds, distinguish with intention the male from the female. To merge the traits of sex in costume, as at present attempted, is contrary to the order of creation, to the true instincts of the human mind, and to the practice of all peoples. It is not needful to enlarge; suffice it to add that modesty planted by nature in the heart makes her presence known specially in decorous attire. Let man's dress be manly, and woman's dress womanly.

Conditions of age, good looks or otherwise, demand self-knowledge and discriminating tact and taste. The time comes when angles take the place of curves, and what shows beauty to advantage may not prove the best foil to its contrary. Certainly "a costume expressly adapted for the display of natural charms is hard upon those who never had any to begin with, or who have parted company with them some time ago." "And if all ages are to dance to one tune, it should be a minuet and not a jig; and if there is to be but one standard of garb, we are bound in duty to consider the grandmother first." A lady wise in her generation should decide unmistakably what are her points and paces, and dress accordingly; but instead of cautiously meeting the urgency of the case, she usually acts on the pleasing but hazardous assumption that she is sister of the Graces. One art is appropriate to a Venus, another to a Dutch-built craft; and most will have occasion sometimes to call in aid the art which conceals art or veils nature when not at her best. The present fashion of dressing close to the figure is unwise, to say the least of it; ladies may be seen every day on railway platforms in garbs which almost defy motion, struggling forward to catch a train, and displaying outlines, modellings, and movements the reverse of graceful and lovely. And like mistakes are made by men also: this season might be seen in the Düsseldorf Exhibition a gentleman who dressed in the fond belief that he combined in his own

person Apollo and Hercules, and on fine afternoons he showed off his figure accordingly to the satisfaction of himself and his admirers. But others not so highly favoured by nature are prudent to call to their assistance subterfuges and disguises. Colour is often a crucial trial with both sexes, and when the hair passes from auburn into pronounced red, the problem to be solved becomes delicate and difficult. One expedient is to thrust into the midst of the hair a red camellia or a full-blown poppy; and thus the obnoxious colour may be reduced to comparative innocence and neutrality. Other foils will suggest themselves; sometimes ladies have to contend against uncomely complexions; and two sisters, whose hair and skin were suggestive of curry-powder or brick-dust, hit upon the daring device of dressing in hot hues of mustard and cayenne pepper; the combination was fiery and alarming, threatening spectators with ophthalmia. Nature, when she has only beauty to deal with, makes the converse arrangement; the old and new red sandstone formations are draped with green verdure, and in like manner the flower of the red geranium is thrown up by green, its complementary colour. Of course, in dealing with the face and figure, each case will have to be treated according to personal exigencies.

And scarcely of less import than sex and age are the height, size, and general proportions of the figure. Tall and stumpy people cannot with impunity be dressed in one pattern, the stately lady sweeping through marble halls can gracefully carry queenly robes that would crush the pretty little lady dwelling in a cottage. The present inclination is to treat dress as drapery, and to consider the one as simply utilitarian, and the other, as if of necessity, supremely artistic. The points of the figure are used as pegs whereon to hang out decorative fabrics, and possibly Sartor Resartus might stigmatize our living ladies as lay figures, and our intelligent men as stalking clothes-horses. Some dresses are for sitting or standing only, some for walking, while others reduce the free action of the figure to physical endurance. A lady making a morning call was asked to take a seat, but she begged to be excused because having on "a walking costume" she could not sit down. Yet nature in building up the human framework had a more extended scheme, which fashion would do well not so relentlessly to thwart. As to the length of a dress, that will much depend on whether the feet are of a beauty deemed

to be worth displaying; if inviting to cast a glimpse on, they will probably be permitted "like little mice to peep in and out," hence some ladies wear "gowns always short when other people's are long, and go about holding them up above the highest water-mark in fine weather." The shoulders, which call for at least as much anxious care as the feet, admit of varied decorations, as with scarf, shawl, mantilla, veil, robe, toga. "A black scarf carries an air of respect, which is in itself protection. A woman thus attired glides on her way like a small close-reefed vessel, light and trim, seeking no encounter but prepared for one. Much, however, depends on the wearer; indeed, no article of dress is such a revealer of the character. Some women will drag it tight up to their shoulders, and stick out their elbows in defiance beneath. Such are of the independent class with strong opinions. Others let it hang loose and listless like an idle sail, losing all the beauty of the outline—both moral and physical. Such ladies have usually no opinions at all, but none the less a very obstinate will of their own." A real lady hits by intuition the happy mean; she does not "put on a turban to drink tea with two people, or an innocent white frock for a party of two hundred;" she does not appear as a milliner popped out of a band-box, or as an artist just stepped from a picture, or as an antiquary kept usually as a curiosity under a glass case; she moves at respectful distance from the extremes of fashion, and though society does not "know what she has on," she is not in danger of being mistaken for either Aspasia or Queen Anne. What she wears, though perchance homely, is always good; not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her; "she deals in no gaudy confusion of colours, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony." And the secret of her success simply consists in her "knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not."

Of all the unities in dress, that of colour is the most imperative; and the whole question involves such difficulties and nice distinctions that another occasion must be sought for their solution. Often the colour of the hair, of the eyes, and the complexion will strike the keynote for the dress, especially that of the head, neck, and shoulders. A blonde and brunette obviously call for diverse disposi-

tions. And then, again, conflicts arise between bright positive colours and broken neutral hues; each system has its attendant advantages and disadvantages. A shimmering silk has been likened to a sunny shoaling sea of lovely blue playing into green, spangled with drops of dew. And minds sensitive to half shades and shadows find a fanciful suggestiveness in such transitional and gliding notes, for as "songs without words," so are colours without names. Other tastes take a more sensational turn; and of late a despairing rush has been made at the colours of the rainbow, and little girls may now be seen skipping along red as lobsters, prawns, and pillar letter-boxes. Such alarming garments might serve, like the scarlet cloaks of the old women on the Welsh coast, to frighten away the enemy. Yet unity, however violent, is at least saved from discord, and one note oft repeated seldom fails of attention. Sometimes sisters come to a family agreement as to colour; three perhaps dressing in blue and two in pink; and when all five are seated in their drawing-room of blue and gold, the effect is cheerful yet not irritating. In the Dresden Gallery the eye is caught by a modern picture of three sisters, the daughters of a townsman, all dressed in pink; and as if the artist had not enough of the one colour, he has added to the figures a pink background. When sisters sing a duet or trio, it is a common-place remark, "how charmingly the voices of sisters blend in harmony;" and evidently a like thought led the Dresden artist to play on one key of colour, not caring to accentuate a climax, but content with the repose of a dying cadence. A kindred arrangement, which at any rate has the recommendation of ease and safety, was recently carried out successfully in a large choir at a German festival. Five hundred girls all wore varying tones of blue and turquoise greens, passing into bluish whites as the high lights. Under such a disposition, of course, the harmonies could hardly be broken by discords, and the collective pictorial effect was comparable to a bank of spring or summer flowers, the faces of pearl and rose with the brown and the gold of the hair rising in brilliant relief, as from calyxes or leaves of shadowy green. When the choruses of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* sounded, fancy might recall the singers and minstrels placed by the Italian painters in the upper sky—so great is the glory of colour and sound in unison.

The revolutions in dress within modern times, which avowedly are momentous,

have in some measure corresponded to the changes from hand labour to steam-power, and from stage-coach travelling to railway transit. Man, as the bread-winner, is like a wheel or axle, part of the general social machinery, and in dress shows himself as perfect a piece of unadorned utility as a steam-engine. Yet some of the attendant consequences are not inartistic. Manufacturing firms find the use and the profit of beauty, and in matters of dress they improve fashion by producing at reasonable cost good designs, often adaptations from antique work; and thus, as in cheap literature by means of printing, the best ideas of our ancestors are brought into the possession of the multitude. And the higher classes, who can indulge in costly tastes, have the choice of rich materials, which fall into graceful folds and clothe the figure in lines and masses that compose harmoniously as drapery posed for a sculptor. Never, perhaps, has there been better opportunity for dressing artistically than at the present moment, whether as to quality of material, beauty of design, or variety of colour; and many ladies cultivate the commendable habit of drawing and composing their own costumes, and thus personal guarantee is given that the dress they wear reflects their characters and expresses their ideas of the true, the beautiful, and the good. For the labouring and lower classes the actual state of things is scarcely so favourable. The honest endeavour to make in expenditure the two ends meet, is combined with the ambition to be smart and to dress as the upper classes; and thus recourse is had to cheap and flimsy materials, to base imitations and gaudy colours. And such flash displays are the more to be regretted, because the once quiet and respectable appearance of the lower and middle classes is fast becoming a thing of the past. And in very deed the motley crowds in the streets of our great cities on Bank and other holidays present a melancholy spectacle. And the outward demonstrations are censurable because, with the same or less outlay, by the choice of forms and colours in simple unobtrusive harmony, the peoples of our towns and country might make an appearance befitting allegiance to the laws of nature and of God. On all sides and in all conditions of life do we see abundant signs of how, with taste, it is easy to keep right, while without taste to go wrong is certain.

It were almost impossible to make too much of the reforms which in recent years have arisen from the practice among artists

of designing fashions for themselves. And amateurs there are so thoroughly that, holding in contempt the anachronisms of former days, which permitted the placing of a classic portico before a Gothic structure, begin at the very beginning by building a house in some approved English style, and then proceed to decorate and furnish the rooms in accord, and as a finishing stroke dress the household to the same pattern. And the question now asked is, not whether a gown will wear and wash, but whether it will paint. All this is much as it should be, and, indeed, always has been, in the best and truest art periods, for dress is but part of a greater whole—a means and a medium whereby man and woman are brought into harmony with the surroundings of life and of nature. Yet it may be feared that matters are being pushed rather far; there has grown up what may be called “pre-Raphaelitism in dress”—a mediævalism which, transmuting forms and colours alike, eschews classic and renaissance harmonies, and affects Gothic angles and scraggs. And when the figure happens to be bony or a little ancient the effect is a sight indeed, yet by securing notoriety it may serve to save the wearer from oblivion. In contrast are a few who recline gracefully in long sinuous robes and pose themselves statuesquely. In other cases, draperies having taken the place of dress, they are pitchforked on the back anyhow, and the figure is reduced to a mass of material. At other times, the wish to bring the whole household into harmony induces a lady to appear in the pattern of a wall paper, or to match her dress with the cups and saucers on the tea-table. Others, again, of a more dissipated turn, make a random dash at harlequins, and cut up their persons into patches, each apart to be admired and wondered at for wealth of material. The Bohemian lives of some artists—seldom in the first rank—naturally pass from manners to costumes; “tall talk” finds its replica in “loud dress,” and wishing good-bye to the “senatorial dignity” applauded by Reynolds in the portraits by Titian, such circles in a free-and-easy way fall into sloppy, negligent attire—the garb of genius, doubtless, especially when in a garret! The bandits in the landscapes of Salvator Rosa are of the same company. The general impression produced by such æsthetic phases of life is that of a perpetual picnic, or of a continuous fancy ball, or of a ubiquitous sketching party. It is a pity pre-Raphaelites and others cannot take as models for dress

the saints as they appear in early Italian pictures.

A gentleman said to a friend, “I like to dress as if I were going to have my portrait painted, or as if I were about to meet the lady who might be my wife.” And the requirements of distinguished portrait-painters, such as Holbein, Vandyke, and Reynolds, are no bad criterions of the costumes most becoming. The great artists select, and then improve on, what is best and therefore most enduring in the dress of the period, and by affixing their sign-manual establish patterns and precedents good for all time; while inferior limners, such as Lely and Kneller, pandering to vanity, paint what passes away. Holbein seems to have held that “fifty years and upwards was the only sensible time of a woman’s life, and those who had the misfortune to be younger must make the best of it.” With Vandyke came in “the airy, ringlety style of coiffure; it did well for faces like trim little villas, which may be overgrown with creepers or overhung with willows; but fine features, like fine mansions, want space around them, and least of all can the smooth expanse of the forehead be spared.” The next epoch is adorned by Reynolds, who, “like Holbein and Vandyke, put his stamp upon the times, or, rather, as a true artist and philosopher, took the aggregate impression which the times gave;” and “for the most part we go through a gallery of his portraits with feelings of intense satisfaction that there should have been a race of women who could dress so decorously, so intellectually, and, withal, so becomingly.” But one fallacy in dressing in every-day life as for a portrait, is that a lady cannot always command the same curtains and tapestries as a background; and thus, when she next graces an evening assembly, the pink of her perfection may prove wholly out of place.

There is no surer sign of birth and breeding than in the form, movement, and keeping of the hands, and as in life so in art, here is the test of taste and skill. The hands, of course, as the head, need a set-off, and the wrists invite, like the neck, to ornament, such as cuffs or bracelets. Specially demanded is freedom for the turn of wrist, the play of the fingers, and the action of the forearm. The hand is an instrument of expression, and it should be made to speak. The hand must use the same language as the head; the two are in mutual accord and co-operation, and the accessories of dress should but enhance nature’s gifts of intellect and beauty.

So dress has to carry out the general design of nature : of character, nature sketches the outline ; it is for art to complete the picture. Beauty of form, concord in composition, harmony in colour, constitute the perfect painting, and a figure will be faultless in draping when brought into like agreement.

Nature loves law and order, lays her foundation in simplicity, and builds in beauty. So dress has to accord with the ways and works of nature, for "behold the lilies of the field how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."



## LUCREZIA.

By MRS. COMYNS CARR.

### PART II.

THE warm morning sun had grown quite too hot now that it was afternoon ; the sky was white with a dazzling glare, instead of being blue, as it was three hours ago, and the dust rose in clouds around the carriages as they rolled slowly past. Lucrezia wandered up and down awhile upon the pavement where ladies and gentlemen were walking. She had nowhere to go, and she was listless. The gay costumes amused her for a bit, but even these lost their interest when there was no one by with whom to comment upon them. And then—ah, that was worst of all—she fancied that folks stared at sight of a *contadina* in *festa* dress walking unattended. They

pitied her—that was horrible ! She soon left the crowd and went down on to the strip of shingle below, where the lake's waters were lapping idly. She felt that she had punished herself in sending Paolo away ; but Paolo should not have gone. Paolo should have understood that she had no real business in Stresa, but only wanted to make the sport last a little longer for them both. Paolo should not have thought of the new boat when she was by. He should have remembered that a pretty girl is ashamed to be seen without a gallant when she is out for a walk. She could not tell all the folk that she had a betrothed, that she was really going to

be married, though she looked so young. And how could they guess it when she wandered about alone?

Lucrezia began to forget that it was she who had dismissed Paolo, and not he who was inconsiderate. She said to herself that perhaps, even now, while she sat alone, he was drinking with comrades in Baveno!

Luckless Paolo, travelling along the white road, with scarce a nod to merry companions, who, at any other time, could easily have pressed him into their ranks, counting the quarters on the harsh village clock, till it was time to return to Lucrezia—that was how he was being judged meanwhile!

Lucrezia sat upon the shingle. Her shoes were off, and she dabbled her feet in the cool waters of the lake. A pout was on her pretty mouth—she was still thinking of her grievance. Thus it was that she failed to hear some one descend the steps close beside her from the promenade. The voice of the strange gentleman whom she had seen at the wedding startled her from her dream. She rose up confused, and remembered that she had taken off her shoes. She was not ashamed of her bare feet—she always went bare-foot at home, but since she did possess these marks of civilisation, it was a mortification to her that in the presence of such a fine gentleman—a gentleman with white hands and a cigar in his mouth—she should be discovered casting, as it were, the appendages of gentility from her.

"Excuse me," said the intruder graciously, holding out a golden ear-ring: "you dropped this on the piazza. I lost sight of you at first, but I am glad to have the opportunity of restoring it."

It was not true that the Count had lost sight of the girl: he had waited till Paolo left her. Lucrezia took the trinket and put it back in her ear. The idea of having nearly lost it was foremost in her mind at present, and filled her with horror.

"A thousand thanks," she said shyly. "What should I have done if I had not recovered it? And I never even perceived the loss!"

"It seems you have been well occupied! Was it that young man who was with you, and has left you here alone, who gave you that gold?"

Lucrezia felt the sting.

"He has work to do, and so have I," said she, mortified. "We are poor folk, we cannot always amuse ourselves like the gentry."

XXI—55

"When one takes a pretty girl out for a holiday, one should have no work to do," answered the Count. "But perhaps I mistook, and he is your brother!"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lucrezia, smiling readily enough this time. "We are betrothed, to be sure; we marry in Carnival."

She was flattered at the admiration of a gentleman, but she was proud also to be able to tell him that she had a betrothed.

After that there was a pause, for Lucrezia scarcely knew what to say to this new acquaintance who had suddenly descended from the sphere of her dreams to talk commonplace familiarities with her. Ever since the day when the aunt told her that a sculptor had admired her, Lucrezia had longed to be looked at again by a signore, but now that the moment had come, she was not sure that she liked it. She stooped down to pick up her shoes, and would have gone away had she not feared that it would be rude to a "man of quality." Presently, taking the cigar from between his lips, the "man of quality" began again.

"Thou art young to be married, child," said he.

Lucrezia noticed, with distrust, that he had dropped into the use of the familiar pronoun.

"Yes," replied she gravely. "I am only seventeen; but Paolo is a good man, and I have no dowry."

"And it is prudent to take the first man who offers, since thou hast no dowry, eh?"

"A girl must marry," murmured Lucrezia, "and it is a bad thing for a woman to be poor."

"That is bad for all," laughed the Count.

And then he paused, and smoked, and looked at her.

"Foolish wench!" he said at last. "Dost thou not know that thy face is thy dowry? What will such a lover give thee in exchange for it? Will he give thee rings and gold, and silk gowns, such as the bride wore just now?"

Did he guess that she had envied that silk gown, thought the guilty conscience? But she answered demurely—

"He will not give me silk gowns, because I am a *contadina*, but he will give me an honest heart and a good name."

"Thou lovest him?"

"Yes, as one should love one's husband!"

"Perhaps thou dost well then; though I do not think thou wouldst need to remain a peasant all thy life if thou didst but wait awhile."

Was it possible she could ever have the

chance of marrying a gentleman? To be sure, she was like a lady. She sighed, but she murmured again—

“Paolo is a good man.”

“Does he tell thee that thou art not like a *contadina*?” continued the Count, who had heard something in the village that day of Lucrezia’s story, as well as of her little vanities, and knew well enough where to place the magnet. “Does he tell thee that thou hast a face as fine, and a presence as fair, as the Madonna’s in church?”

“Oh, no!” smiled she.

Even her own vanity had scarcely aimed at refinement so great as that, and certainly the Count’s words were very different from the rough sort of compliments paid by Paolo; who, moreover, always steadily denied her claims to a delicate appearance, and was even annoyed when she was proud of it. Remembering this peculiarity of Paolo’s, she somehow began to wish more and more that the Count would go and that Paolo would come back. But Paolo had not been gone nearly an hour, and strangely enough the Count showed no inclination of finishing his cigar anywhere else but on the smooth shingle at her feet.

“So,” he continued at his leisure, “thou wilt marry him, and labour all thy life, and grow old before thy time, and he does not even know thou art pretty! It is hard on thee, child! Though I’ll wager thou hast seen that face in the mirror till thou dost not require me to tell thee it is fair! And thou canst blush too! Thou dost well, it becomes thee!”

The red flushed redder than ever in Lucrezia’s pale cheek; but it was neither with pride nor coyness—she was angry. Paolo—that useless and aggravating Paolo—why had he left her thus unprotected? It would serve him right to see her now. As she thought of his anger, she almost smiled again in the midst of her annoyance, and was tempted to put him to the trial! The spirit of mischief was in Lucrezia. The Count sat languidly watching her till he had finished his cigar. The changing emotions on her sensitive face were amusing to watch. Then as she smiled again, planning her little revenge on Paolo, and almost forgetting the presence of this other admirer, he rose, and throwing away the end of his cigar, said quietly—

“Thou wouldst make a better picture with a smile than with a frown. What is thy name, child, and where dost thou live?”

At the sound of his voice the smile

vanished, the blush crept up again in its stead. Lucrezia was sure that she did not like the Count now; but it did not strike her at the moment that to tell him where she lived was not only inviting a visit, but also encouraging his familiarity. To tell him seemed at first sight only the natural reply to a question. So she said moodily—

“They call me Lucrezia, and I live over the water at Santa Caterina.”

“I will come and see thee, and bring thee better ear-rings than those thou hast.”

The words roused her; there was something amiss.

“The gold which my lover gives me is good enough for me,” said she, moving away.

“Well, well, we will say no more of trinkets then,” added the Count, following her; “but when I come to see thee over the water at Santa Caterina——”

Lucrezia interrupted him, almost crossly. She saw now what she had done, and must remedy the evil.

“There is no Santa Caterina over the water,” she blurted out.

The Count laughed.

“But what if I know the village well?” said he.

“The poor cottage of the uncle is not fit for gentlefolks,” pleaded the girl, beginning to be thoroughly frightened.

“Never mind; I like a poor cottage when there is a pretty wench in it.”

Lucrezia turned round—her whole little white face trembling.

“Ah, no, signore, you will not come to Santa Caterina after a poor girl like me!” she said. “What will the aunt say, and the villagers—and Paolo?”

“Paolo!—ah, I can’t think what Paolo would say,” smiled the Count. “We will ask him! Come, come, child—do not be frightened; I will not harm thee.”

“It is my hour for confession,” faltered she hurriedly. “I will wish your honour the good day.”

“Ah, the little madonna is a white liar, but she is a good Catholic!” laughed he once more. “Well, well, that is very pretty.” And as Lucrezia made her little salute and advanced hurriedly towards the steps, he added, “We shall meet again—at Santa Caterina, over the water! Good-bye, child.”

And then he stood looking after her, and making everybody else look after her, while she ran across the road and up the hill, and into the church. What a shameless man he was! Paolo had been right when he had scoffed at him on the piazza; and he was



one of those who laughed at confession, and the priests too! She had been told there were such men, but she had not believed it. Indeed, she had been a foolish girl to be flattered by the admiration of such an one only because he was a gentleman, and had made her fancy she looked something like a lady, when Paolo was a hundred times handsomer, and even better mannered, in spite of his fisherman's dress.

Lucrezia was ashamed of herself; but she told herself that if she had known the gentleman was a bad Catholic, she would not even have listened to him so long. And thereupon she knelt down on the damp flagstones without the altar rails, and, with intent of invoking the Madonna and her own patron-saint for their pardon, began telling her beads diligently—though, alas! the remembrance of how the Count had said she was like no child of peasant origin kept recurring to her mind with a strange persistency. And as she prayed she vowed she would never have anything to say to a signore again, though she would confront Paolo with this incontestable tribute to her gentility of appearance whenever he was inclined to be proud or perverse.

When her prayer was ended, Lucrezia sat up on the oaken bench dreaming of ladies and brides, and silk dresses and gold ornaments, till afternoon shadows began to lengthen, and afternoon lights to fall more and more dimly through the high windows of the church, making strange patterns on the old Venetian pavement. She began to be dull at last, and to wonder peevishly why Paolo did not come. She forgot that Paolo had no means of guessing where she was. When she remembered it, she lifted up her hands in silent ejaculation—scolding herself for her own stupidity; but as she ran down the steps again, and approached that place on the shore where they were to have met, she forgot her own fault in the matter, smiling at the thought of that "poor man wandering anxiously up and down in expectation!" She said to herself, with satisfaction, that he would indeed be glad to see her, but she was not prepared for the fact that, though Paolo had been on the promenade several times since she had left it, he was not there now, seeing that he had grown weary at her absence, and had gone to the cousin Maddalena's, and to several other places that she frequented, to look for her. Lucrezia forgot all these possibilities. She was cross at not finding Paolo, and, as was usual with her, did not pause to reflect. He had forgotten her; he was drinking at Baveno; he was late; she

had waited five minutes, and he had not come! She tossed her head angrily with the impatient motion that poor Paolo knew so well, and walked quickly along the road. "If this is the way he treats me," she said angrily to herself, "I will get some one else to row me home!"

Where the water washed into a little lip of land, at a bend of the road, an old fisherman whom Lucrezia knew was making ready his nets. The slanting rays of the afternoon sun lay across the lake. The clear green water swayed gently about the old brown boat, a yellow sail rested on its bows ready for use, and more sails, some brown and some brightest orange, stood against the pale sky or against the green background of wooded shores. Behind the fisher's head the trim terraces of Isola Bella rose one above another, with a middle distance of bright water between, and the broken mass of Isola de Pescatori's half-ruined buildings beyond. It was a peaceful scene, but Lucrezia felt no peace in her heart; it beat with the excitement of many emotions. She looked along the white road that wound round the water's edge, at the foot of hills and in front of houses and churches and villas and gardens. Sometimes a bend in its own length or the overhanging boughs of walnut and chestnut woods hid a piece of it from her sight, but Paolo did not appear from any of the hidden places any more than he was to be seen on the open road. Boats dipped up and down on the lake, that a little breeze was ruffling; some were fishing-smacks pulled by weather-beaten boatmen; some were pleasure-boats rowed by handsome fellows in bright striped shirts, but Paolo was not in any of them. And the sun would be setting in a short hour, for waiting and watching and talking had used the whole day. There was no good in loitering longer. Paolo must be treated as he deserved.

"Good evening, Gian-Battista," said Lucrezia, as soon as she got within ear-shot of the fisherman. "Since you are putting out will you row me across to Santa Caterina, for I have missed him with whom I should have returned, and I am late?"

"Willingly, my pretty one," replied the old man. "Though it is but sorry work for a comely lass to be driven to ask such a thing! What is thy gallant about?"

"He had business in Baveno," said Lucrezia curtly, "and we have missed one another."

The old man scratched his head. "Well, now," said he, "most men don't have business when they take a pretty wench out for a holi-



day. Paolo Ferrari has worse manners than I gave him credit for."

"No worse than most of you, I'll wager!"

cried Lucrezia, bristling up at hearing her lover made light of. "But you think you can make me angry," laughed she. "You cannot do it, I tell you!" Her cheeks a-blaze belied the words.

"Oh, you want to defend him!" Gian-Battista replied with a grin. "Maybe you sent him about his business yourself for a bit." He chuckled, and Lucrezia flushed up more angrily than ever. Had he seen her talking to the Count? Well, and if he had, she was not going to deny it. She had not sought the interview, and was not ashamed.

"I tell you Paolo had affairs to see to," she retorted sharply.

"Yes, yes, and it's poor sport waiting alone for a lover," said the old man, nodding his head.

But Lucrezia stepped quickly into the boat. "Come, have done with your nonsense!" said she. "If your tackle is ready

you must need to be out as much as I need to be home. Let us go!" She sat down, and Gian-Battista put his nets together.

"You're a foolish wench if you gave Ferrari such a long while to himself," said he, "for he may have found some bonnier fisher-wench down Pallanza way on such a fine day as this! Well, well, perhaps he is not much of a loss, and maybe you think now you can do better for yourself, seeing you're so fond of finery." He jumped out on to the beach and shouted to a group of youths on the road for one to give a hand in pushing off the boat.

"Give me an oar," said Lucrezia, in a loud, hard voice, and, seizing one, she began pushing with a strength that seemed scarcely her own.

"See, see!" cried Gian-Battista, "she wants to show us she can put a boat off for her gallant as well as the fisher-wench could, lads! But you tell her she's better fitted for a fine gentleman!" And the lads standing round on the beach joined in a loud laugh. They did not understand the gist of the matter, but it was enough for them that some one was being made fun of.

Lucrezia, however, had never been one to be trifled with, as those in her own village knew to their cost. She had swallowed her wrath to-day longer than she would have done had she been at home. But the last taunt was too much for her. Her brown eyes darkened and blazed, her full lips were pressed tightly together, the red blood gathered beneath her sallow skin, and she stood up in the stern of the boat with one arm raised above her head. Any one looking at her must have known that she was going to say something that would astonish her hearers. But that something never came. Just as the lads—standing ankle-deep in the water to push off the boat—looked up to see whose was the figure that had suddenly risen between them and the sunset, and saw Lucrezia with the red light shining on her face, and catching the golden kerchief on her shoulders till it was almost like flame—just as the girl herself opened her lips to speak, a shout was heard to the right, and looking round she saw Paolo standing up in a boat as though he had been scanning the shore. The words were frozen on her lips. She did not move.

"So there you are at last!" cried old Gian-Battista. "Well, I wouldn't have left a pretty girl so long out of my sight when I was a young man! But times are changed!"

"Santa Vergine, Lucrezia! where hast thou

been?" asked Paolo, pulling his boat up alongside of the one that was just afloat, and disregarding every one else. "I have sought thee everywhere these last two hours. Thou hast frightened me!"

"Well, I waited for you," answered the girl sulkily, though many emotions betrayed themselves by a sound as of tears behind her voice. "I was alone in the church for a weary while. You should not have delayed."

"Delayed!" exclaimed Paolo, vexed outright. "It was scarce I who delayed! How was I to find thee in the church when we agreed to meet on the shore?"

"I did not wish to wait on the shore."

"Lucrezia, thou art purposed to vex me."

"Eh!" muttered the old boatman; "and you'll be more vexed still before you've done with her. 'Didn't wish to wait on the shore,' indeed!—what humbugs women are!—when I saw her myself on the shore full half the afternoon discoursing with that good-for-nothing from Milan, who comes here every year and goes making portraits of the girls around! Portraits, indeed! I'm sorry to vex you, my girl, but if you did not mean to tell him yourself, it was but right I should undeceive the poor man."

"Who told you I did not mean to tell him?" was on Lucrezia's lips to say, but her pride rebelled even at this appearance of self-defence, and she held her peace.

There was a silence while Paolo waited to hear if she could deny the charge. Then he said, with a kind of hoarseness in his voice, "Is this true, Lucrezia?"

She paused a moment. There was a struggle, but, alas! it was again pride that conquered. "True? Yes, it is true," she said coldly. "Dost thou think no better man than thyself cares to discourse with me?"

"Why didst thou not tell me? Thou wast ashamed of it."

"Ashamed! I am not a fool, Signor Paolo, and I know how to conduct myself."

"It seems there are two opinions on that subject," said Gian-Battista, laughing again.

Lucrezia turned disdainfully away. "Peasants fancy that a girl must needs always blush and be foolish because a gentleman speaks to her," sneered she; "but I know better." She would rather have died at that moment than have confessed the truth, that she had been frightened of the Count. She wanted to make the bystanders think that he had talked to her as he would have talked to a lady. She did not know that they were all

too familiar with his character to be easily deceived about him. She did not know either that most of them had heard that rumour at which, had she ever guessed, may be she would not have held her head so high.

"Well, even if women are not to be trusted generally," said he, trying to bring the whole affair to a happy close, "I know this wench well enough to be sure *she* wouldn't bandy words with a scamp!"

Alas! he worked the wrong way to establish peace. The words roused Lucrezia's smothered wrath afresh. It was not to be borne that the compliments, out of which—disagreeable as they had been to her—she meant to make capital, should be held up to the ridicule of the very villagers.

"The Count is no scamp," she said; "he only followed me to return me this ear-ring, which he had picked up. He spoke fairer to me than *you* can find words to do!"

She drew herself up proudly and sat down again in the boat. She was not prepared for the roar of laughter with which her speech was received by the listeners. It stung her to desperation. It stung Paolo too, who had been sorely tried that day and whose patience was now exhausted.

"Come, Lucrezia," said he, grasping her wrist roughly across the edge of the boat, "enough of this. We will go home. Dost thou not see," added he in a lower tone, "that this tale will be all over Stresa, and us both a laughing-stock for all?"

Lucrezia *did* see it only too well, and was ashamed of the temper that had led her to forget her genteel demeanour and to betray herself before strangers; but the evil was done. She stood committed to a scene now, and would go on with it to the bitter end rather than allow herself to be subdued. "Who are you to dare touch me thus!" cried she, shaking off Paolo's arm furiously and standing up once more. "Oh! you need not speak below your breath. I have done nothing to be ashamed of! Here is a man who leaves a girl alone for hours and then is astonished because she has spoken to someone else!" she went on in her fury, addressing the group on the shore, while Paolo drew back aghast. "I will thank you for your opinion, neighbours. Am I to blame?"

There was a moment's silence, for Paolo looked a tall, strong figure, standing up solitary against the sunset, in the boat that had drifted away with the force of Lucrezia's angry movement. She won the day, however. A shout of laughter arose from the beach, quickly followed by a tumult of hasty vociferations.

"No, no," cried one; "is a pretty girl *ever* to blame?" And another shouted, "Give it him, pretty Lucrezia; you know how, though you *are* half a lady!"

The speaker repented the words almost before they were spoken. Had he been able to see Paolo's face better he would never have uttered them. For though the strong arms had been crossed on the broad chest, ominous glances had shot from the black eyes, and the last taunt would have been too much for greater self-control than this peasant could boast. With a sudden oath, and a bound so swift that it would have sent the boat out into the lake had not Lucrezia instinctively seized it, Paolo sprang from the prow into the midst of the little crowd, and, before any had time to interfere, had planted so firm a blow into the chest of that last and rashest speaker that, without a chance of defence, the lad reeled and fell over on to his back.

"Now you all of you know what to expect if you dare to speak another word," said Paolo with trembling voice and white lips; "and if you had not been an old man, Gian-Battista, you would have had the same lesson before this."

Still panting with his rage, he stood there waiting for who would dare to defy him. For an instant a murmur ran round. Lucrezia stood up eagerly, for dearly would she have loved to see a real fight. But old Gian-Battista, though he muttered a curse below his breath, knew that further to provoke such an antagonist was but to come off worse than he cared to risk; while the lads around, looking at Ferrara's six feet of height and well-knit muscles, were but too well convinced that he had no match among a handful of striplings such as they. Whispering among themselves, they turned aside, and the boy who had been so summarily punished had no solace but in impotent swearing, as he picked himself up and slunk away.

Gian-Battista went about his business, and the little crowd had vanished like smoke. Then, and only then, Paolo got into his boat again, and silently held out his hand for Lucrezia to step across. Her heart beat strangely, and she was quite pale. There was something in Paolo's face that frightened her. She took her seat without a word, and Paolo grasped the oars. This was the end of their day's holiday-making!

The boat made its way silently through the calm water, and the land was fast being left behind. A choking at her heart and a

gloomy brow sitting opposite to her—that was the end of all the fun! thought the girl, half aggrieved and half penitent. A growing distrust of her whom he loved, a cruel disappointment, and a heartless deception!—that was the end of all his patience, thought Paolo. And the one sat silent because she was conquered for the moment and a little afraid; the other, because every stroke of his oars was but a new phase in that hardest of all battles—the battle with self. Paolo's hour had come; Lucrezia's lay a little way off yet, and neither her grief nor her repentance were really heavy on her. But he—yes, he was doing a hard battle.

He was not angry any longer. His pent-up fury had found a vent in the sudden blow dealt to not perhaps the most culpable of his offenders. He was not angry; but for his bitter disappointment there was no cure, and that, alas! was the worst pain. He could not beat Lucrezia, even if that would have eased his sorrow. What should he do? He worked sternly at the oars and knit his brow. Could it be that the lightly spoken prognostications of friends and comrades had really more truth in them than he had chosen to allow? "She comes of a bad stock," they used to say to him—"of a depraved race. She is vain as they are vain, and selfish; she will cheat you before you know where you are, for the sake of a little finery and a little admiration. You are a fool to put your trust in a girl without a name." Many such warnings had often been given to him, and others, again, had laughed openly at him for not rather choosing to wed an honest *contadina* of his own class. He had always done his best to make light even of her being a foundling, and, at all events, had stoutly repudiated the very notion of her being a coquette. But was to-day's trouble not almost convincing proof to the contrary? Why had she pretended business in Stresa after seeing that scam on the piazza? Why, having been cross, did she become amiable when he had so blindly consented to leave her alone? Why, again, had she concealed the meeting with the Count until it was betrayed by another? It was all clear enough. If she had deceived him he could never forgive her, he could never trust her again!

He ground his teeth together, to stifle his wrath; and Lucrezia dragged her little hand through the cold water, trying to attract his attention. She was subdued, but, alas for herself! she was not conquered yet.

Twilight fell around. Where the sunset had just faded, battlements of clouds were

sweeping up across the west; they were purple with colour from the afterglow. Upon the hill-tops circlets of mist, still rosy with brightness, floated and sank. The day-time had been burning hot and dazzling, but as the dews fell mists seemed to gather, though even now the breeze that played furtively about smote hot upon the face as it passed, laden with sweet scents. There was something still and secret about this evening air that oppressed even Lucrezia, who was always so merry and matter-of-fact. She sighed impatiently. The crooning chants of returning fishermen, or the wilder songs of contented pleasure parties, floated distantly over the dusky water; but she did not strike a tune on her own account, as was often her wont. She was still a little frightened.

"We shall have rain," she said presently.

"It will be good; we have had too hot a day for September; it is not healthy," answered Paolo: and then, the silence being broken, he asked her, after a pause, if it was the gentleman of the piazza whom she had met afterwards upon the shore.

"Yes," replied she; but she did not volunteer any further information.

She thought a lover ought to trust his betrothed, if he had any opinion of her at all. If he had not seemed to doubt her, she would have told him all; but the pride that was her undoing would not let her take the first step towards a reconciliation.

"I am sorry that you were not frank with me, Lucrezia," continued Paolo severely, and in a voice very remote from his usual round and ringing one. The tone of it annoyed her further, for she had never been used to upbraiding from Paolo. He had spoilt her.

"A girl does not always say everything to a man," she said provokingly, taking her hand out of the water and drying it on her apron; "if I had been to the Cousin Maddalena's, and had talked of stays and embroidery, wouldst thou still have wished to hear all about it?"

"Be serious, Lucrezia. I tell thee, I have no mind to joke now."

"But what if I have? Thou art gloomy enough for two, and I do not like gloom." She trembled a little as she said this, with a smile—for the expression of Paolo's face was not encouraging—but she would not have liked him to guess she was afraid of him.

"I say I have no idea of always being put off with childish nonsense," repeated he doggedly. "I have a question to put to you, as to a sensible woman, and I want an answer given quietly, as a girl should do."

"And I say that I will not be preached at, nor called a child either, do you see! And as for being a sensible woman, I see no need for that till I be in the forty years, and have a pack of children to my back—and, at all events, not when I am out for a holiday."

The day was nearer than Lucrezia thought when she was to be made a sensible woman of! When it dawned, she would have given much to have had that other day over again, that she might have chosen to be sensible then.

"I want to know," asked Paolo quietly, disregarding her laughter, "whether you ever met that fine gallant—rascal that he is!—before, or if he is a new acquaintance?"

"What if I have met him before?" answered the girl mischievously, crossing her arms and smiling at the black countenance opposite to her.

"Only that I think we should have to reconsider our relations, Lucrezia."

"Oh, I see; you would not like your wife to have an acquaintance in the gentry! Well, of course you have a right to your opinion. But I cannot promise to give the cold shoulder to one who is polite to me, only to please you. What if the signore should want to make my portrait? They say he makes beautiful portraits; and I can tell you, he finds my face a pretty one, for he told me it was like the Madonna's very own!"

"He did, did he!" muttered Paolo, with a low growl like that of a dog about to spring. "And what didst thou answer to it?"

"That's my affair," laughed she lightly, delighting to tease him. And to tease him for his jealousy was surely a very legitimate amusement.

"What dost thou expect of such a one?" said he.

"A few gracious words, which I do not get from every one!"

"Nothing more?"

"Well—that remains to be seen." She was thinking of the possible portrait that would dearly have flattered her vanity.

The oars cleft the water. The drops stood on Paolo's brow, though he had rowed neither far nor fast.

The truth seemed to stand out all too clearly before him. And should he forfeit the esteem of many who were dear to him, bring the stain of a doubtful birth into his own honest family, of which he was as proud as was any nobleman, all for the sake of one who could treat him thus lightly?

"He seems to please thee better than I do," he muttered at last, below his breath.

"The proud man! Does he expect to be as good as a gentleman born?" laughed Lucrezia softly. But she sent her last shaft with something of a misgiving.

The lights of Santa Caterina began to appear in the near distance. They seemed, in the darkness, as though they were hung up the face of the cliff, and belonged to no human habitation, but, like will-o'-the-wisps or phantoms of the water, dwelt without reason where they would. It struck even Lucrezia, to whom the sight was familiar. "One would think we lived in the trees or on the rock," laughed she; "there is no house to be seen." And she turned round and gazed up at where the village stood above them, hoping that Paolo would respond to this return to familiarity. He, however, only shipped the oars in silence when they reached the shore.

"I am glad to be at home," cried Lucrezia, stepping on to the boat's prow. "We must be very late."

"Take care," was all Paolo's answer, "the boat has run aground," and he sprang out into the shallow water to pull her ashore.

"I can jump," she said, and leapt across on to the dry shingle.

"Brava Lucrezia!" laughed she, in praise of herself, and ran up the steep little path almost half-way before she turned round to call out, with the mischievous merriment that was stronger than usual on her to-night, "Come up to supper when you have finished what you have to do. I don't doubt there'll be enough for four where there's enough for three; and I have two words to say to you."

"No, Lucrezia, not to-night; I shall be occupied," he answered; and when she called out again: "Come, that's a white lie; you have nothing to occupy you," he said nothing but, "Good-bye, Lucrezia," and went on pulling at the boat as though he had not heard. Only as she ran merrily singing up the path—all the more eager because of her bad behaviour that Paolo should find a good supper when he came—then her lover turned a moment and left his work. And so long as the little graceful figure was in sight, springing lightly from boulder to boulder, so long did his eyes strain into the growing darkness watching her greedily. Then he turned back to his labour, and, looking out across the lake, saw that lights were lit in Stresa opposite, and that night was come.

## THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A DELICATE SITUATION.

"I AM ready to go," said Anne as soon as he arrived.

He paused as if taken aback by her readiness, and replied with much uncertainty, "Would it—wouldn't it be better to put it off till there is less sun?"

The very slightest symptom of surprise arose in her as she rejoined, "But the weather may change; or had we better not go at all?"

"Oh, no!—it was only a thought. We will start at once."

And along the vale they went, John keeping himself about a yard from her right hand. When the third field had been crossed they came upon half-a-dozen little boys at play.

"Why don't he clasp her to his side, like a man?" said the biggest and rudest boy.

"Why don't he clasp her to his side, like a man?" cried all the rude smaller boys in a chorus.

The trumpet-major turned, and, after some running, succeeded in smacking two of them with his switch, returning to Anne breathless. "I am ashamed they should have insulted you so," he said, blushing for her.

"They said no harm, poor boys," she replied reproachfully.

Poor John was dumb with perception. The gentle hint upon which he would have eagerly spoken only one short day ago was now like fire to his wound.

They presently came to some stepping-stones across a brook. John crossed first without turning his head, and Anne, just lifting the skirt of her dress, crossed behind him. When they had reached the other side a village girl and a young shepherd approached the brink to cross. Anne stopped and watched them. The shepherd took a hand of the young girl in each of his own, and walked backward over the stones, facing her, and keeping her upright by his grasp, both of them laughing as they went.

"What are you staying for, Miss Garland?" asked John.

"I was only thinking how happy they are," she said quietly; and withdrawing her eyes from the tender pair, she turned and followed him, not knowing that the seeming sound of a passing bumble-bee was a suppressed groan from John.

When they reached the hill they found forty navvies at work removing the dark sod

so as to lay bare the chalk beneath. The equestrian figure that their shovels were forming was unintelligible to John and Anne now they were close, and after pacing from the horse's head down his breast to his hoof, back by way of the king's bridle-arm, past the bridge of his nose, and into his cocked-hat, Anne said that she had had enough of it, and stepped out of the chalk clearing upon the grass. The trumpet-major had remained all the time in a melancholy attitude within the rowel of his Majesty's right spur.

"My shoes are caked with chalk," she said as they walked downwards again; and she drew back her dress to look at them. "How can I get some of it cleared off?"

"If you was to wipe them in the long grass there," said John, pointing to a spot where the blades were rank and dense, "some of it would come off." Having said this, he walked on with religious firmness.

Anne raked her little feet on the right side, on the left side, over the toe, and behind the heel; but the tenacious chalk held its own. Panting with her exertion she gave it up, and at length overtook him.

"I hope it is right now?" he said, looking gingerly over his shoulder.

"No, indeed!" said she. "I wanted some assistance—some one to steady me. It is so hard to stand on one foot and wipe the other without support. I was in danger of toppling over, and so gave it up."

"Merciful stars, what an opportunity!" thought the poor fellow, while she waited for him to offer help. But his lips remained closed, and she went on with a pouting smile—

"You seem in such a hurry. Why are you in such a hurry? After all the fine things you have said about—about caring so much for me, and all that, you won't stop for anything."

It was too much for John. "Upon my heart and life, my dear—" he began. Here Bob's letter crackled warningly in his waistcoat pocket as he laid his hand asseveratingly upon his breast, and he became suddenly sealed up to dumbness and gloom as before.

When they reached home Anne sank upon a stool outside the door, fatigued with her excursion. Her first act was to try to pull off her shoe—it was a difficult matter; but John stood beating with his switch the leaves of the creeper on the wall.

"Mother—David—Molly, or somebody—

do come and help me to pull off these dirty shoes!" she cried aloud at last. "Nobody helps me in anything!"

"I am very sorry," said John, coming towards her with incredible slowness and an air of unutterable depression.

"Oh, I can do without *you*. David is best," she returned, as the old man approached and removed the obnoxious shoes in a trice.

Anne was amazed at this sudden change from devotion to crass indifference. On entering her room she flew to the glass, almost expecting to learn that some extraordinary change had come over her pretty countenance, rendering her intolerable for evermore. But it was, if anything, fresher than usual, on account of the exercise. "Well!" she said retrospectively. For the first time since their acquaintance she had this week encouraged him; and for the first time he had shown that encouragement was useless. "But perhaps he does not clearly understand," she added serenely.

When he next came it was, to her surprise, to bring her newspapers, now for some time discontinued. As soon as she saw them she said, "I do not care for newspapers."

"The shipping news is very full and long to-day, though the print is rather small."

"I take no further interest in the shipping news," she replied with cold dignity.

She was sitting by the window, inside the table, and hence when, in spite of her negations, he deliberately unfolded the paper and began to read about the Royal Navy she could hardly rise and go away. With a stoical mien he read on to the end of the report, bringing out the name of Bob's ship with tremendous force.

"No," she said at last, "I'll hear no more. Let me read to you."

The trumpet-major sat down. Anne turned to the military news, delivering every detail with much apparent enthusiasm. "That's the subject I like!" she said fervently.

"But—Bob is in the navy now, and will most likely rise to be an officer. And then—"

"What is there like the army?" she interrupted. "There is no smartness about sailors. They waddle like ducks, and they only fight stupid battles that no one can form any idea of. There is no science nor stratagem in sea fights—nothing more than what you see when two rams run their heads together in a field to knock each other down. But in military battles there is such art, and such splendour, and the men are so smart, particularly the horse-soldiers. Oh, I shall never forget what gallant men you all seemed when

you came and pitched your tents on the downs! I like the cavalry better than anything I know; and the dragoons the best of the cavalry—and the trumpeters the best of the dragoons!"

"Oh, if it had but come a little sooner!" moaned John within him. He replied as soon as he could regain self-command, "I am glad Bob is in the navy at last—he is so much more fitted for that than the merchant-service—so brave by nature, ready for any daring deed. I have heard ever so much more about his doings on board the *Victory*. Captain Hardy took special notice that when he——"

"I don't want to know anything more about it," said Anne impatiently; "of course sailors fight; there's nothing else to do in a ship, since you can't run away. You may as well fight and be killed as be killed not fighting."

"Still it is his character to be careless of himself where the honour of his country is concerned," John pleaded. "If you had only known him as a boy you would own it. He would always risk his own life to save anybody else's. Once when a cottage was afire up the lane he rushed in for a baby, although he was only a boy himself, and he had the narrowest escape. We have got his hat now with the hole burnt in it. Shall I get it and show it to you?"

"No—I don't wish it. It has nothing to do with me." But as he persisted in his course towards the door, she added, "Ah! you are leaving because I am in your way. You want to be alone while you read the paper—I will go at once. I did not see that I was interrupting you." And she rose as if to retreat.

"No, no! I would rather be interrupted by you than . . . Oh, Miss Garland, excuse me! I'll just speak to father in the mill, now I am here."

It is scarcely necessary to state that Anne (whose unquestionable gentility amid somewhat homely surroundings has been many times insisted on in the course of this history) was usually the reverse of a woman with a coming-on disposition; but, whether from pique at his manner, or from wilful adherence to a course rashly resolved on, or from coquettish maliciousness in reaction from long depression, or from any other thing—it was that she would not let him go.

"Trumpet-major," she said, recalling him.

"Yes?" he replied timidly.

"The bow of my cap-ribbon has come untied, has it not?" She turned and fixed her bewitching glance upon him.

The bow was just over her forehead, or,



more precisely, at the point where the organ of comparison merges in that of benevolence, according to the phrenological theory of Gall. John, thus brought to, endeavoured to look at the bow in a skinning, duck-and-drake fashion, so as to avoid dipping his own glance as far as to the plane of his interrogator's eyes. "It is untied," he said, drawing back a little.

She came nearer, and asked, "Will you tie it for me, please?"

As there was no help for it, he nerved himself and assented. As her head only reached to his fourth button she necessarily looked up for his convenience, and John began fumbling at the bow. Try as he would, it was impossible to touch the ribbon without getting his finger-tips mixed with the curls of her forehead.

"Your hand shakes—ah! you have been walking fast," she said.

"Yes—yes."

"Have you almost done it?" She inquiringly directed her gaze upward through his fingers.

"No—not yet," he faltered in a warm sweat of emotion, his heart going like a flail.

"Then be quick, please."

"Yes, I will, Miss Garland! B—B—Bob is a very good fel——"

"Not that man's name to me!" she interrupted.

John was silent instantly, and nothing was to be heard but the rustling of the ribbon; till his hands once more blundered among the curls, and then touched her forehead.

With a deep sigh the trumpet-major turned away hastily to the corner-cupboard, and rested his face upon his hand.

"What's the matter, John?" said she.

"I can't do it!"

"What?"

"Tie your cap-ribbon."

"Why not?"

"Because you are so . . .! because I am clumsy, and never could tie a bow."

"You are clumsy indeed," answered Anne, and went away.

After this she felt injured, for it seemed to show that he rated her happiness as of meaner value than Bob's; since he had persisted in his idea of giving Bob another chance when she had implied that it was her wish to do otherwise. Could Miss Johnson have anything to do with his firmness? An opportunity of testing him in this direction occurred some days later. She had been up the village, and met John at the mill-door.

"Have you heard the news? Matilda

Johnson is going to be married to young Derriman."

Anne stood with her back to the sun, and as he faced her his features were searchingly exhibited. There was no change whatever in them, unless it were that a certain light of interest kindled by her question turned to complete and blank indifference. "Well, as times go, it is not a bad match for her," he said, with a phlegm which was hardly that of a lover.

John on his part was beginning to find these temptations almost more than he could bear. But being quartered so near to his father's house it was unnatural not to visit him, especially when at any moment the regiment might be ordered abroad, and a separation of years ensue; and as long as he went there he could not help seeing her.

The year eighteen-hundred-and-seven changed from green to gold, and from gold to grey, but little change came over the house of Loveday. During the last twelve months Bob had been occasionally heard of as upholding his country's honour in Denmark, the West Indies, Gibraltar, Malta, and other places about the globe, till the family received a short letter stating that he had arrived again at Portsmouth. At Portsmouth Bob seemed disposed to remain, for though some time elapsed without further intelligence, the gallant seaman never appeared at Overcombe. Then on a sudden John learnt that Bob's long-talked-of promotion for signal services rendered was to be an accomplished fact. The trumpet-major at once walked off to Overcombe, and reached the village in the early afternoon. Not one of the family was in the house at the moment, and John strolled onwards over the hill, without much thought of direction till, lifting his eyes, he beheld Anne Garland coming towards him with a little basket upon her arm.

At first John blushed with delight at the sweet vision; but, recalled by his conscience, the blush of delight was at once mangled and slain by a glacial expression, as he would have scotched and killed a snake. He looked for a means of retreat; but the field was open, and a soldier was a conspicuous object: there was no escaping her.

"It was kind of you to come," she said with a pretty smile.

"It was quite by accident," he answered with an indifferent laugh. "I thought you was at home."

Anne blushed and said nothing, and they rambled on together. In the middle of the field rose a fragment of stone wall in the form



"Nothing was to be heard but the rustling of the ribbon."

of a gable, known as Faringdon Ruin; and when they had reached it John paused and politely asked her if she were not a little tired with walking so far. No particular reply was returned by the young lady, but they both stopped, and Anne seated herself on a stone which had fallen from the ruin to the ground.

"A church once stood here," observed John in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes, I have often shaped it out in my mind," she returned. "Here where I sit must have been the altar."

"True; this standing bit of wall was the chancel end."

Anne had been adding up her little studies

of the trumpet-major's character, and was surprised to find how the brightness of that character increased in her eyes with each examination. A kindly and gentle sensation was again aroused in her. Here was a neglected heroic man, who, loving her to distraction, deliberately doomed himself to pen- sive shade to avoid even the appearance of standing in a brother's way.

"If the altar stood here, hundreds of people have been made man and wife just there, in past times," she said with calm deliberateness, throwing a little stone on a spot about a yard westward.

John annihilated another tender burst and replied, "Yes, this field used to be a village.

My grandfather could call to mind when there were houses here. But the squire pulled 'em down because poor folk were an eyesore to him."

"Do you know, John, what you once asked me to do?" she continued, not accepting the digression, and turning her eyes upon him.

"In what sort of way?"

"In the matter of my future life, and yours."

"I am afraid I don't."

"John Loveday!"

He turned his back upon her for a moment, that she might not see the spasm of woe which shot through his face. "Ah!—I do remember," he said at last, in a dry, small, repressed voice.

"Well—need I say more? Isn't it sufficient?"

"It would be sufficient," answered the unhappy man. "But——"

She looked up with a reproachful smile, and shook her head. "That summer," she went on, "you asked me ten times if you asked me once. I am older now; much more of a woman, you know; and my opinion is changed about some people; especially about one."

"Oh, Anne, Anne!" he burst out as, racked between honour and desire, he snatched up her hand. The next moment it fell heavily to her lap. He had absolutely relinquished it half-way to his lips.

"I have been thinking lately," he said, with preternaturally sudden calmness, "that men of the military profession ought not to—ought to be like St. Paul, I mean."

"Fie, John! pretending religion!" she said sternly. "It isn't that at all. *It's Bob!*"

"Yes!" cried the miserable trumpet-major. "I have had a letter from him to-day." He pulled out a sheet of paper from his breast. "That's it! He's promoted—he's a lieutenant—he'll be a gentleman some day, and worthy of you!"

He threw the letter into her lap, and drew back to the other side of the gable-wall. Anne jumped up from her seat, flung away the letter without looking at it, and went hastily on. John did not attempt to overtake her. Picking up the letter, he followed in her wake at a distance of a hundred yards.

But, though Anne had withdrawn from his presence thus precipitately, she never thought more highly of him in her life than she did five minutes afterwards, when the excitement

of the moment had passed. She saw it all quite clearly; and his self-sacrifice impressed her so much that the effect was just the reverse of what he had been aiming to produce. The more he pleaded for Bob the more her perverse generosity pleaded for John. To-day the climax had come—with what results she had not foreseen.

As soon as the trumpet-major reached the nearest pen-and-ink he flung himself into a seat and wrote wildly to Bob:—

"DEAR ROBERT,—I write these few lines to let you know that if you want Anne Garland you must come at once—you must come instantly, and post-haste—or *she will be gone!* Somebody else wants her, and she wants him! It is your last chance, in the opinion of—

"Your faithful brother and well-wisher,  
"JOHN."

"P.S.—Glad to hear of your promotion. Tell me the day and I'll meet the coach."

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—BOB LOVEDAY STRUTS UP AND DOWN.

ONE night, about a week later, two men were walking in the dark along the turnpike road towards Overcombe, one of them with a bag in his hand.

"Now," said the taller of the two, the squareness of whose shoulders signified that he wore epaulettes, "now you must do the best you can for yourself, Bob. I have done all I can; but th' hast thy work cut out, I can tell thee."

"I wouldn't have run such a risk for the world," said the other in a tone of ingenuous contrition. "But thou' st see, Jack, I didn't think there was any danger, knowing you was taking care of her, and nursing my place for me. I didn't hurry myself, that's true; but, thinks I, if I get this promotion I am promised I shall naturally have leave, and then I'll go and see 'em all. Gad, I shouldn't have been here now but for your letter!"

"You little think what risks you've run," said his brother. "However, try to make up for lost time."

"All right. And whatever you do, Jack, don't say a word about this other girl. Hang the girl!—I was a great fool, I know; still, it is over now, and I am come to my senses. I suppose Anne never caught a cap-full of wind from that quarter?"

"She knows all about it," said John seriously.

"Knows? By George, then, I'm ruined!"

said Bob, standing stock-still in the road as if he meant to remain there all night.

"That's what I meant by saying it would be a hard battle for ye," returned John, with the same quietness as before.

Bob sighed and moved on. "I don't deserve that woman!" he cried, passionately thumping his three upper ribs with his fist.

"I've thought as much myself," observed John, with a dryness which was almost bitter. "But it depends on how thou 'st behave in future."

"John," said Bob, taking his brother's hand, "I'll be a new man. I solemnly swear by that eternal milestone staring at me there, that I'll never look at another woman with the thought of marrying her whilst that darling is free—no, not if she be a mermaid of light. . . It's a lucky thing that I'm slipped in on the quarter-deck; it may help me with her—hey?"

"It may with her mother; I don't think it will make much difference with Anne. Still, it is a good thing; and I hope that some day you'll command a big ship."

Bob shook his head. "Officers are scarce; but I'm afraid my luck won't carry me so far as that."

"Did she ever tell you that she mentioned your name to the King?"

The seaman stood still again. "Never!" he said. "How did such a thing as that happen, in Heaven's name?"

John described in detail, and they walked on, lost in conjecture.

As soon as they entered the house the returned officer of the navy was welcomed with acclamation by his father and David, with mild approval by Mrs. Loveday, and by Anne not at all—that discreet maiden having carefully retired to her own room some time earlier in the evening. Bob did not dare to ask for her in any positive manner; he just inquired about her health and that was all.

"Why, what's the matter with thy face, my son?" said the miller, staring. "David, show a light here." And a candle was thrust against Bob's cheek, where there appeared a jagged streak like the geological remains of a lobster.

"Oh—that's where that rascally Frenchman's grenade busted and hit me from the *Redoubtable*, you know, as I told ye in my letter."

"Not a word!"

"What, didn't I tell ye? Ah, no; I meant to, but I forgot it."

"And here's a sort of dint in yer forehead

too; what do that mean, my dear boy?" said the miller, putting his finger in a chasm in Bob's skull.

"That was done in the Indies. Yes, that was rather a troublesome chop—a cutlass did it. I should have told ye, but I found 'twould make my letter so long that I put it off, and put it off; and at last thought it wasn't worth while."

John soon took his departure.

"It's all up with me and her, you see," said Bob to him outside the door. "She's not even going to see me."

"Wait a little," said the trumpet-major.

It was easy enough on the night of the arrival, in the midst of excitement, when blood was warm, for Anne to be resolute in her avoidance of Bob Loveday. But in the morning determination is apt to grow invertebrate; rules of pugnacity are less easily acted up to, and a feeling of live and let live takes possession of the gentle soul. Anne had not meant even to sit down to the same breakfast-table with Bob; but when the rest were assembled, and had got some way through the substantial repast which was served at this hour in the miller's house, Anne entered. She came silently as a phantom, her eyes cast down, her cheeks pale. It was a good long walk from the door to the table, and Bob made a full inspection of her as she came up to a chair at the remotest corner, in the direct rays of the morning light, where she dumbly sat herself down.

It was altogether different from how she had expected. Here was she who had done nothing, feeling all the embarrassment; and Bob, who had done the wrong, felt apparently quite at ease.

"You'll speak to Bob, won't you, honey?" said the miller after a silence. To meet Bob like this after an absence seemed irregular in his eyes.

"If he wish me to," she replied, so addressing the miller that no part, scrap, or outlying beam whatever of her glance passed near the subject of her remark.

"He's a lieutenant, you know, dear," said her mother on the same side; "and he's been dreadfully wounded."

"Oh," said Anne, turning a little towards the false one; at which Bob felt it to be time for him to put in a spoke for himself.

"I am glad to see you," he said contritely; "and how do you do?"

"Very well, thank you."

He extended his hand. She allowed him to take hers, but only to the extent of a

niggardly inch or so. At the same moment she glanced up at him, when their eyes met, and hers were again withdrawn.

The hitch between the two younger members of the household tended to make the breakfast a dull one. Bob was so depressed by her unforgiving manner that he could not throw that sparkle into his stories which their substance naturally required; and when the meal was over, and they went about their different businesses, the pair resembled the two *Dromios* in seldom or never being, thanks to Anne's subtle contrivances, both in the same room at the same time.

This kind of performance repeated itself during several days. At last, after dogging her hither and thither, leaning with a wrinkled forehead against doorposts, taking an oblique view into the room where she happened to be, picking up worsted balls and getting no thanks, placing a splinter from the *Victory*, several bullets from the *Redoubtable*, a strip of the flag, and other interesting relics, carefully labelled, upon her table, and hearing no more about them than if they had been pebbles from the nearest brook, he hit upon a new plan. To avoid him she frequently sat up-stairs in a window overlooking the garden. Lieutenant Loveday carefully dressed himself in a new uniform, which he had caused to be sent some days before, to dazzle admiring friends, but which he had never as yet put on in public or mentioned to a soul. When arrayed he entered the sunny garden, and there walked slowly up and down as he had seen Nelson and Captain Hardy do on the quarter-deck; but keeping his right shoulder, on which his one epaulette was stuck, as much towards Anne's window as possible.

But she made no sign, though there was not the least question that she saw him. At the end of half an hour he went in, took off his clothes, and gave himself up to doubt, and the best tobacco.

He repeated the programme on the next afternoon, and on the next, never saying a word within doors about his doings or his notice.

Meanwhile the results in Anne's chamber were not uninteresting. She had been looking out on the first day, and was duly amazed to see a naval officer in full uniform promenading in the path. Finding it to be Bob she left the window with a sense that the scene was not for her; then, from mere curiosity, peeped out from behind the curtain. Well, he was a pretty spectacle, she admitted, relieved as his figure was by a

dense mass of sunny, closely trimmed hedge, over which nasturtiums climbed in wild luxuriance; and if she could care for him one bit, which she couldn't, his form would have been a delightful study, surpassing in interest even its splendour on the memorable day of their visit to the Weymouth theatre. She called her mother; Mrs. Loveday came promptly.

"Oh, it is nothing," said Anne indifferently; "only that Bob has got his uniform."

Mrs. Loveday peeped out, and raised her hands with delight. "And he has not said a word to us about it! What a lovely epaulette! I must call his father."

"No, indeed. As I take no interest in him I shall not let people come into my room to admire him."

"Well, you called me," said her mother.

"It was because I thought you liked fine clothes and uniforms and all that. It is what I don't care for."

Notwithstanding this assertion she again looked out at Bob the next afternoon when his footsteps rustled on the gravel, and studied his appearance under all the varying angles of the sunlight as if fine clothes and uniforms were not altogether a matter of indifference. He certainly was a splendid, gentlemanly, and gallant sailor from end to end of him; but then, what were a dashing presentment, a naval rank, and telling scars, if a man was fickle-hearted? However, she peeped on till the fourth day, and then she did not peep. The window was open, she looked right out, and Bob knew that he had got a rise to his bait at last. He touched his hat to her, keeping his right shoulder forward, and said, "Good day, Miss Garland," with a smile.

Anne replied, "Good day," with funereal seriousness; and the acquaintance thus revived led to the interchange of a few words at supper-time, at which Mrs. Loveday nodded with satisfaction. But Anne took especial care that he should never meet her alone, and to insure this her ingenuity was in constant exercise. There were so many nooks and windings on the miller's rambling premises that she could never be sure he would not turn up within a foot of her, particularly as his thin shoes were almost noiseless.

One fine afternoon she accompanied Molly in search of elder berries for making the family wine which was drunk by Mrs. Loveday, Anne, and anybody who could not stand the rougher and stronger liquors provided by the miller. After walking rather a

long distance over the down they came to a grassy hollow, where elder bushes in knots of twos and threes rose from an uneven bank and hung their heads towards the south, black and heavy with bunches of fruit. The charm of fruit-gathering to girls is enhanced in the case of elder berries by the inoffensive softness of the leaves, boughs, and bark, which makes getting into them easy and pleasant to the most indifferent climbers. Anne and Molly had soon gathered a basketful, and, sending the servant home with it, Anne remained in the bush picking and throwing down bunch by bunch upon the grass. She was so absorbed in her occupation of pulling the twigs towards her, and the rustling of their leaves so filled her ears, that it was a great surprise when, on turning her head, she perceived a similar movement to her own among the boughs of the adjoining bush.

At first she thought they were disturbed by being partly in contact with the boughs of her bush; but in a moment Bob Loveday's face peered from them, at a distance of about a yard from her own. Anne uttered a little indignant "Well!" recovered herself, and went on plucking. Bob thereupon went on plucking likewise; and they looked at each other from their respective bushes like a Jack and a Jill in the green.

"I am picking elder berries for your mother," he at last said humbly.

"So I see."

"And I happen to have come to the next bush to yours."

"So I see; but not the reason why."

Anne was now in the westernmost branches of the bush, and Bob had leant across into the eastern branches of his. In gathering he swayed towards her, back again, forward again.

"I beg pardon," he said, when a farther swing than usual had taken him almost beside her.

"Then why do you do it?"

"The wind rocks the bough, and the bough rocks me." She expressed by a look her opinion of this statement in the face of the gentlest breeze; and Bob pursued: "I am afraid the berries will stain your pretty hands."

"I wear gloves."

"Ah, that's a plan I should never have thought of. Can I help you?"

"Not at all."

"You are offended: that's what that means."

"No," she said.

"Then will you shake hands?"

Anne hesitated; then slowly stretched out her hand, which he took at once. "That will do," she said, finding that he did not relinquish it immediately. But as he still held it, she pulled, the effect of which was to draw Bob's swaying person, bough and all, towards her, and herself towards him.

"I am afraid to let go your hand," said that officer; "for if I do your spar will fly back, and you will be thrown upon the deck with great violence."

"I wish you to let me go!"

He accordingly did, and she flew back, but did not by any means fall.

"It reminds me of the times when I used to be aloft clinging to a yard not much bigger than this tree-stem, in the mid-Atlantic, and finding about you. I could see you in my fancy as plain as I see you now."

"Me, or some other woman," retorted Anne haughtily.

"No!" declared Bob, shaking the bush for emphasis, "I'll protest that I did not think of anybody but you all the time we were dropping down channel, all the time we were off Cadiz, all the time through battles and bombardments. I seemed to see you in the smoke, and, thinks I, if I go to Davy's locker, what will she do!"

"You didn't think that when you landed after Trafalgar."

"Well, now," said Lieutenant Loveday in a reasoning tone, "that was a curious thing. You'll hardly believe it, maybe; but when a man is away from the woman he loves best in the world, he can have a sort of temporary feeling for another without disturbing the old one, which flows along under the same as ever."

"I can't believe it, and won't," said Anne firmly.

Molly now appeared with the empty basket, and when it had been filled from the heap on the grass, Anne went home with her, bidding Loveday a frigid adieu.

The same evening, when Bob was absent, the miller proposed that they should all three go to an upper window of the house, to get a distant view of some rockets and illuminations which were to be exhibited in Weymouth at that hour in honour of the King, who had returned this year as usual. They accordingly went up-stairs to an empty attic, placed chairs against the window, and put out the light, Anne sitting in the middle, her mother close by, and the miller behind, smoking. No sign of any pyrotechnic display was visible over Weymouth as yet, and Mrs. Love-

day passed the time by talking to the miller, who replied in monosyllables. While this was going on Anne fancied that she heard some one approach, and presently felt sure that Bob was drawing near her in the surrounding darkness; but as the other two had noticed nothing she said not a word.

All at once the swarthy expanse of south-

ward sky was broken by the blaze of several rockets simultaneously ascending from different ships in the roads. At the very same moment a warm mysterious hand slipped round her own, and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Oh, dear!" said Anne, with a sudden start away.



"The candle shed its waving light upon John's face and uniform."

"How nervous you are, child, to be startled by fireworks so far off," said Mrs. Loveday.

"I never saw rockets before," murmured Anne, recovering from her surprise.

Mrs. Loveday presently spoke again. "I wonder what has become of Bob?"

Anne did not reply, being much exercised in trying to get her hand away from the one

that imprisoned it; and whatever the miller thought he kept to himself, because it disturbed his smoking to speak.

Another batch of rockets went up. "Oh, I never!" said Anne, in a half-suppressed tone, springing in her chair.

"Poor girl, you certainly must have change of scene, at this rate," said Mrs. Loveday.

"I suppose I must," murmured the dutiful daughter.

For some minutes nothing further occurred to disturb Anne's serenity. Then a slow, quiet "a-hem" came from the obscurity of the apartment.

"What, Bob? How long have you been there?" inquired Mrs. Loveday.

"Not long," said the lieutenant coolly. "I heard you were all here, and crept up quietly, not to disturb ye."

"Why don't you wear heels to your shoes like Christian people, and not creep about so like a cat?"

"Well, it keeps your floors clean to go slishshod."

"That's true."

Meanwhile Anne had been gently but firmly trying to keep her hand disengaged, but finding the struggle a futile one, owing to the invisibility of her antagonist, and her wish to keep its nature secret from the other two, she arose, and saying that she did not care to see any more, felt her way down-stairs. Bob followed, leaving Loveday and his wife to themselves.

"Dear Anne," he began, when he had got down, and saw her in the candlelight of the large room. But she adroitly passed out at the other door, at which he took a candle and followed her to the small room. "Dear Anne, do let me speak," he repeated as soon as the rays revealed her figure. But she passed into the bakehouse before he could say more; whereupon he perseveringly did the same. Looking round for her here he perceived her at the end of the room, where there were no means of exit whatever.

"Dear Anne," he began again, setting down the candle, "you must try to forgive me; really you must. I love you the best of anybody in the wide, wide world. Try to forgive me; come." And he imploringly took her hand.

Anne's bosom began to surge and fall like a small tide, her eyes remaining fixed upon the floor; till, when Loveday ventured to draw her slightly towards him, she burst out crying. "I don't like you, Bob; I don't!" she suddenly exclaimed between her sobs. "I did once, but I don't now—I can't, I can't; you have been very cruel to me!" She violently turned away, weeping.

"I have, I have been terribly bad, I know," answered Bob, conscience-stricken by her grief. "But—if you could only forgive me—I promise that I'll never do anything to grieve ye again. Do you forgive me, Anne?"

Anne's only reply was crying and shaking her head.

"Let's make it up. Come, say we have made it up, dear."

She withdrew her hand, and still keeping her eyes buried in her handkerchief, said, "No."

"Very well, then!" exclaimed Bob with sudden determination. "Now I know my doom! And whatever you hear of as happening to me, mind this, you cruel girl, that it is all your causing!" Saying this he strode with a hasty tread across the room into the passage and out at the door, slamming it loudly behind him.

Anne suddenly looked up from her handkerchief, and stared with round wet eyes and parted lips at the door by which he had gone. Having remained with suspended breath in this attitude for a few seconds she turned round, bent her head upon the table, and burst out weeping anew with thrice the violence of the former time. It really seemed now as if her grief would overwhelm her, all the emotions which had been suppressed, bottled up, and concealed since Bob's return having made themselves a sluice at last.

But such things have their end; and left to herself in the large, vacant, old apartment, she grew quieter, and at last calm. At length she took the candle and ascended to her bedroom, where she bathed her eyes and looked in the glass to see if she had made herself a dreadful object. It was not so bad as she had expected, and she went down-stairs again.

Nobody was there, and, sitting down, she wondered what Bob had really meant by his words. It was too dreadful to think that he intended to go straight away to sea without seeing her again, and frightened at what she had done, she waited anxiously for his return.

#### CHAPTER XL.—A CALL ON BUSINESS.

HER suspense was interrupted by a very gentle tapping at the door, and then the rustle of a hand over its surface, as if searching for the latch in the dark. The door opened a few inches, and the alabaster face of Uncle Benjy appeared in the slit.

"Oh, Squire Derriman, you frighten me!"

"All alone?" he asked in a whisper.

"My mother and Mr. Loveday are somewhere about the house."

"That will do," he said, coming forward. "I be wherried out of my life, and I have thought of you again—you yourself, dear



Anne, and not the miller. If you will only take this and lock it up for a few days till I can find another good place for it—if you only would." And he breathlessly deposited the tin box on the table.

"What, obliged to dig it up from the cellar?"

"Ay; my nephew hath a scent of the place—how, I don't know! but he and a young woman he's met with are searching everywhere. I worked like a wire-drawer to get it up and away while they were scraping in the next cellar. Now where could ye put it, dear? 'Tis only my few documents, and my will, and suchlike, you know. Poor soul o' me, I'm worn out with running and fright!"

"I'll put it here till I can think of a better place," said Anne, lifting the box. "Dear me, how heavy it is!"

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Benjy hastily; "the box is iron, you see. However, take care of it, because I am going to make it worth your while. Ah, you are a good girl, Anne. I wish you was mine!"

Anne looked at Uncle Benjy. She had known for some time that she possessed all the affection he had to bestow.

"Why do you wish that?" she said simply.

"Now don't ye argue with me. Where d'ye put the coffer?"

"Here," said Anne, going to the window-seat, which rose as a flap, disclosing a boxed receptacle beneath, as in many old houses.

"'Tis very well for the present," he said dubiously, and they dropped the coffer in, Anne locking down the seat and giving him the key. "Now I don't want ye to be on my side for nothing," he went on. "I never did now, did I? This is for you." He handed her a little packet in paper, which Anne turned over and looked at curiously. "I always meant to do it," continued Uncle Benjy, gazing at the packet as it lay in her hand, and sighing. "Come, open it, my dear; I always meant to do it."

She opened it and found twenty new guineas snugly packed within.

"Yes, they are for you. I always meant to do it!" he said, sighing again.

"But you owe me nothing!" returned Anne, holding them out.

"Don't say it!" cried Uncle Benjy, covering his eyes. "Put 'em away. . . . Well, if you *don't* want 'em—— But put 'em away, dear Anne; they are for you, because you have kept my counsel. Good night t' ye. Yes, they are for you."

He went a few steps, and turning back

added anxiously, "You won't spend 'em in clothes, or waste 'em in fairings, or ornaments of any kind, my dear girl?"

"I will not," said Anne. "I wish you would have them."

"No, no," said Uncle Benjy, rushing off to escape their shine. But he had got no farther than the passage when he returned again.

"And you won't lend 'em to anybody, or put them into the bank—for no bank is safe in these troublous times. . . . If I was you I'd keep them *exactly* as they be, and not spend 'em on any account. Shall I lock them into my box for ye?"

"Certainly," said she; and the farmer rapidly unlocked the window-bench, opened the box, and locked them in.

"'Tis much the best plan," he said with great satisfaction as he returned the keys to his pocket. "There they will always be safe, you see, and you won't be exposed to temptation."

When the old man had been gone a few minutes, the miller and his wife came in, quite unconscious of all that had passed. Anne's anxiety about Bob was again uppermost now, and she spoke but meagrely of old Derriman's visit, and nothing of what he had left. She would fain have asked them if they knew where Bob was, but that she did not wish to inform them of the rupture. She was forced to admit to herself that she had somewhat tried his patience, and that impulsive men had been known to do dark things with themselves at such times.

They sat down to supper, the clock ticked rapidly on, and at length the miller said, "Bob is later than usual. Where can he be?"

As they both looked at her, she could no longer keep the secret.

"It is my fault," she cried; "I have driven him away. What shall I do?"

The nature of the quarrel was at once guessed, and her two elders said no more. Anne rose and went to the front door, where she listened for every sound with a palpitating heart. Then she went in; then she went out: and on one occasion she heard the miller say, "I wonder what hath passed between Bob and Anne. I hope the chap will come home."

Just about this time light footsteps were heard without, and Bob bounced into the passage. Anne, who stood back in the dark while he passed, followed him into the room, where her mother and the miller were on the point of retiring to bed, candle in hand.

"I have kept ye up, I fear," began Bob, cheerily, and apparently without the faintest recollection of his tragic exit from the house. "But the truth on 't is, I met with Fess Derriman at the Duke of York as I went from here, and there we have been playing Put ever since, not noticing how the time was going. I haven't had a good chat with the fellow for years and years, and really he is an out and out good comrade—a regular hearty! Poor fellow, he's been very badly used. I never heard the rights of the story till now; but it seems that old uncle of his treats him shamefully. He has been hiding away his money so that poor Fess might not have a farthing, till at last the young man has turned, like any other worm, and is now determined to ferret out what he has done with it. The poor young chap hadn't a farthing of ready money till I lent him a couple of guineas—a thing I never did more willingly in my life. But the man was very honourable. 'No, no,' says he; 'don't let me deprive ye.' He's going to marry; and what may you think he is going to do it for?"

"For love, I hope," said Anne's mother.

"For money, I suppose, since he's so short," said the miller.

"No," said Bob, *for spite*. He has been badly served—badly served—by a woman. I never heard of a more heartless case in my life. The poor chap wouldn't mention names, but it seems this young woman has trifled with him in all manner of cruel ways—pushed him into the river, tried to steal his horse when he was called out to defend his country—in short, served him rascally. So I gave him the two guineas and said, 'Now let's drink to the hussy's downfall!'"

"Oh!" said Anne, having approached behind him.

Bob turned and saw her, and at the same moment Mr. and Mrs. Loveday discreetly retired by the other door.

"Is it peace?" he asked tenderly.

"Oh yes," she anxiously replied. "I—didn't mean to make you think I had no heart." At this Bob inclined his countenance towards hers. "No," she said, smiling through two incipient tears as she drew back. "You are to show good behaviour for six months, and you must promise not to frighten me again by running off when I—show you how badly you have served me."

"I am yours obedient—in anything," cried Bob. "But I am pardoned?"

"A too easy pardon is apt to make folk repeat the fault. Do you repent?"

It would be superfluous to transcribe Bob's answer.

Footsteps were heard without.

"Oh, I forgot!" said Bob. "He's waiting out there for a light."

"Who?"

"My friend Derriman."

"But, Bob, I have to explain."

But Festus had by this time entered the lobby, and Anne, with a hasty "Get rid of him at once!" vanished up-stairs.

Here she waited and waited, but Festus did not seem inclined to depart; and at last, foreboding some collision of interests from Bob's new friendship for this man, she crept into a storeroom which was over the apartment into which Loveday and Festus had gone. By looking through a knot-hole in the floor it was easy to command a view of the room beneath, this being unceiled, with moulded beams and rafters.

Festus had sat down on the hollow window-bench, and was continuing the statement of his wrongs. "If he only knew what he was sitting upon," she thought apprehensively, "how easily he could tear up the flap, lock and all, with his strong arm, and seize upon poor Uncle Benjy's possessions." But he did not appear to know, unless he were acting, which was just possible. After a while he rose, and going to the table lifted the candle to light his pipe. At the moment when the flame began diving into the bowl the door noiselessly opened and a figure slipped across the room to the window-bench, hastily unlocked it, withdrew the box, and beat a retreat. Anne in a moment recognised the ghostly intruder as Festus Derriman's uncle. Before he could get out of the room Festus set down the candle and turned.

"What—Uncle Benjy—haw, haw! Here at this time of night?"

Uncle Benjy's eyes grew paralyzed, and his mouth opened and shut like a frog's in a drought, the action producing no sound.

"What have we got here—a tin box—the box of boxes? Why, I'll carry it for ye, uncle! I am going home."

"N—no—no, thanky, Festus: it is n—n—not heavy at all, thanky," gasped the squireen.

"Oh, but I must," said Festus, pulling at the box.

"Don't let him have it, Bob!" screamed the excited Anne through the hole in the floor.

"No, don't let him," cried the uncle. "'Tis a plot—there's a woman at the window waiting to help him!"

Anne's eyes flew to the window, and she saw Matilda's face pressed against the pane.

Bob, though he did not know whence Anne's command proceeded, obeyed with alacrity, pulled the box from the two relatives, and placed it on the table beside him.

"Now look here, hearties—what's the meaning o' this?" he said.

"He's trying to rob me of all I possess!" cried the old man. "My heart-strings seem as if they were going to crack, crack, crack!"

At this instant the miller entered the room in his shirt-sleeves, having got thus far in his undressing when he heard the noise. Bob and Festus turned to him to explain; and when the latter had had his say Bob added, "Well, all I know is that this box"—here he stretched out his hand to lay it upon the lid for emphasis; but as nothing but thin air met his fingers where the box had been, he turned and found that the box was gone, Uncle Benjy having vanished also.

Festus, with an imprecation, hastened to the door, but though the night was not dark, Farmer Derriman and his burden were nowhere to be seen. On the bridge Festus joined a shadowy female form, and they went along the road together, followed for some distance by Bob, lest they should meet with and harm the old man. But the precaution was unnecessary: nowhere on the road was there any sign of Farmer Derriman, or of the box that belonged to him. When Bob re-entered the house Anne and Mrs. Loveday had joined the miller down-stairs, and then for the first time he learnt who had been the heroine of Festus's lamentable story, with many other particulars of that yeoman's history which he had never before known. Bob vowed that he would not speak to the traitor again, and the family retired.

The escape of old Mr. Derriman from the annoyances of his nephew not only held good for that night, but for next day, and for ever. Just after dawn on the following morning a labouring man, who was going to his work, saw the old farmer and landowner leaning over a rail in a mead near his house, apparently engaged in contemplating the water of a brook before him. Drawing near the man spoke, but Uncle Benjy did not reply. His head was hanging strangely, his body being supported in its erect position entirely by the rail that passed under each arm. On after examination it was found that Uncle Benjy's poor withered heart had cracked and stopped its beating from damages inflicted on it by the excitements of his life, and of the previous night in particular. The un-

conscious carcass was little more than a light empty husk, dry and fleshless as that of a dead heron found on a moor in January.

But the tin box was not discovered with or near him. It was searched for all the week, and all the month. The mill-pond was dragged, quarries were examined, woods were threaded, rewards were offered; but in vain.

At length one day in the spring, when the mill-house was about to be cleaned throughout, the chimney-board of Anne's bedroom, concealing a yawning fire-place, had to be taken down. In the chasm behind it stood the missing deed-box of Farmer Derriman.

Many were the conjectures as to how it had got there. Then Anne remembered that on going to bed, the night after the collision between Festus and his uncle in the room below, she had seen mud on the carpet of her room, and the miller remembered that he had seen footprints on the back staircase. The solution of the mystery seemed to be that the late Uncle Benjy, instead of running off from the house with his box, had doubled on getting out of the front door, entered at the back, deposited his box in Anne's chamber where it was found, and then leisurely pursued his way home at the heels of Festus, intending to tell Anne of his trick the next day—an intention that was for ever frustrated by the stroke of death.

Mr. Derriman's solicitor was a Weymouth man, and Anne placed the box in his hands. Uncle Benjy's will was discovered within; and by this testament Anne's queer old friend appointed her sole executrix of his said will, and, more than that, gave and bequeathed to the same young lady all his real and personal estate, with the solitary exception of five small freehold houses in a back street in Weymouth, which were devised to his nephew, Festus, as a sufficient property to maintain him decently, without affording any margin for extravagances. Overcombe Hall, with its muddy quadrangle, archways, mullioned windows, cracked battlements, and weed-grown garden, passed with the rest into the hands of Anne.

#### CHAPTER XLI.—FAREWELL.

DURING this exciting time John Loveday seldom or never appeared at the mill. With the recall of Bob, in which he had been sole agent, his mission seemed to be complete.

One mid-day, before Anne had made any change in her manner of living on account of her unexpected acquisitions, Lieutenant Bob came in rather suddenly. He had been to Weymouth, and announced to the arrested

senses of the family that the —th Dragoons were ordered to join Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Peninsula.

These tidings produced a great impression in the household. John had been so long in the neighbourhood, either at camp or in barracks, that they had almost forgotten the possibility of his being sent away; and they now began to reflect upon the singular infrequency of his calls since his brother's return. There was not much time, however, for reflection, if they wished to make the most of John's farewell visit, which was to be paid the same evening, the departure of the regiment being fixed for next day. A hurried valedictory supper was prepared during the afternoon, and shortly afterwards John arrived.

He seemed to be more thoughtful and a trifle paler than of old, but beyond these traces, which might have been due to the natural wear and tear of time, he showed no signs of gloom. On his way through the town that morning a curious little incident had occurred to him. He was walking past one of the Weymouth churches when a wedding party came forth, the bride and bridegroom being Matilda and Festus Derriman. At sight of the trumpet-major the yeoman had glared triumphantly; Matilda, on her part, had winked at him slyly, as much as to say— But what she meant heaven knows; the trumpet-major did not trouble himself to think, and passed on without returning the mark of confidence with which she had favoured him.

Soon after John's arrival at the mill several of his friends dropped in for the same purpose of bidding adieu. They were mostly the men who had been entertained there on the occasion of the regiment's advent on the down, when Anne and her mother were coaxed in to grace the party by their superior presence, and their well-trained, gallant manners were such as to make them interesting visitors now as at all times. For it was a period when romance had not so greatly faded out of military life as it has done in these days of short service, heterogeneous mixing, and transient campaigns, when the *esprit de corps* was strong, and long experience stamped noteworthy professional characteristics even on commonplace rank and file; while the miller's visitors had the additional advantage of being picked men.

They could not stay so long to-night as on that earlier and more cheerful occasion, and the final adieus were spoken at an early hour. It was no mere playing at departure,

as when they had gone to Exeter barracks, and there was a warm and prolonged shaking of hands all round.

"You'll wish the poor fellows good-bye?" said Bob to Anne, who had not come forward for that purpose like the rest. "They are going away, and would like to have your good word."

She then shyly advanced, and every man felt that he must make some pretty speech as he shook her by the hand.

"Good-bye. May you remember us as long as it makes ye happy, and forget us as soon as it makes ye sad," said Sergeant Brett.

"Good night! Health, wealth, and long life to ye!" said Sergeant-major Wills, taking her hand from Brett.

"I trust to meet ye again as the wife of a worthy man," said Trumpeter Buck.

"We'll drink your health throughout the campaign, and so good-bye t' ye," said Saddler-Sergeant Jones, raising her hand to his lips.

Three others followed with similar remarks, to each of which Anne blushing replied as well as she could, wishing them a prosperous voyage, easy conquest, and a speedy return.

But, alas, for that! Battles and skirmishes, advances and retreats, fevers and fatigues, told hard on Anne's gallant friends in the coming time. Of the seven upon whom these wishes were bestowed, five were dead within the few following years, and their bones left to moulder in the land of their campaigns.

John lingered behind. When the others were outside, expressing a final farewell to his father, Bob, and Mrs. Loveday, he came to Anne, who remained within.

"But I thought you were going to look in again before leaving?" she said.

"No; I find I cannot. Good-bye."

"John," said Anne, holding his right hand in both hers, "I must tell you something. You were wise in not taking me at my word that day. I was greatly mistaken about myself. Gratitude is not love, though I wanted to make it so for the time. You don't call me thoughtless for what I did?"

"My dear Anne," cried John, with more gaiety than truthfulness, "don't let yourself be troubled. What happens is for the best. Soldiers love here to-day and there to-morrow. Who knows that you won't hear of my attentions to some Spanish maid before a month is gone by? 'Tis the way of us, you know; a soldier's heart is not worth a week's purchase—ha, ha! Good-bye, good-bye!"

Anne felt the expediency of his manner, received the affectation as real, and smiled her

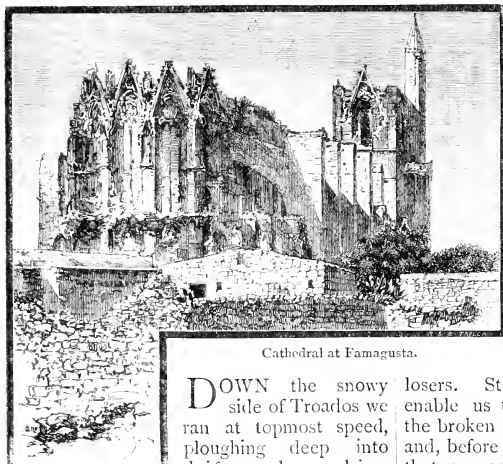
reply, not knowing that the adieu was for evermore. Then he went out of the door, where he bade adieu to the miller, Mrs. Loveday, and Bob, who said at parting, "It's all right, Jack, my dear fellow. After a coaxing that would have been enough to win three ordinary Englishwomen, five French, and ten Mulotters, she has to-day agreed to bestow her hand upon me at the end of six months. Good-bye, Jack, good-bye!"

THE END.

## A TRIP TO CYPRUS.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

### PART IV.



Cathedral at Famagusta.

**D**OWN the snowy side of Troados we ran at topmost speed, ploughing deep into drift and crushing through crust, doing more in a minute of time than had been done in ten minutes of toil upon the upward road. There was not a moment to lose. Never did night gather her shadows more quickly around her than now as we went plunging down into her depths. Scant is the measure darkness gives in the Mediterranean when once the sun has gone below the horizon; but now we lessened that short interval by each rapid stride, for we were literally descending into darkness.

Some fifteen hundred feet lower down the mule had been left picketed beneath a pine-tree. To that tree there was no track, save the footprints of our upward course in the snow. These were, in many places, only to

The candle held by his father shed its waving light upon John's face and uniform as he turned with a farewell smile on the doorstone, backed by the black night; and in another moment he had plunged into the darkness, the ring of his smart step dying away upon the bridge as he joined his waiting companions-in-arms, and went off to blow his trumpet over the bloody battlefields of Spain.

be observed on the closest scrutiny; in others, where the breeze was drifting the light frozen particles, they had become invisible. It was therefore a matter of moment that we should make the most of the afterglow to get out, at least, from the denser pine-trees and deeper snow of the upper mountain, and set our faces straight in the direction of the mule.

As before it had been a race with the sun up mountain, in which we had won, now it was a race with the night, in which we were the losers. Still, enough of light remained to enable us to follow our footprints clear of the broken ground below the summit ridge, and, before darkness had quite fallen, to see that our course was set straight down hill towards the south.

At the edge of the snow there suddenly appeared right in front two large ears projected forward in relief against a faint afterglow that lay along the lower sky from north to south. It was the mule looking wistfully towards the new-comer. His companions had long since been taken away, and the prospect of spending a hungry night on the cold shoulder of Olympus had doubtless convinced the mule that there were worse things in life than his old enemy—a rider. Still, when he realised that he was not to spend the night in cold and hunger, he began at once to manifest his old repugnance to the saddle.

At last the girths were tight, and we began

to descend the steep hill-side. It was now quite dark. We had got into a maze of rocks, pine-trees, and brush-wood. A general goat-track seemed to pervade the entire mountain, upon which the mule appeared to be now quite content to spend the remainder of the night. At last, amid a labyrinth of rocks, he came to a stand-still. Dismounting, we endeavoured to lead him; but he would not be led. Passing the halter behind we now tried to drive him before us; he would thus find the right road, and would lead the way into camp. In the new order of things it will be sufficient to say that he at once entered into that part of the programme which had reference to finding the right road; but there appeared to be a vast difference in his mind between finding the road for himself and showing it to his driver, for no sooner had he set his head straight down-hill than he determined to set his heels in the opposite direction, with the view of dissolving partnership with his master. Out of the darkness in front there suddenly came two vicious and violent kicks; the Turkish shoes just reached us, but not close enough to do serious damage; a couple of inches nearer would have soon ended the matter of the partnership, and left us alone on the shoulder of Olympus. To jump aside amid the rocks and haul vigorously at the halter was only the work of a second, and soon we succeeded in slueing round the animal's head. The saddle was again occupied, not to be quitted under any pretence until mule and man were safely landed in the camp at Patris.

An hour later lights shone below, and we reached the camp, to find a relief party about to start up the mountain to look for us.

Six hours' ride, next day, carried the party to Limasol, from which port the writer of these pages set out to cross the mountains to the monastery of Kiku and the west shore of the island. An interpreter, a muleteer, and three mules; a Zaptieh riding in front; an order, in Greek and Turkish, to the mudirs of the towns *en route* to board and lodge us; small kit of apparel and slender store of commissariat hastily got together, and we leave with little regret the hot streets of Limasol and the low coast-lands of Kossi. Ruins of temples along the narrow track; at intervals a village, with cultivation and a few orange-trees around it; then upwards in a long ascent by arid hills, from which at every turn the eye looks back at bluest sea and buildings cleaned and freshened by sun and distance.

As on we ride an old negro suddenly issues from a cave from the wayside and invites us to stop a moment and refresh with coffee. His cave is twenty feet deep in the rock, fairly lighted from its large entrance, and with a lean-to hut on one side forming a porch. He is very black and very garrulous. His name is Billali. Many years before a Turk named Seyd brought him from Upper Egypt to Cyprus. He became free, and took to this cave, where now he cultivates the land around. He had sent his wife away. He was born in Kordofan, in the midst of the desert, and there his name had been Tameroo; that was a long while ago—before the time of Mehemet Ali Pasha. He is very happy up on this hill, for he can look down on the sea and on the houses, and till his land as he likes. His wife used to bother him a good deal; but he sent her away, and now he is quite happy. So spake Billali, once Tameroo of Kordofan, as he blew the embers about his little Turkish coffee-pot and prepared the tiny cup of real coffee for us. Then we parted from this poor old black Tameroo, and held our course by Shivellas and Everssa towards Mallia.

We reached the latter place in a down-pour of rain at sunset. The mudir had a room ready, the Zaptieh having gone on in front to announce us. Dinner soon followed, and then coffee, cigarettes, and much conversation. Mallia was a purely Turkish village, and all the talk was of the Turk. There were one or two present who had been to Mecca. There were many questions asked about the future of the island, about the discovery of gold—"a mountain of gold," they say, in Midian—and about politics, foreign and domestic. There seemed to be an impression amongst them that if this mountain of gold could only be discovered in Cyprus all would be right. I replied through the interpreter that there was plenty of gold lying around, but that it was in the wine, the oil, the wheat that came yearly from the ground; that the Egyptian, the Roman, the Venetian, and the Greek had left but little of other treasure remaining, but that each returning summer called again to life the riches of which I spoke.

Meantime there is much bringing of coffee and rolling of cigarettes among the cross-legged circle grouped before the large kitchen fire, and finally it is time to lie down for the night.

The wine at Mallia was good, and with generous hands my Turkish hosts filled my glass, declining to join me themselves; but

rumour said that they were not always so shy, and that Mallia knew the flavour of a flagon of Commanderia and the smack of Mastic as well as any wine-bibbing village of Greek or Maronite persuasions.

Early next day we are again on the track. Rough and stony, it leads to Arsos, and through the mass of ruins called Hy Nicolò into the beautiful valley of the Carissos River. As the mules in single file wind down into the valley two eagles come soaring close above our heads. A large stone-pine slants from the hill-side, and beneath his wide-spread branches white Troados is seen ending the upper valley. Then we zig-zag down to the river meadows and halt by

the oleander-lined banks for the mid-day rest.

On again across the single-arched bridge of Jellalu, up the farther side of the valley. A very old Greek church stands in ruins on the slope, and near it one solitary pine-tree eleven feet in girth. Then the ascent becomes steep, the zigzags are short and severe, and we see above us the pine-clad crest beyond, which is the monastery of Kiku, our destination.

At last we gain the summit. The track now leads along the crest or sides of narrow ridges. Troados lies to the right, rising in long profile out of a very deep glen; innumerable other deep glens sink around on



The Castle at Famagusta.

every side. The sides of the hills descend so steeply into these valleys that the stones go rolling from the feet of the mules as we jog along; but the sense of the steepness of the declivity is lessened by the pines and arbutus-trees that grow around—the arbutus only on the north faces of the hills.

The atmosphere is intensely clear; we are about four thousand feet above sea-level, and as the sun draws to the west the valley between us and Troados seems shot with varying hues of light, yet all so clear that every pine-tree on the mountain is visible, and the snowy crest looks but a short mile distant. A turn in the path brings the monastery of Kiku in sight, the road dips a moment along the east side of the crest, which the sun cannot reach, and the ground

is hard bound in frost. As we draw near the monastery a monk comes up the hill-side and joins us. He carries a gun and a bag, but no game. Then we dismount at the great doorway and lead the mules into the courtyard, and presently a portly prior, followed by many Greek monks, come to bid us rest and welcome.

A cell is soon got ready, and the portly prior shows us to it. Three little windows in a very deep wall; low-arched ceiling, from the centre of which swings a brass lamp; a brick floor, with carpet slips laid upon it; a brazier of hot charcoal on one side; a sofa, a few chairs, and a wooden table, and our cell is as comfortable a little den to get into at sunset amid these cold Cypriote hills as traveller could wish to find.

A quaint old place this Kiku, set four thousand feet up in the hills. Long arched corridors and passages run round quiet courtyards. Off the corridors open cells, dormitories, and refectories. A great bell hangs at one corner of the quadrangle; it has come all the way from Moscow—for the fame of Kiku's sanctity goes far over the Greek world. How this bell was ever carried up the mountain must remain a mystery. It is of enormous size and weight, and the path is but a narrow mule track; but there it hangs, all the same, to ring out its deep note in the grey dawn to the misty mountain solitudes, and to wake the mouflon on the hills ere the sun has kissed the frozen forehead of Troados. But the glory of Kiku is the church, and the glory of the church is the silver image of the Virgin and Child, given by Alexis in the tenth century, and hidden, so say the monks, from human vision ever since. "As I am not to see it again," said the Greek emperor, when he sent it to Cyprus, "then let no other human eye ever rest upon it." So the head and upper portion of the figures have been veiled from view. All this and more was poured forth by half-a-dozen old monks, in whose care we made the circuit of the monastery. Before we began our inspection sweetmeats and coffee were produced; when the inspection was over our dinner was ready. It was an excellent repast, and, after a long day spent in the keen mountain atmosphere, appetites were not wanting to do it justice. Let they should be, one priest specially attended to see that the guests lacked nothing. The Commander's wine was the best we had yet tasted, and the Mastic was old, luscious, and plentiful. As the frost grew harder outside the little cell windows, and boy-attendants brought freshly-fanned charcoal to the brazier, the cell looked indeed a cheerful billet for a mountain traveller.

The portly prior came and sat with us after dinner, and, among other matters, produced a paper that had caused the worthy brotherhood intense astonishment. It was an official document in English, having reference to a return for taxation. The monks could not make much of it, so they had invoked the aid of a passing traveller, versed in Greek and English. Unfortunately he had rendered the English word "pitch," the resin of the pine-forests, into the Greek word "bitch," and the brethren were amazed at finding themselves taxed for ten thousand okes of bitches. We appeased the afflicted and perplexed mind of the prior, and, redo-

lent of garlic, he thanked us, bade us good night and retired.

Early morning at Kiku. How very beautiful it is! The sun peeps over Mount Olympus; the tops of the hills are all alight, and the deep valleys are in shadow; far away there are pale glimpses of distant sea; a vast stillness dwells on all things—stillness deepened by distant murmur of mountain stream and the softest whisper of old pine-trees—of that wonderful old forest, now nearly gone—that glorious growth which has given decks to Turkish galleys for three hundred years, that forest for whose destruction Greek and Turk have for once joined hands upon the handle of the felling axe. Burned, hacked, slashed at, barked and wounded, some grand old survivors still stretch forth their gaunt arms, as though they asked for mercy from the destroyer; and still, when the night hides the wreck that man has made, the wind-swept song of their sorrow is wafted in unutterable sadness over the ruined land.

Amid the farewells of the assembled brethren we moved off next morning from Kiku, descending northwards towards Kampo and the Bay of Morphu. It was another day of exquisite views, as, winding down the narrow mule track, we saw below the curve of the Bay of Morphu, the broken north range and the white summits of Karamania far away to the north over the lonely blue sea.

At the village of Kampo we stopped a few minutes. An old Greek woman brought us raisins, and supplemented her offering with an harangue. Its burden was that she expected many things from the English, and she trusted she would not be disappointed. "Tell her," we replied through the interpreter, "that the English expect much from her. When we left England they were all full of expectation about this island; all the papers were writing about her and her people." She appeared to be astonished at the information, and we continued down hill towards Levka.

Six hours' ride brought us to Levka. The mudir, engaged at the moment of our arrival in a full court of tax collection, immediately dissolved his court and became our host, adviser, and director. He soon produced a meal of walnuts steeped in honey, of which it will be sufficient to record that for a condiment of singular indigestibility it would be difficult to parallel it in any conglomeration of sugar and fruit known to Western palates. Perhaps we are taking away the character of



this condiment, and that, viewed in the capacity of a conserve, it might be approached with comparative safety; but as a *pièce de résistance* to set before a hungry man, after a six hours' ride, walnuts steeped in honey, plentifully administered, would probably solve for ever the "Eastern question" of any Western traveller's farther progress through the land. No wonder the Turk has been the "sick man" of Europe upon such a regimen.

We were afterwards informed that the mudir of Levka had but recently in his own person exemplified the transitory nature of earthly distinction. He had, in fact, undergone incarceration in prison for two months for misappropriation of taxes. He was still, however, administering the laws in Levka, and, so far as we could judge, his misfortune had in no way tended to withdraw from him the confidence of the inhabitants, while it had apparently left unimpaired his reputation as a high-class government official. He was a Turk.

We spent that night at the monastery farm of Xeropotamiss, by the shore of the Bay of Morphu.

After night fell we wandered down to the sea. In a long wave, that rose its crest only to fall upon the shore, the Mediterranean sobbed against the wide curving bay. The moon was over the sea. We wandered along the shore, keeping on a strip of glistening sand close by where the surf broke.

All lonely now this shore, but thick with memories. On this very spot the Turk landed for the conquest of the island. Hither, two thousand four hundred years ago, came the great lawgiver of the Greeks to end his life. In the farmyard of the monastery hard by, but an hour since, our muleteer tied his mules to the icarthus-leaf of a prostrate Corinthian capital. Yonder, in the moonlight, Pendaia's ruins are still dimly visible. Well may the sea sob upon the withered breast of Cyprus, and the pines sigh over her lonely hill-tops!

Two days' ride carried us across the island to the eastern shore, and it was again moonlight when our cavalcade passed the long bridge that crosses the rock-hewn ditch and entered the gate of once famed, now fevered and famished Famagusta.

Within the massive gateway a dead city lay beneath the moonlight. A city so dead and so ruined that even the moonbeams could not hide the wreck or give semblance of life to street or courtyard—and yet, withal, it was modern ruin that lay around. The streets

were cleared of stones and rubbish, the massive ramparts were untouched, the roofless houses were not overgrown with creepers. Many of the churches still held portions of roof or window reared aloft against the sky: through lancet window or pointed archway the palm-tree hung motionless against the moonlight. Many owls flitted amid the ruins, and the sole sound was the ring of our hoots and the roll of the distant surf outside the eastern rampart.

Soon after sunrise next morning we went out to see by clearer light this modern capital of all ruined cities—this skeleton in armour, whose huge ramparts, and deep ditch, and towering cavaliers hid only crumbling streets, squares, churches, and mansions.

We pass out by the grand sea-gate, not a stone of which has been defaced. Above the marble key-stone of the arch the winged lion still holds the open gospel to the deserted wharfs and silent shingle.

The name of the Venetian ruler is still bright in letters that were carved and gilt at the time Columbus was steering his ship to the new world, and when De Gama was about to strike the first blow at Venetian sway by his passage of the Cape of Storms.

A reef of rocks marks the old harbour limits, and the area which it is proposed to dredge into a refuge for iron-clads. "They may dredge out the mud from the sea," says our informant, "but they won't dredge away the fever from the shore."

He tells us the fever is incessant, that everyone gets it, that it is worse than West-African fevers, so far as its sensations are concerned, and that it doesn't matter what one eats or drinks, or where one sleeps—that the fever is bound to come all the same. "There are four of us here," he goes on, "and we were all down together with fever only three weeks ago." Then we go in again into the mournful city, and ramble on through more grass-grown streets and ruins. A plover rises from the waste and calls shrilly as he mounts on rapid wing above the ramparts. We ascend the ramparts. From the cavalier looking north the eye ranges over the mounds that have, for sixteen hundred years, marked the site of Salamis, and farther off the hills of Kanlara dropping into the long peninsula of Karpos.

Along the rampart, two coaches could drive abreast; beneath the rampart are the arched dungeons wherein Venice held her slaves; ruined churches everywhere within the walls—churches with deep doorways traced in curious patterns of stone-carving, with the frescoes still fresh on their walls,

and the floors cumbered with overturned tomb effigies and prostrate crosses. Little patches of wheat grow here and there through the ruins. We try to count these churches, but cannot do it. Tradition says there once stood one hundred Christian temples within the walls of Famagusta.

Towering high above all other ruins, the cathedral raises its lofty Gothic towers, the most mournful of all the relics of this saddest of cities. Amid wreck of flying buttress and lancet window of Northern Gothic art, the feathery palms seem strangely out of place.

Older ruins and wreck of time deeper in the bygone can be met on all the shores of the Mediterranean; but nowhere a city like this one of Famagusta, nowhere else a scene which brings us so closely face to face with the grandeur of Venice and the glory of the Norman Crusader, both strangled in the grasp of the Turk, and lying yet unburied by the merciful hand of Time.

We may quit Cyprus—no other scene, within her shores, can grave upon our memory a deeper record of her matchless ruin.

It is evening. We have crossed the ridge that divides Famagusta from Larnaca, and are descending towards the sea for embarkation. The sun is going down behind the steep ridge of Santa Croce, whose white monastery looks like a snow-cap on the summit. The long waves roll in upon a wide-curving shore. Far out to sea, one or two ships are standing to the south, and around us the barren soil spreads a weed-grown waste, with ruins at intervals that stand out wondrously white and clear in the level sunlight. The earth rings hollow under our mule hoofs, for the honey-combed rock beneath has been a tomb for three thousand years. No other word tells of Cyprus so exactly. Tomb of Phœnician, of Egyptian, of Hittite, of Greek, Roman, and Jew; tomb of the exile from Libya, Athens, Pontus; tomb of the rich fugitives that fled before

the armies of the Pharaohs or the hosts of Babylon; tomb of all those countless waifs and strays of conquest, commerce, and commotion, who in the dim dawn of civilisation found in this island a refuge and a grave.

Tomb, too, of Byzantine, of Norman Crusader, of Venetian, and lastly of the Turk, whose grave, scraped shallow amid the ruins of empire, has blurred the record and scattered the ashes of twenty vanished peoples.

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And now what is to be the future of this island? Can it be redeemed from ruin? Yes. By us? No. By its people? Yes. The Turk ruined; the Greek can renew. Let us beware of attempting to lead or to direct a people who, when their first sensation of surprise is past, are bound to hold us in ridicule and in aversion. Already the symptoms of the first are apparent. "What a pity it is," said the people of Limasol as they watched our road-making operations into the mountains—"what a pity it is that God, who has given these English so much money, should not also have bestowed upon them some brains!"

Let us endeavour to develop this island for the Greek peasant, and by the Greek peasant; not for the benefit of the usurer as we have done in India, or for the landlord as we have done in Ireland, or for the benefit of the Manchester man, or the Birmingham man, or the London man, or the outside man generally, as we have done in other parts of the world. My friend the sea-captain, who is still doubtless fully prepared to settle the Greek question after his own fashion, would probably urge the rule of thumb-screw and gallows in dealing with Cyprus; but the world has got beyond that stage now.

If our dominion in Cyprus is to escape the fate of our Ionian experiment, we must try to learn Greek before we attempt to teach English.

THE END.

## HUNGRY HEARTS.

BY MRS. FRANCIS G. FAITHFULL.

"Ich habe *genossen* das irdische Glück,  
Ich habe *gelebt und geliebet*:"

"I have *tasted* earthly joy,  
I have *lived and loved*."

A MOMENT before, Thekla had been in Max Piccolomini's arms; his eyes had been meeting hers, his fervent parting words had been breathed in her ear; and yet she

counted it her highest happiness not to be loved, but to love.

And she was right. She had found the secret of sure peace and joy. She had a

talisman which could never be taken from her, and which, by its magic power, would ease her sharpest pangs.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," and a love that is worth anything does not barter itself for a return. "Do you think I love you?" a little child was once asked. "I don't know. I love *you*," she made answer, going back to her brick-building on the floor with a gay content altogether undisturbed by that hunger for affection which we are sometimes called upon to pity, and—harder task—to satisfy.

Few of us, indeed, lightly prize or willingly forfeit the affection which has fallen to our share, and at first sight it seems natural enough that people should crave for anything which, possessing, they value, and losing, they lament.

Still there is a difference, real though hard to define, between one's sympathy with Enid, as, obeying Geraint's harsh command, she rides before him through the wood, "bearing the sharpness of that pain about her heart," and the compassion excited by Elaine's woeful cry, "In vain, in vain, it cannot be; he will not love me."

Madame Vigée le Brun, gazing as an old woman of eighty upon the fair picture of herself, painted by her own hand sixty years before, might well be pardoned for the tears she shed, whereas the brilliant and gifted Madame de Staël, chafing at the harsh features with which nature had endowed her, becomes almost contemptible.

And we should allow Warren Hastings a sort of right to covet the lost acres of Daylesford, which we should entirely deny to his peasant school-mates.

Yet, whatever lack of dignity there might be in pining for a Sir Launcelot, "who gave no cause, not willingly," and in hankering for the broad lands or the beauty to which one had never any claim, such desires are at least more reasonable than querulous demands for affection and feverish attempts to secure attention.

No one is to blame for being ill-favoured or of mean estate, and the tenderest and truest heart may never find its mate. But it is hardly too much to say that when men and women resent the indifference of their belongings and friends, when they habitually smart under petty injuries or are chilled by neglect, the blame does always lie in some measure with themselves.

Those who are thoughtful and generous, sympathizing and courteous—in other words, loveable and likeable—are cherished not slighted, sought not shunned. And should

we plead that we cannot mend our blunt manner, our fretful temper, our dull wits, then even if it be admitted (and it is a large admission) that the plea is partly valid, there will come as a rejoinder the obvious truth, brought home to us every day of our lives, that we must bear the penalty of our defects no less than of our sins—a hard sentence, perhaps, yet surely not so hard as the privation entailed by poverty or the helplessness often going with deformity.

Happily for the worst of us, we are seldom judged rigidly according to our merits. The strong tie of blood helps to draw together very uncongenial spirits. Common associations in the past, common interests in the present and future form another bond of sympathy; and often grateful memories of former care and service, or the pity for loneliness, feebleness, and pain inherent in fine natures will beget a wonderful forbearance towards the exactions and perversities, not only of infirm and suffering folks, but of friends, servants, and neighbours.

If, for all that such "extenuating circumstances" can do for us, we still find the world cold and severe, then we are quite powerless. For what we want can neither be bought nor extorted. "Love is a thing as any spirit free." It must come to us unsought, or not at all. Reproaches, sighs, tears never yet kindled or revived affection, though they may awake compunction. And even the vigorous efforts which in many enterprises insure success, here only make failure doubly certain.

Hardly anything more completely destroys the charm even of a pretty face and vivacious manner than the self-consciousness born of a steady determination to attract. Hardly anything is more fatal to happy companionship than the touchiness, or, as the deluded mortals indulging the failing prefer to call it, the "sensitiveness," that commonly goes with an exceeding anxiety to be beloved and highly esteemed.

For they tell both ways—these characteristics. Not only does any suspicion of an underlying design spoil the brightest glance and neatest repartee; not only does it go against the grain to be caressing, or even genial, on compulsion; but also it must be remembered that those bent on producing a favourable impression, or absorbed in watching the impression they produce, are not likely to have so much room left in their hearts and minds for the better simpler emotions, the more worthy interests which could alone make them really admirable

or winning. It is scarcely possible for any very keen sympathies, noble ambitions, or "high thinking" to animate people who take umbrage because they have not been formally apprised of some family event or duly consulted in some family difficulty, who stand upon the order of their going down to dinner, manœuvre to monopolise the "star" of the evening, or detect a malevolent meaning in some carelessly worded speech.

Sometimes, indeed, we hear a special appeal made for such as, caring little for distinction or deference, crave only for tokens of love and regard wherewith to satisfy their starved hearts. "Try to content them," say some gentle souls who would almost be "tender over drowning flies." "Try to give them what they so urgently desire."

But if such tokens *could* be given to order, in fond epithets and endearments could be dealt out like a pack of cards, they would do harm rather than good to any so desiring them. They would be like the taste of blood to a man-eating tiger, like brandy to a drinker. A vain woman, an ambitious man—were either ever content while there were more laurels to be won? Why, then, should we expect the passionate pursuit of affection to be more easily abandoned?

Again, it is perhaps urged upon us that if we would teach wayward and unprepossessing children to be more kindly, industrious, or obedient, we must soften them by tenderness, and stimulate them, by every grain of commendation and encouragement that we can in any way honestly administer, to fight against their evil tendencies. And undoubtedly if approbation happens to be in their eyes the highest good, the hope of earning it in larger measure may help them *apparently* to master their indolence, wilfulness, or selfishness, to give up the toy they secretly want for themselves, to show an alacrity about their tasks or a cheerfulness under disappointment which they don't at all feel. But the recompense may become something very like a bribe, and so bribed they may, while learning self-control, learn something else—hypocrisy. What worth can there be in the good-nature or docility that springs from no other motive than a mean desire to be credited with some impulse not really existing?

Moreover, "no man can justly praise but what he doth affect;" and soft sayings uttered of set purpose, be the purpose never so good, will not have the true ring about them, and at their best will be but a poor substitute for the brightening eye, the glad smile, that

tell of proud affection, for the tribute of reliance and respect involuntarily paid to all real excellence, and even to those earnest simple-minded struggles against besetting sins which are sometimes profoundly touching. And though where there is a deeply rooted and depressing sense of gracelessness, incapacity, or uncomeliness, a considerate word of approval, a playful compliment may act like a tonic, in those who scheme for it, who expect and claim it, it generally "doth nourish agues."

Surely the spirit we should long to find in ourselves, and in any for whom we have a care, is that inward leaning towards all things lovely, that inward shrinking from all things base which will make right-doing almost instinctive. Such a spirit may only, by slow degrees, grow vigorous and beautiful, and even then it may bend before the force of strong temptation. Still, it is "the native growth of noble mind," and the germ of it may be in many formed of poorer stuff. But the germ will come to nought in any, young or old, who make men's golden opinions their first end and aim; or, even if it develops into feeble life, the blight of double-mindedness will stunt or wither it.

And is there, then, to be no relief for those tormented by this vehement longing for the love, admiration, or esteem they have not been able to inspire? There is sometimes a cure to be found, a service to be done for them. Help them, if possible, to find some vivid outside interests; engage them in some active occupation; light up in them some enthusiasm, which will turn their attention away from that "ego" with which they are so perpetually engrossed to the great world lying round them, with all there is in it to be learnt and loved and hated. There is no fear that they, that we any of us will ever fail to give sufficient thought and care to our personal qualities, concerns, and rights. The fear is all the other way—that we shall care for little else.

But if, as may come to pass through the happy working of good influences, people can be so drawn out of themselves that their hearts begin to throb at any kind of heroism, to burn with indignation at deceit, cruelty, and oppression, and to be pitiful towards misery; if they begin to feel curiosity about the marvels of sea, earth, and sky, and to find keen pleasure in music, books, or painting; then the jealousy, vanity, affectation, and the many kindred forms of excessive self-regard which have disfigured their whole nature will gradually die down and disappear. And in

their stead may, perhaps, be seen the fair dealing, gracious bearing, and ready helpfulness which come of quick sympathies with others' claims, feelings, and needs, the arduous

excited by close investigations, and the wisdom taught by the study of noble works, until, without knowing it, they will begin to please, without seeking it they will win love.

## MUSIC.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MORALS."

### II.—THE ART-PLACE AND SPECIAL FUNCTIONS OF MUSIC.

I SAID each art has to bide its time.

When a man appears before his time he has to stand down, and another takes up his message later on. And so it is with art. There is affinity between an age and an art; let music come up before its time another art, sculpture, will elbow it out, and each growth will be rapid in due season, like that of seeds. Sculpture, architecture, painting, music all follow the same law. Look at sculpture in Greece from Agelades and Phidias to Praxiteles and Lysippus, a brief one hundred and fifty years—the art reached its culmination, then dropt, like a flower shedding its petals, throughout the Isles of Greece. It was the same with the Greek drama, with Gothic architecture in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with Italian painting in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and music from Handel to Wagner is following a similar course, for I think the future history of music must be in its combination with the other arts, its adaptation to the ever-restless needs of human emotion.

Now observe the grand fundamental law of art succession. Each art comes as the angelic response to some cry of deep developmental need, and it embodies the ideal tendencies of a whole epoch. Thus, sculpture was the art of the Greeks because they knew nothing higher than the beauty and symmetry of the human body; that was the climax of their adoring souls, and it came forth in the beautiful, graceful, and sublime forms of Venus, Apollo, and Jove. We pass over Roman art, for that was either done by Greeks in Rome or was simply a pale, too often a mechanical, copy of Greek art. We also pass over the early Christian art, for the early Christians looked askance at art, and yet were subdued by it, for they were forced at last to weave the heathen symbols—legends of Maia and Orpheus—into their sepulchral frescoes. We come later on to the extinction of almost all sensibility in art, through Byzantine forms—in fact, to the year 814, the

time of Charlemagne—a time when the people of Europe were so busily engaged in slaughtering one another that of course there was little to be expected in the way of art, which requires for its development a certain amount of peace and leisure.

But the great human needs are ever silently developing, and by-and-by another art arose, that of Gothic architecture. This became a grand medium for expressing the new thoughts and feelings of the people, the awe, the worship, the grandeur, and above all, the human interests of the new Christianity now spreading rapidly, like some fertile and invincible creeper, over the ruined fragments of the prostrate Roman columns—the foundation-stones of the modern world. Mr. Ruskin has told us how the old monks built their very lives, and along with them the hearts of the people, into those noble cathedrals which are dotted over all Christian lands, and remain the pride and boast of the civilised world. He has made us feel how the recluse must have revelled in his cell as he gazed upon the stone which he was ready to carve, or intrust to the itinerant mason; how he paced his cloister and dreamed of the execution of those ideas which he had perhaps long cherished, until by degrees his imagination moulded the very life of the period, its activity, its coarseness, its humour, as well as its devotion, into sculptured capital and gargoyle.

The efflorescent and flamboyant wildness of design marked at length the extreme limits of the stone art. To fitful, fanciful impatience or despair succeeded loss of healthy perception, loss of interest, of reason, of law, and Gothic architecture became worse than dead—degraded. But the stone art only fell when its powers as an expressional medium were exhausted.

Art now turned the stonemason's chisel into the painter's brush; rapidly through the schools of Venice, Florence, and Rome, were the foundations of the art laid, the discovery of perspective, anatomy, and colour. The noble edifice rose from Giotto to Raphael only to exhaust in its turn, and in a com-

paratively short time, the new, more plastic, more pathetic vehicle of colour, and turn restlessly to seek and to find another medium.

What was that other latest-born minister of expression, eager to seize the torch as it fell from the painter's trembling hands?

It was Music. She offered herself a new emotional medium fitted to express what neither sculpture, architecture, nor painting could express, the mystic and complex emotions of that hidden life made up of self-analysis, sensibility, love, prayer, trance, vision, ecstasy, which Christianity brought into the world, and which gave to the human soul that inner and intense quality of spiritual independence which must henceforth stamp and qualify all human progress. It is impossible to deny that more secular elements entered into the formation of the modern spirit, although its inwardness was its chief characteristic.

Great geographical discoveries, New Worlds, Australia, America, and the remote East; great commercial activities, great inventions, the printing press, steam navigation, and the electric telegraph; great religious movements, great revolutions, the rise of the English Reformation, the translation of the Bible, many things combined to produce the unparalleled activity of the modern spirit. But amongst all these factors Christianity was paramount; it explored and sifted emotion as it had never been explored and sifted before; it set free the springs of the inner life, and taught men the sublime secret of an independent emotional consciousness, before which the outer world vanished into space, and the changes, the rise and fall, and subtle sequences of mental states became the only realities.

But the hunger of art could not long be evaded. These very states called aloud for expression; they were elaborated in the silence of the cloister, and it was thence that music stepped forth into the world, as the new art medium. Now, as I have elsewhere pointed out at some length, music possesses two qualities *combined* by no other art: first, the quality of velocity—it *moves*; and secondly, the quality of direct appeal—it stirs feelings without having recourse to ideas or images. The drama, indeed, has movement, but it only stirs emotion through ideas; painting stirs us by the ideas presented and the direct emotional impact of colour, but it has no *velocity*, that has to be supplied by imagination. You may ally music with anything you please, but it alone can deal first hand with

emotion, arouse it, control it, direct it, and follow its chameleon life through all its innumerable windings.

This, the secret of music, once stated, is stated for ever; it is revealed in two words, *Directness* and *Velocity*.

And now, having shown the place of music amongst the arts, I should naturally proceed to trace the history of Modern Music through what Mr. Hullah has termed its three periods. We must be satisfied here with but one glimpse.

First period, 370 to 1400, Ambrose (374) selected certain of the Greek modes for chants. Gregory (590) revived the forgotten work of the good Milanese bishop, and added four new scales. Then came Huchbald of Tournay (932), who introduced a sort of harmony which must have resembled the mixture stop of the organ. Guido (1020) of Arezzo, and Franco of Cologne (1200), who between them divide the honours of descant, *cantus mensurabilis*, or division into bars, and flats and sharps, together with the invention of the monochord.

In the second period, 1400 to 1600, we have Josquin des Pres in Belgium, and Palestrina in Italy, and the rise of a true system of tonality; and when we enter the third period, 1600 to 1750, we have reached the true octave, the major and minor scale in which we find the uniform arrangement of semitones and the perfect cadence, ascribed by some to Monte Verde, 1770. When this moment arrived, the basis of a sound musical development was reached, and modern music then first became possible. The science of the cloister had at last stepped forth to wed, to train and discipline the wild, untutored art of the world outside.

Rapid and sudden, like the burst of Greek sculpture or Italian painting, was the rise and progress of modern music, the instant the science of the Church touched the heart of the world.

Carissimi died 1672; he was the type of the transition period. He might have seen Palestrina, and he lived to hear Corelli. In Corelli's lifetime the germ of every style of music since known arose. He witnessed the singing schools of Naples in the south, the rise of the great violin schools in the north, the foundation of the oratorio in Rome, the progress of instrumental music throughout Italy, France, and England. All this took place in the last century, and we are struck with a certain awe when we remember that men are still (1880) alive who may have

listened to Mozart (died 1791). and conversed with the venerable Haydn (died 1808).

I return from this by no means irrelevant digression to illustrate the functions by completing the analysis of music, *as the direct language of the emotions.*

Have you ever analyzed your thoughts and feelings? Some say it is an unhealthy practice, but that quite depends; and if it is used for a legitimate purpose, it is interesting to observe what is going on in the realm of emotion. Every moment is occupied by some feeling—good, bad, or indifferent. You are very seldom neutral, and when you are, it is worthy of being noted as a fixed point from which to measure the “excursional” extent of your emotion.

I proceed to analyze first the properties of emotion; then those of sound, as manipulated by music; and we shall find that precisely the same qualities which exist *inwardly* in emotion, exist *outwardly* in sound. And that is the reason why music is fitted to be, and is recognised as, the language of emotion. I pointed this out in “Music and Morals,” and when it was pointed out it seemed very simple. Some people said there was nothing in it; others said there was something in it, but they knew it before. “Well,” I said to my critics, “all discoveries are simple when they are found out; but if this was so simple, why didn’t you state it before?”

Emotion, then, consists first of *elation* and *depression*; that is, it goes up and down like a wavy line. When a lecturer addresses an audience, the interest may go down lower and lower; then, perhaps, he says something which tickles the fancy, and the emotion goes up and up, his hearers’ hopes are raised, and they say to themselves, “Oh, it’s not going to be so dull, after all.” Here, then, is an instance of depression followed by elation.

The next quality is *intensity*. Your emotion varies in intensity. You grow intense and earnest as you listen to a speaker who interests you, until perhaps you are quite, as you say, carried away, or entranced by his eloquence.

Then your emotion has *variety*. We may illustrate this. A man is sitting on a foggy day in his parlour, when a friend suddenly drops in. He is glad to see him, and out of depression he begins to rise into elation. And then comes a story of the hunting field, a well-known wall had to be cleared, and some one was thrown; and as he listens with more and more interest, he finds the climax

to be that the narrator himself was the man who was thrown, and that he has come on this depressing day to see him partly on that account. Then other friends drop in, and you ring for cigars and wine. You are informed there are no cigars, and your emotion is now divided by the story, the cigars, the servant, and your friends; you are the subject of a great variety of simultaneous emotions, some not over pleasurable, but at any rate, there is variety.

Then, fourthly, emotion has a *kind of form*—you may give it an arbitrary form; you can represent its direction by lines curved according to elation or depression, thick or thin according to intensity, and you can bracket them together to show that they are simultaneous.

Lastly, emotion possesses *velocity*; it travels, and it is never quite at rest; you may call its velocity *x*.

Now pass to musical sound. The notes in a musical scale go up and down; they have *elation* and *depression*, may vary in loudness from *pp.* to *ff.*, from *crescendo* to *diminuendo*, and so they have *intensities*. Many lines of melody or harmony can be carried on simultaneously, as in a part song or a score of Wagner’s; there is then no mistake about *variety*. Then music has *form*. Musical form is as much a recognised musical phrase as “nicely felt colour” is in painting, and it is more to the point, for we have but to cast our eyes over a score of Spohr or Beethoven, and compare it with one of Handel’s, to see how widely different is the general form even to the eye. Lastly, from *adagio* to *presto* you have reached in music that crowning property of emotion, *velocity*, for music is never at rest.

Side by side, then, we place, after five-fold analyses, emotion and music, the thing to be expressed and the thing which expresses it. In passing from one to the other we have simply exchanged certain arbitrary lines and an *x* for a set of symbols capable of bringing the various properties of emotion into connection with sound. That set of symbols, so long in arriving, so glorious in its advent, is obviously modern musical notation, and in wedding that to sound we have reached at last the sovereign and direct medium of emotional expression in THE ART OF MODERN MUSIC.

### III.—INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

And now if it be asked, “What is the use of music?” I may ask in return, “What is

the use of emotion?" It colours all life, it inspires all words, it nerves for all action. What would your life be without it? And what is the grandest thought without it? You know you may repeat a grand passage of Shakespeare without emotion. The noblest passages in the Bible are often read aloud without kindling a thrill or quickening a pulse. But apply the heat of noble dramatic action or impassioned religious eloquence, and how changed is the leaden atmosphere! how living and pregnant is the thought! Music expresses no thoughts, stands for no ideas or intellectual conceptions, rouses (except by association) no images; but it stands for independent states of consciousness, it creates the atmosphere in which thoughts are born, it deals with the mystic states in which thought is steeped and coloured.

Without emotion thought would perish, or remain passive and inert. No age, no sentient creature has been quite without a sense of musical sound as the language of emotion. In its rude elements even dumb animals are affected by it. It influences dogs, horses, and cattle generally. Notice how a musical sound, though monotonous, is understood and obeyed, and how the jingle of bells notoriously encourages horses to perform their work. The plough-boy is inspirited by the strains of his own whistling. And do you wonder that the Spartans were enabled to march to victory by the lays of the minstrel Tyrtæus—that our soldiers require the fife and drum? And I have been told that there are people in the North who are very delighted and cheered by that unutterable abomination, the Scotch bagpipe.

I must not trust myself to dwell upon the religious functions of music—active, as in the Lutheran hymn, sung *by* the people; passive, as in the mass or Catholic anthem, sung *for* the people. The songs of the temple have had more attention paid them than the songs of the street; but the time will come when these, too, will be understood as important factors in the life and morality of the people. A great statesman has said, "Let me make the songs of the people, and let who will make their laws." And when we think what might be the influence of music we cannot but regret that the popular songs of England are, in fact, represented by "Tommy, make room for your uncle." The songs of our music halls kindle emotions truly, but of what kind are they? When you employ music, wed it to thought, and thus awaken emotions, you must remember you are playing with two-

edged tools, for the emotions kindled and directed may be such as it is unhealthy and mischievous to cherish. Emotion means fire, and a heap of live coals on your carpet and in your grate subserve very different purposes; for in the one case your house is warmed, and in the other case it is burned down. So it is with music, which kindles and directs emotion. Music under certain conditions elevates, while under certain other conditions it demoralises. Music ought to be used discreetly, advisedly, and soberly, and that is why the particular *kind* of music we adopt, and the words to which music is set, should be very carefully considered.

Music is not intended simply to tickle the ear; music is moral. And here let me remind you that not half enough has been said of the discipline of emotion, a function exercised in the highest degree by music. Upon this very quality of discipline, nobility, and truth of emotional expression, turns the distinction between the modern German and the modern Italian schools, as schools. I say modern Italian, because the old Church schools of Pergolese and Stradella were severe, beautiful, and sublime compared to the modern Italian opera and romance. Yet must we not deny the splendid melodic and even harmonic qualities which are to be found in the essentially false form and spirit of the Italian opera. It has been too much the fashion of the English Wagnerites to decry Italian music; but the German Wagnerite is more liberal and catholic in his appreciation, while Wagner himself is the most liberal and truly catholic musician alive. He can appreciate every kind of music, and so can those who know him and interpret him best.

I remember, when I was at Nuremberg, falling in with Richter (now conducting in London), then conductor of the Beyreuth Festival. We were seated in the parlour of a little old-fashioned German inn, discussing the various schools of music, when I happened to allude to a famous quartet in Verdi's *Rigoletto* as a fine specimen of dramatic part writing, whereupon Richter, the great Wagner disciple—Richter, the conductor of the Beyreuth Festival, the incarnation of the music of the future, sprang up, and lifting high his glass in honour of the great Italian, exclaimed, "Ach, der Verdi—ist ein ganz colossal Kerl!"

To resume. The secret of a good school of music is, that it is a real exponent and a sound discipliner of the emotions. Listening to a symphony or sonata of Beethoven's is not a



joke; it is a study, an emotional training. You sit down and listen attentively, and the master leads you through various moods; he elates you and depresses you; your feeling waxes and wanes with various intensities, not spasmodically, but by coherent sequences. You are put through a whole system of feeling, not of your own choosing; you are not allowed to choose, you are to control yourself here and expand there; and at last, after due exercise, you are landed on the composer's own platform, chastened, exercised, refreshed, and elevated. Although urged here and there, the light rein has been upon you, and the master drives you much in the same way that a skilled charioteer drives a spirited steed.

This is the process of all really great music, and the reason why the Italian, as a school, and, indeed, *all* bad music, Italian or otherwise, is injurious is because it deals *unfairly* or untruly with your emotions. It does not give you a balanced, rational, or healthful sequence of feeling. It is like a picture, the effect of which is spoilt by a washy background of raw colour, or like a melodrama such as *The Bells*, which, without any reflection on Mr. Irving's fine acting, we may, however, call a very good melodrama, but of a bad art sort. It is unlike a play of Shakespeare's. If he has horrors to bring before you he prepares you for them; you are not trifled with and exhausted, your emotions are not whipped and spurred until they cease to respond. All bad art trifles with, exhausts, and enervates you, and music most of all, because it deals at first hand with the emotions.

In conclusion, I look for a great popular development of musical art in England. You know very well that "the English are not a musical people." They may cultivate music, they like it and pay for it, but they do not produce anything to be compared with the works of the great masters on the Continent. The national music is about "Champagne Charlie," "Tommy," "Waking the Baby," and "Grandfather's Clock." It is true we have Mr. Sullivan, whose compositions are always welcome; but he studied in Germany, he took the Mendelssohn scholarship at Leipzig, and therefore he may be considered, so far as music is concerned, a German to the backbone; it cannot be said of him that, "in spite of all temptations

to belong to other nations, he remained an Englishman."

But in the last forty years the progress of music in England has been very great. Mr. Hullah told me that when he began to examine schools he found children who could not sing two or three consecutive notes in tune, who lacked even the rudiments of a musical ear; but that now, very greatly through Mr. Hullah's own work, this state of things is altered, and he says that if you go through the length and breadth of the land you will find that the national ear has been to a great extent cultivated. But we must not stop here; the national art must be improved, and then the national taste, and above all the education of the nation as a whole, in music.

I should like to see some one who should be responsible for conducting the musical performances of our children. Nothing is more striking in our Board Schools than the admirable management of every other department of instruction, and the muddle, looseness, uncertainty, and general inefficiency of the musical instruction. Sound, popular music, songs, and part singing, at sight as well as by ear, should radiate from the Board Schools. I desire to see cheap sheets of music placed in the hands of the children which they may take to their homes, and so learn the art of singing part songs, as they do in Amsterdam, and, indeed, in Holland generally. Even in Switzerland there is a certain coherent musical part "yodeling," at any rate superior to the "He's a jolly good fellow" style of chorus affected at our own convivial assemblies.

Let the heaven-born art of music spread; let it bless the homes and hearths of the people; let the children sing, and sing together; let the concertina, the violin, or the flute be found in every cottage; let not the only fiddle in the place be hung up in the beer-shop, the only choruses in the village be heard in the choir and at the public-house. And while music refines pleasure, let it stimulate work. Let part songs and sweet melody rise in all our crowded factories above the whirl of wheels and clanking of machinery; thus let the factory girl forget her toil and the artisan his grievance, and music, the civiliser, the recreator, the soother and purifier of the emotions, shall become the music of the future for England.



## THE GREAT PROBLEM.

ONE is not tempted to envy either the brain or the heart of the man who has never pored, until the thought has become almost maddening, over the dark difficulties which affront us when we scan, as we are bound to scan, the way of God in the constitution and government of the world. The contrasts and inequalities which meet us, wherever we turn our eyes in this state which we call Christian, might well bewilder us, if we had nothing but the intellect to unravel the perplexities which they unveil. We gain nothing by flinging a cloak over the hard problem which Providence presents to us. We may shut the skeleton away in a closet, but there is an uneasy sense that it is there, which kills all peace and poisons all pleasure. We must bring it out into the sunshine, and look at it in the light of God, or we shall remain its slaves. Perhaps there is nothing in these days that so repels intelligent men from the ministries of the sanctuary, as the easy way in which preachers are wont to dispose of the difficulties which have perplexed the ages, and have strained the reason of the most mighty teachers and leaders of mankind. One has heard preachers in the pulpit explain with a pleasant smile, in five minutes, what the intellect of Christendom has pored over for generations; or else dismiss it as a mere impertinent intrusion on the simplicity of a faith, which is simple only because it leaves nothing but words to be believed. The scheme of the great universe does not lie patent on the surface of things. He tells most with all honest thinkers who shows that he knows where the stress of the difficulty lies, and that he has felt something of the anguish of that doubt through which he is seeking to guide his fellow-men.

We are not God's advocates; we are simply His witnesses. We are too much tempted to speak and act as if we were sent here to advocate His cause, and to make out a good case for Him, no matter what else may fail. All that God asks from us is to bear witness to the truth, and to leave it to advocate itself. However dark and difficult things may seem, to smooth one difficulty or to light up one dark place, otherwise than by showing the truth about it, is in the end to darken God's counsel, and to put a veil of words between Him and human souls. It would be hard to estimate how much essential mischief has been done to the cause of truth, in all ages, by the supposed necessity

that its lovers should be its advocates, and should make out a good case for it by smoothing away the difficulties and magnifying the harmonies to the last point which would leave in the advocate any honesty at all. From all temptations to suppress any of the difficult elements of the problem which has to be solved, may the good Spirit keep all his faithful servants free.

There seems to be one great thought running through the vast system of the universe, of which the human body is the supreme expression. Many members, some to the eye honourable and beautiful, some uncomely and unshapely, but tempered together in the unity of the body; and so tempered that what we are tempted to call the meanest and the least comely are the most vital, and of the most essential use. We can trace the working of this law even in the lowest depths of the Creation. Everywhere there are many members in nature. Creatures beautiful and radiant, creatures loathly and obscene appear. But there is unity still; a unity as grand and complete as that of the human frame. The meanest things are on the whole more needful, and higher therefore in the order of use, than the more beautiful. The worm is on the whole probably more needful to the violet than the violet to the worm; and the host of loathsome scavengers in the Creation, are the condition of the pure and lofty unfolding of its life; so that there is no schism in the body of the world. Nature's robe, like her Master's, is seamless; every thread is wrought into the organic texture; and the beauty of the whole is the honour of each filament, even the commonest—nay, chiefly the commonest—of which it is composed.

But it is easy to see how the perplexities deepen as we advance to the contemplation of man, and of the terrible contrasts and inequalities of human society; for in man there is a self-conscious intelligence—reason that "looks before and after;" man can observe, compare, and conclude. He can contrast his poverty, his infirmity, physical or mental, his native propensities, which come to him, perhaps, with contaminated blood from a race of drunkards and roisterers, and all the misery which they make in his lot, with the health, wealth, geniality, beauty, and happiness of his more favoured fellow-men; and he can say to his Maker, and does say to his Maker, "Why hast Thou made me thus?" And there is no real escape for man on the

pantheistic principle that God makes good and bad together, as He makes night and day; some of the best sort, some of the neutral sort, and some of the worst sort, thus completing the manifold harmony of the world. If there is one creed more than another in which man finds it blankly impossible to rest, it is the pantheist's. If there is one fact of consciousness which stands out more clearly than another to man in his deepest moments of experience, it is this: There is a will in me which is not God, which is the "I" of my immortal being, for whose decisions I am responsible; and the fruit of whose choice is mine, and must remain mine for ever.

At the same time it is right that we should recognise that, as far as regards essential badness and goodness, and all that is most influential on our eternal destinies, the inequalities are far slighter than appear. Rich and poor, educated and ignorant stand more nearly on a level in this matter than most of us dream. Our estimate of essential evil is not altogether as God's. We confine our strongest reprobations chiefly to the visibly foul and disreputable vices; while the Searcher of hearts sees in the sins which are hidden behind the comely mask or the purple robe more deadly, damning evils, than those which lodge under the beggar's rags or behind the dog-licked sores.

But there is a region, and that the highest, in which the contrast between the privileged few who have enjoyed Christian nurture, and the outcast many who have never heard the Father's name uttered in reverence and love, is dark, dark, indeed. There will be a company of Christians met in a goodly sanctuary, to worship the Father whose name has been familiar to them from their earliest infancy, who are able to explore the deep mystery of His ways by the light of that word which, through early habit of study, yields to them readily its choicest treasures, and lights up with something of heavenly radiance the dark sad passages of life; their ready comfort in every sorrow; their sure guide in every perplexity; their angel to lead them in the way by sure paths through the darkness of the wilderness, and to attend them in the valley of the shadow of death with visions of the glorious home that is beyond. And then there are myriads around them whose very acquaintance with the name of God has been through blasphemous oaths and jests; who have been nursed from their infancy in the belief that all this talk about heavenly things, which lights up a Christian's

life with joy, is the babble of fools, or the trade of priests, which a "knowing one" should hold in scorn; who have sucked in the sense that it is a hard world, and that the God who made it is a hard God, from their mothers' breasts; and who have seen nothing to change their faith as they grew up through a struggling, suffering youth to a wretched manhood, in arms against the world around them, avowed enemies of society and of God. And who maketh them to differ? He who answers, God, as if that were the whole clue to the mystery, answers falsely. But it is a part, and a very solemn part, of the answer. The influences of the Christian home, the mother's nurture, the father's faith, the cultivated intellect, the trustful heart, and the hope laid up on high—these are the Father's gifts. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits," should be our song as we lift up our voice to praise. But if that poor brother has none of these gifts it is largely because man's selfishness and tyranny have come between him and the hand that proffered them; it is because the devil has been let in, and that not at all by doors of its own opening, to sow the tares in that young heart. The child born in a vicious home, with tainted blood, with the example of vice and crime before him from his very infancy, was asked about it as little as his fortunate brother, to whom the lines are fallen in pleasant places, and who had all things from the first richly to enjoy.

And yet God is mixed up with it in a very solemn measure. He suffers it. He not only upholds the world in which such things are possible, but He takes it, so to speak, into the scheme of his government, and endures it while He legislates for its cure. And He seems to withhold the agencies under His control by which we think the mischiefs of society might be swiftly and finally remedied. He has ten thousand angels at His right hand whom He might make His evangelists; He could thunder His word so that every human soul must hear. He has terrors which would scare the boldest tyrant; He could arrest by one flashing stroke even a priest of the Inquisition a-hunt for blood. But the thunders slumber; the sword rests in its scabbard, or only sweeps rarely in desperate extremities—as it is sweeping over Turkey now, before the eye of a trembling world. "Where is the promise of His coming?" faithful souls are ever moaning, as they contemplate the omnipotent patience. "Awake, O arm of the Lord, awake!" earnest and righteous souls cry out in agony as they gaze

on wrongs and miseries which they are helpless to avenge or to cure. And God bears it still. Age after age He watches it from His throne. The foam of this turbid and bloody sea surges up around its pillars; it stains the garments of the immortals; it flecked with blood the brow of His well-beloved Son; but still no stroke, no word. Patience, patience, patience still. And to us this patience, the patience of such a God as we believe in—the God who revealed Himself on Calvary—is pregnant with hope. The fact that He does bear it is the surest of signs that He sees on beyond it, fruits that will justify it to the whole universe and through eternity. But none the less do men who know Him not moan or madden at this patience, and vent their sneers or scoffs at an epicurean or fainéant God.

But does He give no answer to the frenzied appeals of men; no word, no work to help them to believe? Yes, He has one grand answer—the Church. This is its great, solemn, nay, awful ministry, to make plain and justify the ways of God to man. "Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord; my messengers, my ministers, my almoners, my husbandmen, to raise by spiritual pain and toil in the tracks of the great husbandman, out of His seed-field of darkness and sorrow, the golden harvest of eternity.

This life of ours in this mortal state is like the life of the earth in the dark days of winter; how much is damp, cold, bleak, and bare! It is the seed-time; all that is noxious and foul has to be turned and ventilated, exposed to the air and sunlight, nor less to the winds, the storms, the frosts, the snows. Were the year all seed-time, who could endure the desolation in nature and in life? But the day comes when the seed thus sown in darkness shall wave golden in the sunlight of the new Creation, and the glad reapers shall sheave it and bear it in their strong arms to the garner of the Lord. But this rests largely with us, the Church, on which presses the burden of Christ's ministry to mankind. These vast, these dread differences of advantage and endowment are suffered, we may well believe, that they may give the largest development possible to man's ministry to man. Let that be abundant, and all bitterness passes out of the sorrow of the sorrowful; let that be cramped and acrid, and the bitterness engendered in human hearts vents itself not only on man, but on God. Many may be disposed to say, the price is too vast to pay for such a result; ministry is beautiful, and the relations which

spring out of it are beautiful and rich in fruit, but is it worth all this? And the answer is, God only can tell. He seems to see that the development of this ministry of man to man is worth any amount of present pain and strain. Perhaps we shall not learn that it is the most beautiful, the most blessed, the most fruitful thing in this universe, until we see its harvests gathered and garnered in eternity.

And it is worth our while to consider what is the essential bitterness of the suffering which springs out of these dire inequalities of nature, endowment, and condition of life. It is not the pain; man can bear any amount of pain if his heart be at peace. If mere suffering made man's misery, we might find it harder to understand how God endures that there should be so much of it in the world. But it is not the pain. The mere suffering is mixed with moral elements which infuse into it all its bitterness, and these the Christian ministry of which we speak can largely cure. Man can mostly bear any amount of suffering bravely if he be sustained by sympathy and hope. He can be glad even in the midst of it, with a gladness which the world giveth not and taketh not away. In the full consideration of this principle much of the explanation of God's ways will appear. The most blessed men who have ever lived have been the sharpest sufferers. The most blessed One was the Man of Sorrows. It was when he was in the depths that the joy of David's heart overflowed in song. Paul and Silas, beaten, bleeding, bound, all night long sang praise. Suffering is nothing if it be not in the soul. If the soul is free and glad there will be no more complaints of misery. Sorrow there will be, sobs of pain, but they will be tuned, as they break forth, into songs.

The more one knows of life the more one seems to see that man is made on a very lofty scale, and that an easy life, free from pain, care, and tears, could by no means satisfy his heart. He is made for a wide and deep experience. Anguish and rapture are both within the compass of his scale. Each furnishes a tone which he has to enweave into his harmonies. If we could banish pain and care, the need of struggle, and the fight of faith, we should destroy at a blow the most fruitful factors of man's life. It is well that the young should understand this early. It will put them more in the way of blessing in this life than anything else that they can do. Let the young go forth into life, not afraid to suffer, and not slow to connect the

suffering with the hand of their wise and loving God. A man never grows bitter over suffering if the hand of love is touching him tenderly, is making his bed in his sickness, and drawing forth the tale of his woes and wrongs. Sorrows are lightened the moment they are shared. If we can get into the heart of a poor storm-tossed and desperate wayfarer the thought "God cares for me," the night lights up in a moment, and if we wait, it will soon, like the Philippian gaol, be bright with songs.

And the first step towards the conviction that God cares, will often be the thought, man cares. God's children, His disciples, His witnesses care. It is not a matter of indifference to them whether I live a dog's life and die a dog's death or a man's. If I see that their hearts ache for me, I can believe that the Father's heart aches for me; and if it be so, and He still lets me suffer with all His power to help me, I shall see the meaning of it soon. The visits of one truly Christ-like soul in a poor, struggling neighbourhood, where, as far as we can see, the chances are terribly against the growth of all that is best in the being, will assuage, to an extent truly wonderful, the bitterness of the suffering that is there. And why? Man knows in his secret soul that he deserves to suffer, and that it is no impeachment of the goodness of God that he does suffer. He knows, too, that there is a ministry in sorrow altogether heavenly; at least he knows it in his best moments. But there is that in him which tells him that he was not meant to suffer alone. The echoes of the first promise of a helper, a deliverer, are still lingering about the world, and chiefly in the inner chambers of sorrowful hearts. And man longs for sympathy; for the touch of a tender hand, for the tones of a loving voice; for one who can whisper, "I, too, have suffered, am suffering, but I am sustained; I have taken my heartache to the bosom of my Saviour, and there I am at rest."

There is that in the heart of man which expects such ministry as this. How can it be otherwise? God made man for it, and there is a place left void in his nature which it only can fill. These void places in the nature beget its yearnings; they are the stops in the organ of our being which make music to the airs of heaven. Leave the sufferer alone, he broods and becomes bitter; his pain deepens into agony, parent of frenzy and despair. But if his brother seeks him, touches him, makes him feel his oneness with him in his condition of suffering, that

he may become one with him in the condition of blessing, the darkest gloom which envelops the ways of God will be dissipated. The sufferer has passed through the cloud, and if he can look to the Chief Sufferer, he will soon be face to face with the glory. Our ministry, if it be Christ-like, is a witness to Christ's. It makes a man feel how much God feels, and then all falls into a harmony. Let him but see that God stoops to share the burden, and he is man enough to lift it and bear it even joyfully. Who would not follow such a leader; who reckes of dangers, sufferings, miseries, with such a Captain and such a prize? This is the way, the only way, to take pure bitterness out of suffering, and to make possible the justification of the ways of God to man.

And what God calls for is a Church which can pour a flood of this loving sympathy, this charity, on the world. The infant Church was full of it, and the people were glad and glorified God when they saw it. There was no lack of the class whose condition we are considering in that Jewish world. The poor they had always with them. And the people were ground to the dust in those days by the rich man's tyranny; and the misery was made doubly bitter by the Pharisee's malignant pride. "This people which knoweth not the law is cursed," was the only benediction which they ever received from the lips of their rulers; "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," was the only liturgy which they ever heard. There were bruised hearts and broken spirits enough there in Jerusalem, moaning over the insoluble problem, and questioning whether there were pure gladness for any spirit in any world. But when they saw the brotherhood of the Church they were glad, and in all their penury, in all their pain, they glorified God. The darkness which clouded His ways was lifted. Let heart beat against heart in its pain and fever, and man can endure, and still believe and hope in the loving God. The poor never envy the rich who are gracious; the sad never envy the glad who are genial. But the selfish, careless rich and gay, they regard with an envy which has a touch of bitter hate in it, and which, if pent up, becomes the parent of Revolutions, and of Reigns of Terror too. But let us understand who are the generous. A man may tithe his income twice over, and bestow it in alms, and be before God a miserable niggard still—niggard of that which the poor man wants and values above all the gold. Givers we can get, and enshrine their me-

mories when they are gone in profuse biographies; but the liberal souls, the open-handed, are rare. The open hand is the symbol of the only charity which mates with God's. Let this flow through all the channels of society, and the problem is solved; "Just and true are all thy ways, O thou King of saints!" will then be the joyful testimony of mankind.

The Church has to justify its existence, its high privilege, its boundless blessing, its glorious hope, by holding and using all as God's steward and man's trustee. The sun holds its splendour in trust for the world, the flower its fragrance, the field its corn. All things that live, live to minister, and it is the spring of their gladness. The glad light which plays around the brow of Nature is the outshining of the Creator's joy in making all things blest. And shall that life which lives in a sense of which the life of all other things is but a shadow, and which shall smile and shine in spheres which lie beyond the final fire, arrogate the right to live to itself, and to hug its dear privileges closely to its heart? By the grace of Christ it is what it is; how much of its joy, its power, its blessing, grows out of the gracious dispositions of His hand? That dear old Christian home, the memory of which fills the eyes with tears; that mother's kiss; that father's blessing; let us recall them, and

recall all that they have wrought for us in life, and let us pray for—

"Such a heart whose pulse may be  
His praise."

Blessed ourselves, let us go forth, like Abraham, to be blessings. Let us taste deeply the sacred, the Divine joy of living to serve mankind. We may have little to give, as men count giving. "Silver and gold have I none," said one to a helpless cripple; "but such as I have give I thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." We can say that to a crippled soul, a crippled company. We can give that gift, the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. And there are some still who know how to give it, so that, as of old, "the lame shall leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." A Church baptized with the spirit of such Divine Charity would make swift progress to the conquest of the world. And there is a joy in it which springs from no other fountain. Man was made to give like God, and only in the life of giving can he be blest. A poorer purse he may have, it may be—though "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth;" but there will be a gladder heart, a brighter home, a nobler name, the name of a living one in Jerusalem; and a treasure waxing daily in that world where the largest claims of the aspiring spirit will be honoured through a long eternity.

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

## FAIRY JANE.

(For Music.)

TEASING, pleasing Fairy Jane,  
Warbling through the sunny weather,  
With a voice like linnet's strain,  
With a heart like buoyant feather.

Jane has lips of cherry hue,  
Cheeks like peaches, fair and waxen,  
Laughing eyes of summer blue,  
Rippling ringlets, soft and flaxen.

Pure as light—where'er she treads  
All the fragrant air grows sweeter,  
Sister flower-buds raise their heads  
With a radiant smile to greet her.

Wealth laid down his precious gains,  
Hoping in his thrall to bind her;  
But she, snapping golden chains,  
Cast the shining links behind her.

Wisdom passing, paused to gaze—  
Left his lore and followed after,  
But she, knowing Wisdom's ways,  
Shattered all his plans with laughter.

Then Love came with footsteps coy—  
Offered her a slender blossom,  
Though she chid the backward boy,  
Now she wears it in her bosom.

HENRY JOHNSTON.



"What a goose you are, Delia!"

## SARAH DE BERENGER.

By JEAN INGELow.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

A FEW days after this, Mrs. Snep, as she stood ironing in her little cottage by the hop-garden, saw a respectable-looking woman standing by her gate. A stout little boy held her by the hand, and was crying lustily.

Mrs. Snep did not recognise her. The young woman was forgotten, but she could not forget. There was the little path, and there were the very clumps of pinks, and the grey bushes of southernwood, and there was

the mistress of the mansion, stouter, and, as she thought, kindlier-looking than before.

Mrs. Snep came out, and as she threw an article of clothing, just ironed, on a bush to air in the morning sun, she cast an observant eye on the stranger, who, coming forward, begged to ask for a seat until the carrier should appear, and if she might have a slice of bread and some milk for her child. She had not been able to give him his usual breakfast, and he was cross, and tired too, for they had been travelling all night.

The stranger expressed her willingness to

pay for what she had, so she was soon made welcome to a seat in the cottage. Some tea was made for her, and while she crumbled bread into a saucer for her boy, and poured milk upon it, a tide of recollections flowed up. She remembered the days before her little Delia was born, and afterwards all that she had suffered. Just so, in that same place, and perhaps in that very chair, her little Amabel had sat beside her, contented with her bread and milk. The click of Mrs. Snep's iron appeared familiar; the hops leaned over the little back window, just as in the former days.

"And so you want to go on by the carrier's cart?" said Mrs. Snep. "It does not pass till noon."

"I know that, ma'am; I have been the journey before."

"Oh, you know these parts, ma'am?"

"I did a good many years ago."

"Well, things don't change here much, that's certain. We've got the same squire, and the same doctor, and the same parson we've had for years."

"The parson's name was Mr. de Berenger," faltered Mrs. Dill, "when I knew these parts."

"Oh, he was the curate. We have no curate now," answered Mrs. Snep.

"Indeed, ma'am."

"He must have been gone these fifteen years."

"And well-nigh forgot by this time, I should judge," sighed Mrs. Dill, for an anguish of desire urged her to speak of him if she could.

"Forgot!" exclaimed Mrs. Snep; "not by any means, I can tell you, ma'am. It's only two years since he came to stay at the vicarage; and I've reason enough to remember that, for my daughter—my second one, that will be three-and-twenty if she lives till Michaelmas—Mary——"

"Yes?" exclaimed Mrs. Dill, with keen interest.

Mrs. Snep paused to take another iron from the fire, then, attacking her narrative at a different point, said, "Miss Sarah de Berenger, and aunt to that Mr. de Berenger, had wrote to our vicar's lady while he was here, and said she wanted a parlour-maid; and she wanted one from a distance, for she could not allow followers. And so our vicar's lady and Mr. de Berenger managed the thing between them. And Mary took the place, worse luck!"

"I know Miss de Berenger quite well, ma'am!" exclaimed Mrs. Dill, a warm flush

of joy passing over her face. "I lived in a situation for many years within four miles of her."

"No, you don't say so, ma'am! She was the nearest woman, and the meanest, that ever I had to do with, as you'll judge, when I tell you that I'm ironing my girl's clothes for her next place, and there's not a scrap of black among them."

"Black!" faltered Mrs. Dill. "Why, who's dead?"

"Who should be dead? Why, Miss de Berenger herself. Didn't you know it?"

"Dear me, no. I am come a long way; I've heard nothing. She was in the best of health when last I heard of her."

"And might be now. It was an accident. The old gentleman, that used to be so rich, was driving her out, poor lady, and they got overturned. She never spoke again, my girl says. Ah, there have been many changes in that family; it's as much as there often is in the newspapers to read of them. Perhaps you knew the old gentleman?"

"I've seen him times out of mind, ma'am," faltered the poor mother. She dared not now mention her children. Had those changes affected them?

"They say," proceeded Mrs. Snep, "that of all his fine houses and lands, he have but enough left just to keep him."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," cried Mrs. Dill. "I did not think rich folks like that could lose their property."

"It was a company he had shares in, my daughter said. All the country rang with it. It arose from what people call unlimited liability. There are two pretty young ladies, that folks do say are his grand-daughters. You've seen them too, mayhap. He likes to ride about what used to be his own park with them, and he's as happy as a king."

The mother sighed for joy; she could not speak. Her children were among the living, then, and they were well.

The operation of sprinkling the clothes occupied Mrs. Snep for a minute or two, and gave Hannah Dill time to recover herself. "Rides about with Miss Amabel and Miss Delia, does he?" she presently found voice enough to say.

"Their very names, ma'am; you have them quite pat."

"But I should have thought to lose his money would break his heart."

"It does not, ma'am. My daughter stayed at the rectory for three months, after Miss de Berenger's death. They wanted extra help, and paid her handsome. They are better off now, of course. She said it was



as good as a printed book to see how the old gentleman went on. He is upward of eighty, and has lost his memory. He has no servant left but one old man, that always waits on him, and he has a fat old horse in the rectory stable. He lives with Mr. de Berenger, and does not know that he has lost his money. His notion is that he is making his great fortune greater. Saving up, you know, to leave more behind him."

"He never could bear to spend much money," observed Mrs. Dill. "And so the young ladies ride with him, and are attentive to him?"

"So I hear, ma'am. And what he costs Mr. de Berenger, he has about enough money left to pay for. When he gets tired of the country, my daughter says they put him in the train and telegraph to his other nephew, that lives in London, to meet him. It's not worth while, he says, to have a town house, and that is why he has let it, for he wants to save. He says he must go and see that the people his house is let to are taking care of it. And those folks, knowing the case, always satisfy him, and, as I said, he is as cheerful and as happy as a king."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Dill.

She was glowing all over with a warmth and joy that she had hardly ever expected to feel again. They were well, pretty, useful, happy. Oh, there was sunshine yet in this world, and she was basking in it.

"The Mr. de Berengens are better off now, no doubt?" she presently said.

"Not by a shilling," replied Mrs. Snep.

"Well, I always hoped, though Miss de Berenger was so fond of making schemes about her will, that she would do the right thing by her nephews."

"Then she didn't, ma'am."

"Who did her money go to, then?"

"She'd almost doubled it during her lifetime, as I heard tell, and they say her house was a sight for the useful things she'd got together—stores of linen, and china, and what not. And she left it all—her farms and her house, and her money—to those two young ladies; everything, down to the very jam-pots on her shelves, and the clothes in her drawers, and the thimbles in her workbox. They say those two young ladies have more than eighteen thousand pounds apiece."

More than eighteen thousand pounds apiece! And the man that had been so good to them—that had brought them up and loved them, and even been proud of them—he had got nothing!

Oh, how sweet it was to hear even this

stranger talk of them! But how bitter to hear that the kindness of Felix de Berenger had been so rewarded, and that Sarah, in her wilful mistake about them, should have robbed her own flesh and blood for their sake.

Could any good come of money so inherited? No; their mother thought it could not. She became cold and pale. It was not till Mrs. Snep mentioned their names again that she roused herself; but it was only to hear what caused her fresh anxiety, and to be shown that a most difficult, a most bitter duty towards her darlings was yet to do.

"One of the two is engaged to be married, as I'm told," said Mrs. Snep.

"It must be the eldest, then," said Mrs. Dill, trembling with excitement.

"Well, now, I should have said not."

"But the other is so very young."

"I know there was a young soldier-officer that made one of them an offer. He went away, and came back lately and offered to her again. I think he is the gentleman, and I think it is the youngest. But they're thoughtless—the young ladies are both thoughtless," continued Mrs. Snep, going off on a part of the subject more interesting to her than Delia's lover. "As I said, Miss de Berenger never left so much as one black gown apiece to her servants, though some of them had lived with her for years. Those young ladies were kind—I will say that; but neither of them had the thought to put the servants into mourning, and my daughter came home without a scrap of black on her."

"Somebody did ought to have told the young ladies what was the custom," said the mother, apologizing for them.

"So I say, ma'am."

"Oh, my Delia!" thought Hannah Dill; "do you love this young gentleman? And must your mother go and tell you that you've no right at all to keep Miss Sarah's money? When will there be an end to my sorrows? Maybe the young man will be off the bargain if you give up the fortune; and if you refuse to do so, your mother 'll never have an easy hour about you any more."

And what was the true state of the case about Delia? This: that the young officer had, indeed, returned at the end of the year, and had again offered her his hand. Urged by Amabel to give him a little time, and not to reject him hastily, Delia had agreed to consider the matter for a few weeks, and to try to like him. She had failed; and that very morning, while her little brother ate his bread and milk, she had, with many flushes

and blushes, a great deal of pity for him, and some shame for herself, contrived to tell him so. He was gone, and just as her mother left the house where she had been born, and met the carrier's cart, Delia darted up-stairs to Amabel's room, and stood looking at her sister with blushing discomfiture.

Amabel came up to her and smoothed her cheek gently against hers—a kind of moderate caress that the girls had used from their childhood.

"What a goose you are, Delia!" she said.

"Yes, I know," said Delia ruefully.

"You've sent him away."

"Of course: Coz said I must. I wish—oh, I wish Coz *didn't* know!"

"He'll never tell!" exclaimed Amabel.

"No; but I know that he knows."

Delia moved to the dressing-table, and in an absent and agitated fashion began to try on some of Amabel's rings. Presently she saw Dick in the garden; he was apparently deep in thought. Delia drew backward in the room and smiled.

"Coz and Amias have been talking to him all the morning," whispered Amabel. "He says now he should like to go to sea," she continued, nodding towards Dick.

"Does he?" exclaimed Delia. "Oh no, Dick; I think you'll find you do *not* wish to go to sea."

"Then you should not have set him against emigrating."

It may have fairly been said of Master Dick at that time, that he did not know his own mind, unless it may have been said more fairly still that he did not know somebody else's mind, any more than he knew how completely that mind had the mastery over his.

Sir Samuel de Berenger had put him to school till he was eighteen years old, and then, when he came home for the holidays, his two brothers had sat in judgment on him and his future; when it was found that he had done so very well, and stood so very high, that if they let him stay at school another year, he would in all probability get a good exhibition, which would enable him to go to college almost for nothing, after which he would be able to provide for his own living.

And Dick had come home without getting the exhibition. He was now nineteen, a remarkably fine, handsome young fellow, brown all over, taller than either of his two brothers' very engaging, rather inclined to be idle, and quite helpless in the hands of these said brothers, who had, at some inconvenience to

themselves, prolonged his school days for him, and now did not very well know what to do with him.

Dick had only been in the garden a few minutes when he saw Delia sitting in the open window of what had been the nursery, with some "art needlework" in her hand.

"How nice this room looks, with poor Aunt Sarah's things in it!" he said, accosting her and sitting on the window-sill. "No one would know it.—I say, Delia!"

"Yes."

"I've had such a wiggling this morning."

"Oh! you should decide, then, what you'll do—what you'll be."

"Well, I said I would go to sea, and they won't let me. Why, Delia, where did you get those rings?"

"Oh, they belong to Amabel. I'm so fond of rings, and I have not got one."

"Why don't you buy some, then?" said Dick.

"Amabel never bought one of hers; rings are supposed to be presents. If I wore rings, and was asked who gave them to me, I shouldn't like to have to say I bought them."

Dick revolved a certain thing in his mind. "Look here," he began; "if I go to sea for two or three years—"

"It will be so dull," interrupted Delia, "if you go to sea and Amabel's gone."

"Well, but if I do, I could give you a ring for a parting present."

"So you could; and I could give one to you, with your crest on it."

"If I go to sea." No occasion to wait for that. Dick took himself off in less than five minutes, and in hot haste demanded of Felix a large, old-fashioned gold watch, which had been his father's, and which he had knocked about a good deal at school.

It had plenty of good stuff in it. Felix looked at him almost as if he knew all about it, and gave him the watch in silence and with gravity.

It was four miles to the town, and Dick ran almost all the way. He did not make a bad bargain with the one jeweller that the place afforded, and then the price he was to have for his watch being agreed upon, he set himself to overhaul the whole shop for two pretty rings. It was not till the next morning, about the same hour, that he saw Delia sitting in the same place, all over blushes and dimples. He approached, and getting over the low sill, sat down beside her on the couch, and said, "I've got them. Rather jolly ones, I think; only I'm afraid

they are too big for your finger." He looked very shamefaced.

Delia put forth her little finger, the same on which she had worn Amabel's rings. They were manifestly too big for it. Then she put forth her middle finger, and for that they were a little too tight.

"What a pity!" said Delia. "And they're such pretty ones; just the sort I like."

"Well, put them on your third finger, then," rejoined the donor.

"Oh, but I couldn't wear them there," said Delia, blushing till her forehead and throat were all one lovely hue of carmine.

In an instant Dick knew why; but it was his destiny to be a lucky dog. He blushed himself, but he said stoutly, "Why not?"

"Because that's the 'engaged' finger, you know, Dick," she answered.

Dick was holding her hand in one of his, and had the rings in the other.

"Oh," he said, almost with a groan, "what a fool I have been!" And Delia—this exquisite Delia, who all on a sudden had become almost unbearably delightful—Delia was turning away her face from him. "I'm nothing but a schoolboy yet," he said, with deep disgust against himself. "If I had but worked as I ought to have done, it might have been different." But that blush of Delia's was the making of him. "Put them on, if only for a moment," he said, pleadingly. And she let him put them on her "engaged" finger.

"It can only be for a little while," she observed. But how pretty they looked there!

"Even if you won't wear them, you mean to keep them?" he urged.

Delia had closed her dimpled fist, and was looking at them wistfully.

"Suppose you take care of them for me," she said; but she made no movement towards unclosing her hand or taking them off.

"Take care of them till when?"

Delia still looked at them, then her little hand unclosed, and Dick took it in his.

"Coz would be displeased," she whispered.

"You mean that he would, because I've been an idle dog, and because—well, he said it yesterday—because I seem very well content to be loafing about here, doing nothing."

Delia was silent.

"But that's all over now," he added impetuously; "I'm going to Felix directly—

this minute. I intend to settle to something at once—forthwith. And then——"

By this time she had taken off the rings and put them into his hand.

"And then, Delia——" he repeated.

But had not Delia got all she wished for now? Perhaps she thought so. At any rate, Dick's glimpse of Paradise was over. "Oh, then," she said (she had such a mischievous little dimple in her cheek when she laughed) —"oh, then—we shall see."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

SARAH DE BERENGER was indeed gone; her guiding hand was at last withdrawn.

"I have lost my aunt," Felix would say, and ever after he felt an uneasy want of those fresh and direct expressions of opinion that often showed him what he really thought himself, as well as of her fearless certainties, and her fertile crops of schemes. But he did not know, it never occurred to him to consider, that for many years she had been the doer of everything of the least consequence that had been done in his family. And yet she was a remarkably foolish woman.

Sarah had first, as she believed, discovered an interesting mystery. She had obliged Hannah Dill, contrary to all her wishes, to bring the mystery near; she had, to her own satisfaction, solved it, and she had, for the sake of it, deprived her own nephews of every shilling she possessed. It was all Sarah's doing that Amias was engaged to a little girl who was supposed by all the neighbourhood to have no right to any father's name; but then it was Sarah's doing also that old Sir Samuel, now he had lost his memory, was more happy in the society of the two girls, and received more tender attentions from them, and more real affection, than from any other creatures.

As for Felix, his life for years past had been planned out for him by his aunt Sarah. It is true that he now hopelessly loved this beautiful Delia, but then for many years she and her sister had been his delight, his daily occupation, and his one amusement. He knew that he would not have given up that pleasant, cheerful past, even if by so doing he might have avoided the pain of his present. Perhaps he allowed himself to be more severe on Dick, on her account, than occasion altogether warranted; for Dick was but a youth—a fine, honest, healthy, affectionate youth. Felix considered that Dick was not manly enough; not considering that, but for Delia, he might, perhaps, at his time of life not have been manly at all.

However, Felix changed his mind on one particular morning. Dick had two rings in his pocket. "I will not wear either of them," Delia had said, "till it is decided what you are to be." So Dick had asked to have a conference, a final conference, on this great subject with his two brothers, and then and there he had discussed it—laid down his own views, stated the *pros* and *cons* of all the plans proposed, and expressed his deep desire to work, in a fashion that perfectly astonished them.

Amias was exceedingly amused. Felix sat back in his chair, and looked at him in puzzled bewilderment.

"Why, you young scamp!" exclaimed Amias. "Want to go to London the day after to-morrow!—want to set to work instantly! Well, I'll do my very best for you, as I declared I would the other day, when you didn't seem to care a straw about it. But I cannot think what has come to you."

"The fact is, Delia says——" Dick began.

"Delia says!" exclaimed Amias, in amazement.

"Delia says——" Dick began again, and again stuck fast.

"Well, out with it, my boy," said Felix, gravely and kindly.

Dick had a little ring-case now in his hand; he put it down, and the ring rolled out on to the table. Dick picked it up and poised it on the top of one of his great fingers. "Delia says she'll never wear this for a schoolboy. She will not be engaged till I have got some career before me—till I have something to do."

"I—think—she—is—quite—right," said Amias, gazing at the ring, and uttering the sentence as if he required to think between every word. He looked so much surprised, however, that Dick, in spite of his nervousness, burst into a short laugh. Then all on a sudden it flashed upon him that Delia was included in this astonishment. He could not bear that this exquisite creature, so wise, so kind, so loving, should be the subject of any disparaging surprise. He thought his own impetuous presumption was alone to blame. He hastened to declare this. He meant to be worthy of her. Change his mind? Nonsense! How could he change his mind? He had loved her all his life better than any one else in the world. He had always helped her with her lessons. When they played at "houses" as children, she was always his little wife.

Everything he said, while more earnest, became more boyish, till Felix said—

"There, my dear boy, think of improving yourself, not of excusing Delia. The best part of your future is already prepared for you; make the rest suitable for it, and all will be well."

And in the meantime Hannah Dill, with her child, entered the town where she feared to find her husband.

The assizes were indeed going on, but to those who were not directly concerned in them, this gave no air of solemnity; there was little about any whom she accosted which answered to the fear and dread and depression in her own mind. And she found herself unable to ask any questions. She looked about, she wandered about, till she found herself in the market-place, and the buildings about it she felt sure were none of them what she wanted. And what was the building she wanted called? She was not sure whether it was a court-house or a session-house, or a prison, and she could not make up her mind to ask. A forlorn hope that she might get a letter from her husband, sustained her till she reached the post-office; for she had written to Uzziah, at their poor home in Whitby, told him where she had gone, and cautiously hinted at her reason.

Alas! there was no letter at the office, and no telegraphic message for Hannah Dill. Her child, tired and hungry, began to cry for his dinner, and she felt that, when she reached the court, she should not be allowed to enter unless he was perfectly quiet and good. She hastened into an eating-shop and gave him a comfortable meal, and then, as she glanced out at the window, she saw what she at once perceived to be the place she had looked for; people were hanging about the door, but many more were coming out than going in.

"Why were the people coming away?" she asked. "Were the assizes over?"

"Oh no: but the judges were at lunch; they always had an interval for lunch at that time of day."

"Might one go in and hear the trial?"

"Certainly; a court of justice was always open to the public."

She hardly knew how the next half-hour passed. She was soon standing in the press outside that door. At first all was silence; she seemed to have no chance of getting in. Afterwards there was a little bustle, and voices inside struck upon her frightened ears. Some people were almost as desirous to enter as she was, but her sharpened senses showed her some who were only there for curiosity. "Five shillings, sir, if I get in," she whispered

to a stalwart man at her side. Then she turned her pale face, and, selecting another, repeated the same words.

An energetic movement on either side of her soon brought her on. She knew not how it was done, but the money was given, and she was all but inside in a very few minutes. She had not intended to tell her wretched errand, but it was guessed. Her money and these two men were powerful enough to bring her to the front; her face did the rest. She stood within, and, being tall, she could see well over the shoulders and heads of those about her, almost all of whom were women.

There was no trembling, no sinking, now; the people were pressed closely together. The atmosphere was stiling. She had a heavy child in her arms, but she knew no fatigue; all her soul was in her eyes, for at present she could hear nothing.

Oh! now there was a movement; something that pierced her heart with anguish, showed her the judges coming in with all state. These men, who were to doom others to a disgraceful death, were ushered in with honour, with observance. She, poor, wretched woman, felt this with a keenness that had never struck in all her life on her sharpened senses before.

It was right, it must be so; sympathy was all with the law.

In that crowd she felt so utterly alone, as if none of God's creatures could come near enough even to know what she suffered, much less to pity her—the wife of a possible murderer, a possible murderer's child sleeping with his rosy face resting on her shoulder.

Another movement, which it so chanced brought her a little forwarder, and there were the barristers in their wigs, and a name had been called. Some man answering to the call was in the pulpit-like enclosure, which she at once recognised as the witness-box. Then she saw the prisoner, a pale, small man, whose forlorn face looked as if no courage or strength was left in him. As the witness kissed the book almost carelessly, certainly with perfect composure and confidence, he turned his faded eyes upon him. Hannah Dill lifted up hers.

One fear was over. The prisoner being tried was a stranger; but another fear followed closely. Her instinct justified itself by the event. Sitting among the spectators, and a very little way behind the witness, a man leaning forward gazed and hearkened. Not any change that fear or fatigue or shame had wrought had so changed him, that she did not

instantly recognise the deeply watchful and utterly colourless face. It was her husband.

A terrible trembling seized her, so that she lost the drift and meaning of the first few questions and answers. All her thought was to know the meaning of Uzziah's expression.

His features were sunk, he was wasted almost to a shadow; his eyes were intent on the witness, and yet there was spread over his face a certain awful peace. Her wretched husband was perfectly calm.

She knew not how long she watched him, but it was till another witness was in the box, and it was because of a great change in Uzziah's face that she turned to look and to listen. It was a confident witness—a witness almost too willing. He was being re-examined by the counsel for the prisoner.

"Remember that you are on your oath."

"I do remember it."

"And you swear that this is the man?"

"I could not forget him."

"But it is seventeen years ago."

"Seventeen years and three months."

"A man changes a good deal in seventeen years and three months."

"Ay, but a club-foot—when one hears it behind one——" Here the witness paused.

"Well?" said the counsel for the prisoner.

"When I heard that man's club-foot, as he was following, I felt as if——"

"You are not to tell the court what you felt."

"Well, I mean I knew that was the very same I heard that fearful time, and I turned myself, and I saw him."

"You saw the prisoner, certainly?"

"Ay; and I knew him at once, and spoke at once. Said I, 'We have met before.'"

"And as another witness has proved, he answered, 'Not to my knowledge.' Now, what had you beside the peculiar sound of the club-foot to go on, when you said to a man whom, by your own showing, you had not seen for seventeen years, 'We have met before'?"

"It was the same man," persisted the witness. "I knew him at once, *and he knew me.*"

"How did you know him? Tell the jury that."

"It was the lock of hair, partly, that hung over his forehead, and, partly, it was the oval shape of his face, as he leaned over poor Cambourne after he'd struck him, that I remembered."

"It's false!" cried a voice that rang through the court—"it's false! You, William Tasker,

don't look at the prisoner ; look here, look at me !”

Cries of “ Turn that man out ! ” were heard. There was confusion in the place where the sound had proceeded from ; a woman fell down in a fainting fit ; people rose in their places ; but before the officer could reach the man who had spoken, some were helping the woman out, others had started away from him. He was standing alone, leaning on a rail in front.

“ You, William Tasker,” he repeated, “ look at me ! ”

The terrified witness turned hastily, and gazed at him as if fascinated. The counsel for the prisoner paused. In one terrible instant every eye was upon Uzziiah Dill. From the judges downwards all gazed at him—a lame man, with an oval face, and a lock of hair that strayed over his forehead.

He leaned forward, with eyes wide open.



“ Delia had closed her dimpled fist, and was looking at them.”

He and the witness gazed at one another, and the unfortunate wife gazed also ; saw the officers advancing through the crowd to remove Uzziiah ; heard the witness cry out in a lamentable voice, and beat his breast, “ I’ve sworn against the innocent, and there the guilty stands ! ” and then heard (not one syllable was spared to her)—heard her husband’s answer, as they were about to lead him away, “ You’ve said the truth now, William Tasker ; ’twas I that did it. The Lord have mercy on my sinful soul ! ”

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

SOME time after this, Hannah Dill seemed to come back again—she knew not from whence—and she was sitting on some stone steps in a quiet flagged court. The sun was shining—that was the first thing she noticed ; then she observed that she herself was in the shadow ; that her child rubbed his cheek against her sleeve, crossing her, and that a tall gentleman was leaning over her, a gentleman whom she had seen before.

"Do you know me, Mrs. Dill?" he asked her kindly.

She thought he might have said that several times before.

"Yes, sir," she answered in a low, dull voice. "It's Mr. Bartlett."

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to go to poor Dill."

"You cannot do that now, my poor friend. He has accused himself; he has given himself up."

"I knew he would," she replied, quite calmly. "That other man's wife is happy now, and I——"

"Your misfortune is very great," said Mr. Bartlett. "I pity you deeply."

"I saw the prisoner's wife get her arms round his neck and hug him, while they led my wretched husband away."

"Have you any place to go to—have you lodgings here?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I must arrange for you."

He went quickly from her, and a lady, who seemed to have been standing above her on the steps, came down and addressed her with sympathetic gentleness.

She knew it was Mrs. Bartlett, but the shock she had sustained had been too much for her; her mind was blank and dull. She uttered her passing impressions: "I never thought to see them here; they don't live here?"

"No," said Mrs. Bartlett, glad to foster this momentary lapse from the dread reality. "No; we don't live here, but my father and mother do. This is their house; we are come to stay with them."

After that Hannah Dill knew not at all how many hours or weeks might have passed, when one day, awaking in a decent bed, she found that she was cool; that the furniture, which had long seemed to whirl about her, had settled in its place; that the swarms of passing strangers, who had appeared night and day to approach her bed and gaze at her, were all gone. She slept a good deal that night, and in the morning awoke aware of what had occurred, and able to think.

She had a nurse, as she perceived, but she could not bear to question her. It was not till Mr. Bartlett, hearing she was sensible, came to see her, and brought his wife, that she spoke, sending down the nurse, and gazing at them with hollow, frightened eyes.

"Is he condemned, sir?"

She lay long silent when Mr. Bartlett had told her, by a pitying gesture, that it was so. At last Mrs. Bartlett said, "You must think

of your dear little boy, Mrs. Snaith, and try to get better for his sake. He is very well; I have seen that he was well done by."

"Ma'am, I know you have a mother's heart. Is there no hope for Dill, sir? Must he die that death?"

"He is quite resigned," said Mr. Bartlett, instead of answering her.

"Oh, my God!" cried the poor woman, folding her hands, "have pity on him and on our innocent child!"

"Yes, your innocent child," said Mrs. Bartlett. "In all this bitter misery, Mrs. Snaith, there is one gleam of comfort, and that concerns him. Nobody here knows your husband's name; he has refused to divulge it. He has shown a father's heart in that respect."

"It was his duty. Does he know that I have been so ill?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I must go to him!"

"You cannot yet."

"Oh, I might be too late!"

"There are many days yet. You will not be too late. Your husband has been very ill himself. He has had an epileptic fit."

There are some things that appear quite unendurable; they bear down the soul under such a weight of misery, that life seems impossible. And yet they will not kill; they are not thus to come to their desired end.

When Hannah Dill and her husband met, they both looked the mere shadows of their former selves. They sat hand in hand in the condemned cell, and neither spoke. It seemed a comfort to the wretched prisoner to have his wife by his side, but he never had anything to say. Sometimes he was reading his Bible when she appeared, sometimes he was kneeling in prayer—always deeply humble and generally quite calm, for he was not agitated by any hope; his doom was fixed.

One day, as she was about to leave him, he bared his thin arm, and said, "Oh, Hannah, sometimes I hope——"

"Hope you may die first?" she whispered.

"Ay."

"I spoke to Mr. Bartlett about that," she answered. "My poor husband! he says, for all their suffering, the condemned do not die. And you are at peace. But oh, that it might be!" she broke out, bursting into tears. Then, trying to calm herself, she said, "You are a man forgiven of God, as we both for ever trust; but you have always known that at last you deserved to suffer—and suffer you would."

"Oh, that it was over!—oh, that it was done!" she said, when she got home; and

she was so wretchedly ill all that night, that she feared to be laid up again and unable to go to him. But just at sunrise, as she had dropped into an uneasy doze, a flattering dream came to her: she thought she saw her husband standing at the foot of the bed, and that his eyes were full of a rapturous calm.

While she looked, some noise startled her and she woke, mourning over the sweetness of that short respite. How hard that it should have been wrested from her! But there was a noise again; it was under her window. Some one called out her name. She started up. Mr. Bartlett was below. He told her to dress herself and come down to him.

Oh, how beautiful the sunrise was, when she came out—how pure and peaceful!

"Your husband is very ill," he whispered to her; "the chaplain has obtained leave for you to come to him. He had another fit last night."

Her dream had still dominion over her, and she looked at the sunrise; but she hastened to the prison, and was soon in his cell.

Two people were there, the doctor and a warder. They were not sympathetic, not pitiful, merely attentive to what was before them. Her husband was speaking; his voice was perfectly strange to her—a tremulous, piping voice. "Yes, they tempted me; they gave me the drink, sir. I was three-parts drunk when I did it."

The doctor and the warder parted, to let her come to the narrow bed. The signs of his sore struggle during the fit were visible on his face, and on the bruised arms and disordered bed, but he was perfectly calm now; the sunrise was fair upon his wasted features.

He spoke again. "And the mercy of the Most Merciful is over all His works. I trust in Him that I die forgiven." A slight convulsive movement passed over his face, and then there was a deep sigh. She was kneeling beside him now.

"There," said the doctor, coming forward with grave indifference, "I said he would not last more than the twelve hours from the time of the seizure. It's half-past six o'clock."

"Is my poor husband dead, sir?" asked the wife.

"Yes, my good woman—dead."

"May I—"

"You may do nothing at all but leave the prison," interrupted the doctor, with more kindness of manner.

"Not have his poor body to bury it?"

"You may do nothing at all but leave the prison," he repeated; and she rose at once, and Mr. Bartlett took her home again.

A widow, and all that day lying on her bed, unable to lift herself up, and yet lost in a rapture of thankfulness, blessing God for her own and her poor husband's sake.

But the shock of all she had gone through was more than she could bear, and for several weeks she was so utterly prostrate, that to rise, and for an hour or two daily to sit trembling by her fire, was all she could accomplish. She had still money left, and there would be more to come to her in a few weeks, so that she was able to pay for what she wanted. Her kind friends, the Bartletts, were gone.

What still oppressed her was Miss de Berenger's will. As soon as she was able, she must go and seek her children, and, if possible, induce them to give up the bequest. She was too weak to write, too weak to move; it was not till some time in the month of November, some weeks after her husband's death, that, finding how very little of her money was left, she roused herself, and selling all she had that she could possibly spare, set off in the railway with her child. She had an urgent longing upon her to see justice done. Her children could not prosper if they had, however innocently, brought loss upon the family which had cherished them.

And yet how little she could with safety tell them. She pondered over this during the dreary night's journey in the parliamentary train, and almost despaired. There was still nothing but concealment before her. Her daughters would meet her with kindly condescension, though she had gone off from them so suddenly. Yes, and each of them she hoped—she was sure—would give her a kiss. But she had robbed herself of all claim on them; even the bond of faithful service was broken.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. JOLLIFFE was a woman of consequence—of much more consequence, in some respects, than Mr. de Berenger, though she was generally considered to be a servant, and he a master. On all great occasions Mrs. Jolliffe could make her power felt, and one was approaching.

In fact, the very next day, namely, the eighteenth of November, was to be the most important that for many years had dawned on the De Berenger family. A very large goose pie was at that moment baking in honour of it. Cakes, without end, were



ranged on the dressers to be given away in the village. There was great rolling of pastry, stuffing of fowls, clearing of jelly, stoning of plums, roasting of beef. Mrs. Jolliffe was making all her subordinates miserable for fear the oven shouldn't go. It generally went very well; there was no special reason why it should not then. It never had failed since Master came of age. A modest festival had been given on that occasion, and the crust of the pie was burnt.

Nobody in the kitchen had any peace till that goose pie was out of the oven, and was all one clear expanse of gold-coloured crust.

"And quite a credit to you, ma'am," cried the two village matrons who were come to help. Mrs. Jolliffe was pacified for the moment, but now she began to fret about the partridges and the custards, "for, indeed, a wedding is not a thing that takes place every day," she remarked.

"And hadn't need," sighed her weary subordinates.

"There wasn't as much of a spread when Mr. Amias was christened as I could have wished to see," continued Mrs. Jolliffe, who never forgot anything, "and I remember as well as can be, how I said to her that was cook at that time, 'I hope, if the blessed babe lives to eat his wedding breakfast, he'll see finer victuals on the table by half, and more of them.'"

"You might have said you hoped he would make a fine bridegroom," observed one of the attendants.

"But I did not," replied Mrs. Jolliffe, impressively, "and so I tell you truly. But we have all heard that marriages are made in heaven, and so I believe they are—a picked few of them,—this for one. Never was anything like the convenience of it. Miss Sarah's money going to her own nephew, the right crest on Miss Amabel's share of the plate, and all their things marked 'A. B.' both of them."

"It's very interesting," said the scullery girl; and Mrs. Jolliffe, finding that she had time to pause and be amused when the success of the breakfast hung yet in the balance, severely ordered her into the back kitchen to wash potatoes.

It was long past midnight when Mrs. Jolliffe, satisfied at last, locked up the house and crept up to bed. The servants, all extremely tired, slept heavily and later than usual.

The bridegroom, as perhaps might have been expected, was first awake, and rang for his hot water.

He was in the little room which had been his from a boy. It led out of his brother's room, and commanded a view of the church and the lawn, on which grew two very fine fir-trees.

Amias drew up his blind; rather a thick sprinkling of snow had fallen in the night. It was still snowing. A dark and rather misty morning. The two trees stood like two tall sharp spires, and a tree or shrub of singular shape appeared between them. It did not seem to be so thickly covered with snow as the other shrubs. He looked at it with interest; it was singularly like the figure of a woman crouching down against the fir-tree as if for shelter. A curious freak of the frost, as he thought it. Yes, like even to the minute details; for there, bent down, might be the head, and there, falling into regular creases, was what might be the hood of her cloak!

*It was a woman!*

He called his brother out of his room to look at it. They even thought they saw it move, and both, hurriedly throwing on their clothes, ran down. The shape had already attracted attention below. Felix and Amias had plenty of help, and the helpless creature, not stiff, not insensible, but only powerless to move, was carried into the warm nursery and laid on a couch. Her attitude, as they raised her, was easily explained. She was crouching over a beautiful, rosy child, so as to shield him from the cold. Her cloak folded him to her, and he was warm and sleeping, having leaned against her shoulder.

Hannah Dill! She looked worn and wan; her hair had many streaks of grey in it, and her hollow eyes told of pain and grief and trouble. She made no complaint; her eyes followed her child, and when she saw that they were attending to him, giving him breakfast and warming him, she appeared to sink away into an exhausted sleep.

It was about eight o'clock, and the family were not down. It was not to be expected that at such a time more attention could be devoted to the poor, uninvited visitor than was absolutely needful, especially as she could not talk; but in about an hour she was able to drink some hot tea. Then she seemed to notice that Felix had come in and was standing near her. Mr. Brown, the doctor, was also present.

"And you say she spoke when you first found her under the tree?" he said to Felix.

"Yes; we raised her up, my brother and I, and she stood between us."

Jolliffe took the child and remarked at the



same moment, "She has a widow's cap on."

Then she said faintly, "My poor husband is dead."

I trust he went to God."

"She is coming round," said the doctor. "Well, Mrs. Snaith, do you feel better?"

Hannah Dill looked about her. "I had not been there long — there under the tree. It did not seem long," she said, addressing Felix. "I wanted so to see them," she presently added, while the doctor continued to feel her pulse and regard her attentively.

"Her strength must have failed just as she got near the house," he observed, "and she sank down."

The cold has done the rest. See how she gazes at the door."

"The young

ladies are not dressed yet, Mrs. Snaith," said Felix, using her old familiar name. "You shall see them shortly. So you were not long under the tree?"

"No; they put me out at four o'clock at the town. I walked on, for my money was all spent, and my boy was hungry."

And this was the wedding morning. Neither of the two brothers liked that Amabel and Delia should begin it with the sight of their old nurse, and the story of what she must have suffered.

Amias came in first with Delia, all in white array as a bridesmaid; her lovely face was sweet and pitiful, but she shrank a little when she saw the hollow-eyed woman stretched on a couch and motionless, except for the turning of her eyes. She came, and, leaning over her, kissed her kindly, and noticing a sort of rapture that came over the poor face, said, "Mamsey dear, you'll be better soon."

Mamsey had hold of a fold of tarlatan. "What does it mean?" she asked, with entreating eyes.

"Why, the wedding, Mamsey—the wedding; that's what it means!"

"You to be married, my beauty bright? You!"

"Oh no," cried Delia, all dimples and blushes; "no. But don't look so frightened, dear."

"Who is it, then?" said Mamsey, very faintly.

"Amabel."

"Then I'm too late," said Mamsey. "I hoped the Lord would let me get here in time. It can't be helped."

What could she mean? She spoke so slowly and seemed so disturbed, that Amias said, "And why should it be helped, Mamsey? Everybody wishes for it."

"Who's the gentleman," she mourned out; "tell me his name."

"Why, his name is the same as mine," answered Amias, smiling down upon her with joy in his dark eyes. "I am the gentleman!"

"You, sir—you?"

"Yes, I—Mr. Amias de Berenger. You remember me, surely."

"Well, then, it's all right," she murmured. "Wonderful goodness of God! I bless His holy Name."

Strangely solemn words; they seemed to have little relation to the circumstances, and she fell away, after saying them, into a kind of faint.

"The bride had better see her before she

goes to church," observed the doctor to Felix, who had come in again.

"Why?" asked Felix.

The doctor looked at him. "I think it might be better," he said.

"She changes very much, surely, sir," said Mrs. Jolliffe. "I don't see that she seems to rally."

Hannah Dill recovered from her faint and again gazed towards the door. Delia presently re-entered it, with the rosy little unknown brother in her arms. And after her, floating onwards, lovely and pensive and pitiful, came Amabel, in her bridal gown and floating veil.

"Put it back," she said, "that I may kiss Mamsey."

Amias put the veil back for her, and she looked quietly into his eyes. Then she came on and kissed the prostrate invalid, and sat down beside her. She sat gently and sweetly beside her, but it cannot be supposed that at such a time, within half an hour of her marriage ceremony, she was able to give any very deep attention to her old nurse.

It was Delia who first spoke; she had a sudden idea that human faces seldom could look like Mamsey's long. It must be her own little experience, she thought, that made her feel alarmed, but she yielded to a sudden impulse; she would say the kindest thing in the world, whatever was the event.

"Mamsey dear, look at me—look! I've got the dear, pretty little boy in my arms," she said, in a cheerful and comforting voice. "You will come and live here again, won't you? But if you don't stay, Mamsey—do you understand?—I shall always take care of him."

The dying eyes appeared to thank her; they wandered over the three faces with a wondrous rapture of peace and joy.

"And yet," she presently whispered, "it's not said, and I cannot say it."

"Say what, Mamsey?" asked Delia.

Her eyes fell upon Delia's hand; she saw the rings. "You engaged too, my sweetest sweet?"

For all answer Delia lifted her hand to her lips, and kissed the rings she had so lately begun to wear.

A spasm of anguish passed over the mother's face; all the light and joy in it was gone.

"Do you love *him*?" she whispered.

Delia murmured, "Oh yes."

"And I've no time to speak," Mamsey repeated. "Miss Sarah's money—Miss Sarah——"

"She's wandering!" exclaimed Amabel.

"Never mind Cousin Sarah's money, dear," said Delia caressingly—her lovely face was all dimples and blushes; her happiness was so new to her—"look at these instead. Don't you want to know who gave them to me?" she whispered. She leaned down till her cheek almost touched her mother's shoulder.

"Who did?" replied Mamsey.

Delia could just hear the words. Mamsey had hold of her ringed hand now. Delia lifted up her face, and answered those beseeching eyes. "Who did? Why—Dick!"

Then the clasp of that cold hand was relaxed, and there came back again a strange rapture of peace. Delia watched it and

THE END.

wondered, till some one came to the door and called the girls away. They gave each a kindly look to their old nurse and passed out of the room, Delia still having the baby-boy in her arms.

They all passed out of that room indeed, at the same moment;—the children to the lot which had been won for them, the mother to her rest.

If it was failure so to live and so to die, having given up all things, even her own children—to live not thanked, and to die not known—yet still it was the failure she had chosen; and there are some who, reflecting on such a life, would say, "If that be failure, let me so fail."

## WOMEN'S COLLEGIATE LIFE IN AMERICA: WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MASS.

BY MRS. MEREDITH.

A YOUNG country is eminently the place in which women may put forth their best powers. Every member of a community which is only in course of formation, feels eager to bring out all their resources for the good of the common weal. The women of America feel that they have their share of the work of their country to do, and they prepare for it by cultivating their intellect, and so fitting themselves for any post that it may be needful for them to fill. The training they receive gives them that best of qualities in women—adaptability. This very thing prevents their being compelled to settle into grooves that restrict their general usefulness and influence. Physical toil in the home, or the workshop, or brain-work in the professional sphere, are accepted as their duties, whenever circumstances render these incumbent on them; and their employments run so smoothly, that it excites no special remark how they are engaged. Like the perfection of a toilette, their work is done without attracting attention to its details. When we have said this we have said all that can be said about women's work in America. In fact, it is whatever a woman can do, the proof being that she does it, and that she accomplishes good results. What the good results, seen in the social life of the United States, are, it is important to state. An English woman admitted into the homes and families of that country finds a condition of affairs to which she is unaccustomed. Wives know their husband's

business, and help him in it. The loss or gain of every day is their affair; and their sympathy is entirely with the labour and the labourer. This leads them to endeavour to understand commercial undertakings. Because the influence of educated mothers, wives, and sisters is beneficial in the domestic circle, men ask their aid in the households of the nation. They are found worthy to be considered on the strength of the army of the State, striving for its progress. Their minds are permitted to be exercised in the political economy of those departments of the public business that fall under the natural cognizance of women. The details in the management of workhouses and prisons that relate to food, clothing, health, &c., are committed to women's care. "Advisory Boards" are formed to secure their co-operation. "Commissions" are organized, in which they are invited to act; and thus their services are utilised in every way, in order to promote the well-being of the country.

What they positively effect to this end is surprising. No English lady can refuse to bear witness to the moral aspect of American society, as compared with England's state at this time. If only one remarkable feature be noticed, which is prominent all over the land, as the influence of woman, it would be enough to crown the fair sex in that country with the greatest earthly honour. They have banished, by their all-powerful effort, the presence of drink from their tables; and, so far,

have stigmatized drunkenness as abhorrent to them. Hospitality "without the drink" is the honoured grace of the New World; and this is due to the work of women—not fanatic, superstitious, and unreasonable, but calm, scientific, pious women, resolute in their aim and their action to avoid that which is dangerous to their families, the preservation of which is their special duty.

One remarkable result of the higher education of Christian women in America is the large number who enter the mission field.

The colleges that send forth women of the greatest intellectual culture send out also the largest number of missionaries to preach the gospel of the Kingdom of God, the Holy Spirit thus owning the advantage of education in the work of the ministry. India, Asia, China, Japan, Syria, and many "regions beyond" have received these workers. Their own vast land is a grand theatre for their energy. They move about on the face of it with a devotion and organization that have most extraordinary effects.

In the light of these facts, it becomes very interesting to examine Wellesley College, as one of the training institutions of the Christian women of America. This establishment is the offshoot of a work set on foot by a woman about fifty years ago. The heroine who wrought for female emancipation from the ills and miseries of ignorance, thus addressed her pupils, when she was sending them forth to the battle of life; and when we have quoted this extract we shall have put before our readers Mary Lyon:—

"Now I trust you will be inflexible in regard to the right. Do not yield that, even to please kings, but be very careful to distinguish between the right and personal gratification. . . . Make all you can of your intellectual and moral powers, and of your influence over others. . . . Do something, have a plan, live for some purpose, be faithful and conscientious and understand what you are to do, but do not expect to make over this world, or to greatly change your condition in it, but seek, rather, to be ready to do and bear what comes in your way. Be willing to do anything anywhere that Providence seems to lay upon you. . . . Do not expect to be independent because educated. Ladies never can be independent, and those best educated most feel their dependence. They must expect great demands to be made upon their time and strength, and they should meet them in the spirit of Him who came to minister rather than to be ministered unto. You will find no pleasure like the pleasure of active effort. May God give every one of you more and more for your heart and hands to do, and more and more fellowship with Christ in His sufferings. Never be hasty to decide what you cannot do, because you have not physical or mental strength. Never say you have no faith or hope. Always think of God's strength when you feel your weakness, and remember that you can come nearer to Him than to any being in the universe. We

have desired to educate you to go among the rich or the poor, to live in the country or the village, in New England, the West, or in a foreign land. And, wherever you are, remember that God will be with you if you seek to do good to immortal souls."

In 1837 Mary Lyon opened the first of the establishments that now provide American women with colleges in which religion is made of chief concern. Wellesley is the latest and most highly developed of the collegiate institutions that have sprung from the original foundation at Mount Holyoak. We find in it the fully realised ideal of Miss Lyon. She proposed to give women all the advantages that men have for acquiring knowledge. It was her plan that they should be instructed in classics and science, in exactly the same manner as their brothers; not that they should learn a little Latin, and a smattering of mathematics, by some diluted course of study made easy, but that they should thoroughly accomplish all that men do in universities.

Wellesley College is, therefore, not a girls' school called by courtesy "a college." It is a woman's university, and it has all the facilities for them to graduate in every department of knowledge, that any university for the other sex, either in Great Britain or America, has. The system contemplates only the instruction of those who have had elementary instruction of a sound kind. The preliminary schooling must be equal to the best "high school" with which we are acquainted, for the matriculation examination is not beneath the standard of our men's universities.

Until America could produce women capable of organizing, and able to take the professorships of such a college, Wellesley could not have been founded. Now that there are women able to do it, and that the thing is done, there can no more be difficulties in the intellectual cultivation of women. Wellesley College, Massachusetts, is a substantial evidence of power that may be quoted by all English-speaking women, when their prospects are called in question; and it may well be pointed to by Christian people as their victory, given them by God in His mercy, over foolish, ignorant prejudice, which falsely adjudged women's capabilities, and wickedly restrained and restricted their places in the world of letters.

Vassar College, which claims to have attained even a higher intellectual standard than Wellesley, is certainly quite worthy of being regarded in this light too; but, at this time, we mean to deal only with Wellesley,

as representing more particularly education in connection with spiritual influence, and as showing the effect of such training on Christian work.

A large capital has been invested in this establishment, which it is to be hoped will return a good interest in money as well as in moral worth. The picture here given of it represents the estate, which comprises some thirty acres of beautiful scenery, in which Nature has bountifully supplied the needs of

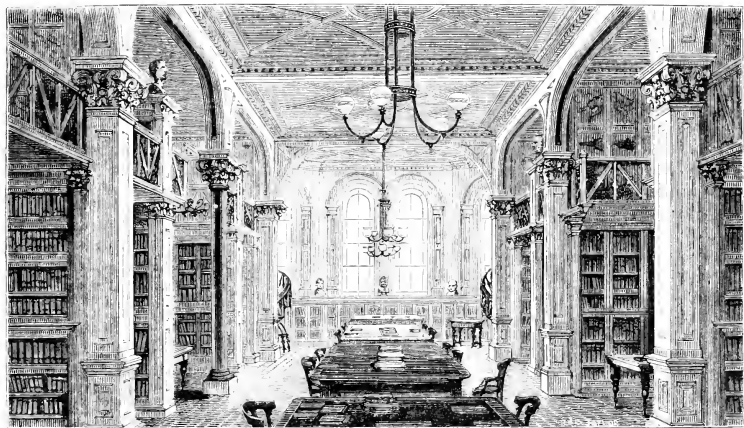
the students, as to variety of interesting resources. Woodland and fern-ground, hilly walks, pasture and tillage fields, pieces of water for boating and swimming, give plenty of opportunity for exercise and amusement out of doors. The situation of the building is very healthy, as well as very lovely. When the college was planned, every step was considered with a view to promote women's special benefit in student life. The apartments are grouped in suites of three rooms—



General View of Wellesley College and Grounds.

two for sleeping and one for study—accommodating two students in each suite. There are recitation rooms for each class, and demonstration rooms for the practice of the experiments of science; museums; galleries for collections of specimens of all kinds of objects, natural, scientific, instrumental, &c., and a library of large size and copious contents. Beside these are halls for worship, lectures, dining, and receptions; vast corridors, and a domestic department in which all

the arts and sciences are utilised to produce the most sanitary and agreeable modes of living. The results are that a charming abode is provided for the students. The collegians do all the household labour of the establishment with their own hands; and thus acquire practical skill in women's work, which they can ever after control, not merely by theoretical assertion, but by actual personal experience. The arrangements whereby they are enabled to do this are such as can be easily carried



Library of Wellesley College.

on wherever they may live and labour, at home and abroad. Wellesley graduates, therefore, propose not only to be distinguished in letters, but in domestic economy; and to give their households the fruits of their toil, in comforts and enjoyments superior to those yet procurable in ordinary society. A residence of a few days in Wellesley College assured us, that English families would be happier if the ladies of our country understood the operations of cleansing, cooking, and washing, as well as the students there did. It would give them what they now have not—the mastery over their servants; and cause a sense of independence that, if those troublesome people choose to go off, their absence would not be so great a difficulty as they imagine, but rather a relief, giving an opportunity of putting things straight, that are set astray by the bad methods of ignorant women, who have the rule of our houses too much in their hands. It is needful for us to set forth this

strong defence of the domestic character of American female students, before we enter on the list of their studies, lest our English woman's heart should quail in the presence of its greatness, or, still worse, our English men's feelings be excited against the blue-stocking world; and they be led to exclaim—in fear and dread of their homes being entered by learned Gorgons, instead of lovely girl-graduates, with not only golden locks, but deft fingers, making pies as well as diagrams—"Away with it!"

All the regular students board in the college, and aid in some of the lighter domestic work of the family. The importance of this will be appreciated by thoughtful parents. This is not a novel experiment. For many years it has been the rule in some other institutions. While it is not intended to give instruction in the details of domestic work, it is considered desirable that all should understand and take a practical part in systematic housekeeping.



Mary Lyon.

The time thus occupied is one hour daily, and does not interfere with the hours of study. The economy of this course should not be overlooked. It would be easier to hire a much larger number of servants than are employed, and to bear the expense of their wages and board, with the accompanying waste, but it would be necessary, in that case, to make the price for board and tuition nearly double what it now is. This would defeat one great object of the trustees, which is, to give opportunities for a higher education to women of moderate means. The success of this plan in the college leads the trustees to believe that all young women will cheerfully take their share in easy and useful domestic work, when they understand that they are thus helping, in part, at least, to educate themselves. The experience of teachers in the well-known institutions in which this course has been pursued, has proved that the discipline of this domestic work, which unites all in one family as helpers for the common good, is invaluable in its influence upon the moral nature, and its preparation for social life.

A lady physician resides in the college, and gives her personal attention to the supervision of the arrangements connected with the health of the family. She has daily intercourse with the students, and instructs them in the care of their health and the laws of hygiene. They are encouraged to consult with her frequently, and are taught how to establish proper habits of attention and systematic care. No charge is made for medicine, nor for the attention of the resident physician. A hospital, which can be shut off from the rest of the building, in case of contagious disease, is provided for those who need any extra care.

The college grounds give ample opportunities for exercise and recreation. The lake affords a most desirable place for boating in summer, and skating in winter. The exercise of boating is so attractive in itself, and has been found to be so remarkably beneficial to the health of the students, that a large number of safe and convenient boats have been furnished, which they are allowed to use daily. It will be found that everything is done for the health, the comfort, and the happiness of the family in their college home.

A large gymnasium is provided, and the classes are instructed in calisthenics.

There are two departments of instruction, the collegiate and the academic.

The Collegiate Department qualifies for admission to the "freshman" class. Candidates

must be at least sixteen years of age. They must pass satisfactory examinations in the following studies:—*Latin grammar*, including prosody; *Cæsar*, Gallic War, books 1–4; *Cicero*, six Orations; *Virgil*, *Æneid*, books 1–6; *Arithmetic*, including the metric system of weights and measures; *Olney's University Algebra*, through involution, evolution, radicals, quadratic equations, ratio, proportion, arithmetical and geometrical progressions, *i.e.* to Part III.; *Olney's or Chauvenet's Plane Geometry*; modern geography; *Guyot's Physical Geography*, Parts II. and III.; *English grammar*; *English composition*. The subjects for 1880 will be selected from *Shakespeare's Tempest*, *Scott's Lady of the Lake*, or *Longfellow's Evangeline*, &c., &c.

The Academic Department is wholly disconnected from the Collegiate Department; and has no more influence upon the college classes or courses of study, than it would have if it were a separate institution in another town. The demand for the collegiate education of women is of so recent an origin, that there are as yet no schools exclusively designed to fit girls for college. In some places girls can join the classes of the high schools in which young men are fitted; but these opportunities are comparatively rare. It is therefore necessary to provide for the needs of girls who cannot be prepared for college in their own homes. The academic department is intended to meet this demand.

In order to show the nature of the general course of study, we will extract from the college calendar for 1877–8 the syllabus of the "Freshman year":—*Latin*: *Livy*, one book, *Tacitus' Germania*, *Cicero's Letters* (selections), *Humphrey's Abbott's Latin prose compositions*. *Greek*, elective: *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (selections), *Plato's Apology*, *Jones's Greek prose composition*. *Mathematics*: *Olney's Solid Geometry*, plane and spherical trigonometry. *German*, elective: *Goethe* and *Schiller*, *Ballad's Schlen*, *Jungfrau von Orleans*, *Wilhelm Tell*, *Dio Piccolomini*, grammar and exercises, essays. *French*, elective: *syntaxe française*, *littérature française contemporaine*, *dictées et compositions*. *Drawing*: Free hand, mathematical, and perspective. *Grecian history*: essay writing; elocution, &c. The "Sophomore" year advances a grade, and there are "junior" and "senior" years, in which a very full course is given; after which honours in classics and science can be obtained by further study.

The scientific course is laid out according to the best scientific and technical schools for men, the scope of instruction differing



only as to preparation for professions which are not embraced in the purpose of the ladies' college. Chemistry, mineralogy, lithology, geology, botany, biology, histology, physics, and astronomy comprise the general course in this department.

All the teaching, in every branch, but more especially in the scientific, is done by lectures, aided by text books, &c., with laboratory practice.

In the first year we find them at "qualitative analysis;" and the second solving problems in stoichiometry. Quantitative analysis follows; and in the course optics, acoustics, and electricity find their places. In fact, the curriculum at Wellesley has the widest range of preparation for general knowledge, as well as methods for the special cultivation of any detail, in any department of education. It is very interesting to know that these advantages were made use of by as many as three hundred and twenty-three ladies last year. We passed a few days in the college, and had an opportunity of observing the intense eagerness of the students to excel. It was quite exciting to visit the class-rooms, laboratories, and libraries. There were always young heads in full work; and always pleasant, happy, gratified faces crowding round the professors everywhere. The fact that these professors were ladies did not in the least decrease the respect and attention with which their instructions were received.

All the officers of government and instruction are women; and the order and form of the establishment bears witness to their power. There is a board of trustees which manages the pecuniary department, fifteen of whom are men, and three are women. Ada L. Howard, the president of the faculty, is well able for her arduous post, although she is a gentle, quiet woman, with a prematurely grey head. We could pick out a few of the A.M.'s and A.B.'s, as well as an M.D., who are specially women of power; but we will not do so, as it may imply inequality of capability. It is remarkable that the professors are on a very fair level as to literary standing and power. On the whole the system is in a most healthy state, and affords a very good opportunity for ascertaining what a women's college may become.

It is of great importance to note the effect of collegiate study on young women; and even more so to ascertain the result of collegiate intercourse during collegiate residence. Collegiate intercourse differs from social intercourse, and is different in its effect. Social intercourse has for its object personal purposes;

collegiate intercourse takes a wider scope; and women get by it a glimpse of the field outside and round their home, which gives them a second life besides their domestic one. Nor does it injure the first and chief ideal of feminine existence, but rather strengthens and improves it. The woman learns at college that there are many women as well informed as herself, and with as great and good aims, and she joins a number of other hearts and minds, with them to pursue a common good. Enlightenment and cultivation are esteemed a social benefit, instead of being an isolated and isolating condition. The elevation of one woman here and there above her fellows is a doubtful advantage; but the elevation of all women to a certain standard of education has an influence on society of the most useful kind. It places them in a position, as it regards men, that has much mutual good effect. The permanence of the platform of culture to which both sexes are raised will be found to depend on the height to which women attain. According to this theory, America has a good prospect for her future.

There is a project now being ventilated to found a Mount Holyoak in England, and we cordially wish it success. It is not intended as a rival to Girton College, but as a sister institution, based on a different and distinctly religious foundation. Wellesley College shows how Christian teaching and influence can be combined with the highest intellectual cultivation; and, by God's gracious permission, the latter becomes the implement in the hand of the former.

The library, of which our drawing (p. 841) gives a fair idea, is filled with selected Christian literature. No scientific books, however popular, are admitted there which question the supreme authority of the Divine Word.

Twice every day the whole household meets for prayer and meditation on the Scriptures. There is Divine worship on Sundays, alternately after the manner of Episcopalians and Presbyterians. The teaching of all the ministers who visit is alike Evangelical; nor could any other doctrine be tolerated in the place than "Christ crucified." The leading mind in the institution is that of Mr. Durant. He has, in fact, given Wellesley College to the women of his State. He gave the land, the building, and the furniture; and now he gives his time and energies to the undertaking, in every way that he can, as steward of the establishment, working and living under the heavenly King, his Master and Lord. His functions are very interesting,

and much depends on the way in which they are exercised. He uses them for the Saviour, and rejoices in the service. When not busy in the building at Wellesley, he is generally preaching the gospel in other places; and

so passes his time bringing sinners to Jesus. The work of grace in the College is extensive. Voluntary meetings of the students for prayer and study of the Bible are numerous and large.

## COFFEE-ROOMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY LADY HOPE OF CARRIDEN.

### PART II.

THE coffee-house is another form of the same attempt; sometimes these two are combined. The entrance here is free, beyond the purchase of food or drink at the counter. If the bar be not too small, and the room attractive, the manager liked, and the promoters inclined to visit it in the evenings, and able to exert an influence for good in the town that will secure frequenters, this edition of the temperance scheme ought also to prove a benefit.

The coffee-barrow too supplies a want. By the roadside, in the market-place, on the ice the working man can purchase his penny cup of coffee, and penny or halfpenny bun, ready to his hand. Thus he does not need the dainties of the public-house. Often a fit of craving for stimulant will be warded off by this very efficient remedy, promptly supplied.

Perhaps the most useful of all these, because the most comprehensive, would be a long wooden or brick shed, such as you see in a builder's yard, woollen, leather, or shoe-making factory, purchased for £50 or rented for £10 a year. Another £50 for the purpose of making it absolutely comfortable, that is, air-tight and water-tight, warm and well-lighted, the windows garnished by crimson blinds: £50 or £70 would furnish it throughout with short narrow tables, placed crossways to the walls in rows sided by forms with sloping backs; a long counter, neat and substantial, at one end, with coffee-urns, dishes, cups and saucers, the coffee being heated by spirit lamps or gas, as the case might be, and books on shelves; papers and books on the tables; pictures in glowing tints toned down by a wall of subdued colour; neat, large-printed texts, mottoes, and almanacks; while the remaining £30 would cover the manager's salary for nine months. Long before this, if it were anything like what it would be with good management, this salary and that of an under man might be taken out of the weekly returns. If, there-

fore, any ladies or gentlemen were to place in my hands a sum of £300, and say to me, "Will you provide for us (in any town or village) a coffee-room that, by God's blessing, will work out a great reform amongst the masses in our neighbourhood?" I should feel myself *rich* for the purpose with the sum mentioned—£200 for first actual expenses, and £100 as a reserve fund for extras needed. I will venture to say that, under proper auspices, this great coffee-room might be well filled in the evenings. To be a very popular resort it ought, if possible, to hold two, three, or four hundred men. The men would walk miles to attend it. How my heart aches with longing to start such in every place I visit! But barriers inconceivable, only existing in the minds of the rich, present themselves too often. If *one* or *two* places would try this simple plan, they would prove by their success a stimulus to other towns for a similar agency, a qualified delight at the new ideas and thoughts and sensations of rest that are presented to them thereby. Poor fellows! a little brightness, a little relief from carking care, hard work, and sight and sound of evil, these are, indeed, rainbows, sunshine amidst the clouds that too often cover them. A half-crown, or even a shilling toy, will often be worth gold for these reasons to a tired man; and to us for his benefit worth how *much more* than gold, if they should prove successful in leading him out of the pathway of ignorance and sin into scenes of purer delight and more hallowed enjoyments! But far, far higher than this I would carry our aims. I should consider even the result I have suggested a failure did it not lead the working man to think of a Better Home!

In such a Coffee-room you can reach him by many avenues. You sit side by side with him. You can talk with him face to face, reason, persuade, warn, entreat, as the work seems to be given you; and your little mission to that one man, and I will venture

to say, very many others like him, may prove more effectual than all the words that flowed over his head out of the high pulpit on the last Sunday that he attended the church. If once you have got a moral and spiritual hold of the man, or men of the town generally, in this way, they will soon begin to flock into the church, that is to say, if they can get comfortable seats, a good welcome, and simple spiritual teaching that will satisfy and strengthen them.

One shelf, within reach of the manager's hand or eye as he stands at the bar, should be stored with games. A difficulty here presents itself as to the choice of such amusements. But it is only theoretical; you would be surprised to know how easily our guests are amused, and for a whole evening too, and every evening, if you have sufficient variety in your lists.

Go into any large toyshop in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Dublin, and you will find hosts of enchanting games. There you discover in endless variety what will present a world of delight to the toil-worn, weary working man, at the end of his day. The difficulty is not where to begin in your choice, but where to end! Nothing delights or puzzles me more than to go into one of these delectable reservoirs of recreation, purse in hand, to choose out for myself, or for a friend who has intrusted me with the charming task, a variety of these pure and simple pleasures, praying the while, how earnestly! that they may prove in skilful hands elements of true *recreation*, spiritual as well as mental. It is an interesting task to introduce the men to these games, and see them understand and take to them as kindly as they do any other specific for true reform that you put immediately within their reach. Only the other day in a coffee-house started really on the right principles, a large quantity of games were laid in, with other stores, for the delectation of the men. But, strange to say, whenever we inquired from those in charge as to their popularity, we were always informed that "the men did not care for the games," "they never played," &c. The coffee-room, excellent though it was in every way, was not yet thoroughly in working order. There were no lady or gentlemen visitors in the evening, and it was plain from the empty rôle during these later hours, that for some reason or other *the men* did not care to come. We made known from the bar during the next few days, that on a certain evening we should be there ourselves, and that some young ladies would sing. As might have

been expected, the large coffee-room was crowded on that evening. Different hymns were sung in parts, and some unitedly, leaflets and books being handed round to the customers. I talked to them a little, in a very free-and-easy way, nothing approaching to a lecture, sermon, or even address, I hope. I did not wish it to be that kind of thing; but we all agreed in wishing the men to know that we cared for them, that we felt an interest in those who came in and out of the coffee-room every day, and that we longed that they should derive from their daily visit a higher benefit than the mere food served at the counter. They earnestly listened, and quite understood and entered into what was said to them. Games were then proposed, and the offer received languidly, except by one or two, who said, "It is a long time since I had a game at anything!" Then a series of confessions followed that they did "not know any games." The names of several were mentioned. They "could not play them." However, an offer to teach the use of them was received most gladly, and soon all the occupants of the rooms were busy receiving initiation into the mysteries of chess, draughts, go-bang, fishponds, and other similar amusements. But they required our presence to keep everything up to the mark. Their enjoyment was evident. "We want an umpire!" some said. Others said, "I can't quite hit off these moves. Look here, how does this go?" My pupils, great stalwart working men sometimes, who have been condescending to learn chess from me, have often given me great amusement by their knitted brows, strenuous efforts to learn the game, and remarks made in all innocence, the while. "Just see here, please. This 'ere piece," touching the king, "didn't you say he couldn't move no more than a square at a time?" "Yes!" I have acknowledged the charge. "Well then! it wouldn't hurt to lose him, would it? He ain't much good. Is he?" "Oh, yes!" I have solemnly explained; "you can't lose him. He's the most important person on the board. I told you that you must guard him the whole time, for he must not even be left in check;" and then endeavoured to demonstrate the various ways in which he might be exposed to danger, and ought to be defended. Whereupon after deep thought, and close and penetrating consideration of the board, one of the antagonistic couple has replied, "Well! I do think he is a bother. He can't take care of his self and he wants all the 'others to be

lookin' arter him. I never! now there's this one, the queen, ain't she! Well! she can run for herself, she can; right across the board, anywhere. *She's* the one I like. It's my go, now. Where's that little crooked thing that goes jumpin' about all over the place. I can't find him. Oh! here he is. Yes! the knight. I remember now. He'll just do here." And thus, slowly but surely, though you would hardly think it, the game has progressed; and when the men do understand it, they are remarkably fond of the "chesses," as they generally call them.

A very large musical box is an excellent thing to have playing on the tables during part of the evening.

But, whatever happens, the room must not be deserted by the friends of the cause. By their presence wonders can be effected. The thought and money lavished on the undertaking at its first start are not sufficient. The ladies and gentlemen, and Christian young tradespeople of the town must come in and out constantly in the evenings, invite the men in, and encourage them by every means in their power. The Bible should be fearlessly read aloud in the middle of the coffee-room, in the course of the evening, whilst it is most crowded. Instead of lessening the numbers in any place, this will increase them. If you don't do it, the people themselves don't see the object of your having taken such trouble for them. If you do it, they see through the whole thing, and respect you for so high a motive, and for having taken so deep an interest in their welfare.

I should like to conduct my readers through the golden few that are doing their duty! My heart rests upon them with comfort and pleasure as my thoughts settle down on the bright little area that is benefited and blessed by them.

I used to drive through a lovely village situated in the midst of beautiful scenery; its rustic cottages trellised over and adorned by a profusion of roses, ivy, and grape vines; but, alas! its moral condition dark, dead, drunken. So I was always told, and I believe it was true. Many a fervent prayer ascended during these enjoyable drives through its precincts. At last some earnest Christian people took the large house close by, and began to devote themselves forthwith to the inhabitants of the cottages. A coffee-house was started. I was asked to find a manager for it. The Lord gave us the man. Never shall I forget my delight when I paid my first visit to the newly-opened coffee-room—its house-warming, con-

sisting of a good hearty prayer-meeting and an address to the people. It was a cheering sight, indeed, to behold such a congregating together of what must have been very nearly the entire mass of adult villagers, their numbers somewhat swelled by visitors from other neighbouring villages. But the coffee-room itself was the acme of comfort. Spacious, and light, it had these all-important first elements of success evidently enough. This was not all, however. The harmony of colour that prevailed everywhere was only an index to the kindly feeling that was prepared to harmonize the various rough elements that had been welcomed into this very novel hostelry. Such, at least, the people seemed to regard it. Their expressions of surprise, as one by one they peeped, and then ventured in, showed how unaccustomed they had hitherto been to such luxuries. I fear my memory is not accurate enough to describe in detail the arrangement; but as far as I can recollect it was something of this description. The walls were whitewashed, or painted a very light colour, and ornamented to a good height by a vainscoting of crimson paper, finished off by a narrow paper. Texts and pictures relieved the upper part, standing out in bold relief, with their frames of crimson paper. These were interspersed with illuminated mottoes, groups of ferns, and suggestive photographs. Steaming coffee-urns poured forth a most appetizing fragrance, and, when tapped, a still more appetizing draught. Clean cups and saucers shone and glistened beneath the glowing lamps that hung from the ceiling and were fastened to the wall. A particularly radiant, genial-looking man stood behind the counter, dispensing smiles as well as tea, coffee, cake, and bread and butter, to all the incomers; his *guests*, he evidently considered them, and he was giving them his best of welcomes. He has a true heart for his fellow working men. He loves them. Yes! positively *loves* them—and so do the gentleman and his wife who with their little children, their servants, and their neighbours, strive to the utmost to impart to their pretty village room the charm of *home*. And no one knows better how to value such an atmosphere, than the man who is too often condemned, by those who are strangers to his inner life, as hard and unfeeling. These he certainly is not. But sometimes these finer virtues must be fostered and drawn out before they will appear. Or the link so tender of home-life, once broken by the intoxicating drink, must be reunited by artificial means—such means as those I have

described—the reason of such a necessity being sufficiently palpable. The tie has been severed outside his own hearth, and outside they must be joined again. You cannot find him at home. You must, therefore, meet him away from his home, and bring him by gentle persuasive love, and tidings of forgiveness, back to it again. If a man is fond of home, he is too thankful for the occasional outlet that such a coffee-room affords him. It refreshes and invigorates him for his daily duties, and fosters the love of home, rather than weakens it, for the two lives tally. If both influences are good, truly good, they do not oppose one another. Let our influences lead him a step farther on the heavenward road! that we, as the “compellers” to the royal feast, may bring in a great multitude, “halt, and maimed, and blind,” not resting satisfied until, first with the eye of faith, and then more visibly, they have “beheld our King in His beauty,” acknowledging with us that He is “altogether lovely;” and “setting to their seal, that God is true,” *true* in His invitations—*true* in His promises—*true* in His judgments.

Each one of these means for reaching the people is good, if we can succeed in making it a medium for permanent benefit. From our missionary at Dorking I have a letter only this morning, describing the large coffee-room in the town-hall there as “so packed full last Saturday evening, that fresh comers could hardly make their way up to the counter.” That this is not the result of novelty can be proved by the seven-years age of the movement there. But in a short time now, the men will spend their last Saturday night at the town-hall rooms, as, through the generous kindness of a neighbour—this time a *true* neighbour!—a large coffee-house and mission-rooms, very perfectly complete, and, though on the same principles, on a more commodious scale, have been built for their use in the same street. Many touching expressions of gratitude, and countless tokens of their appreciation of the efforts made on their behalf, you would find amongst these honest working men. They acknowledge that their town is a “fortunate one;” that “people who live hereabouts is well off;” and that you don’t “find friends like this

everywhere.” When any of these men go away to other towns or villages on the various jobs to which at any moment they may be apportioned, they are generally very disconsolate, and “keep on missing the rooms the whole time.” Sometimes they “fall,” and come back different characters from those under which they were classed when they left us; but as often the recollection of what they have heard, and learnt, and read, beneath the genial influences of the coffee-room, “holds by them,” and keeps them “wonderful firm,” to the joy and comfort of the poor wife, who will whisper to the presiding lady of the mothers’ meeting at the close of the Monday’s proceedings—“Bill do go on so beautiful. I’m that glad, I can’t keep it to myself.” Bill being the “better half” who had previously worn out her poor life with sorrow and poverty. Then when he returns to his manifold friends, and their multiplied greetings and welcomes, each more friendly, smiling, and hearty than another, as he wends his way from the door to the bar, his hand having passed through the process of many long and wringing shakes, he is all aglow, poor fellow (though dreadfully shy!), and how happy if he can answer a nodded “yes” to sundry whispered or looked interrogations. “Have you been all right?” “Keeping yourself easy. Tom?” “Got on first class, haven’t you? Heard tell somethink o’ that from old George. He went up by your way not so long ago.” Then, over a smoking cup of coffee, the lips open, and he confesses, “I’m uncommon glad to get back! I know that. ’Twas a dull place where I been; warn’t nothing o’ this sort there.”

Fresh soil like this is worth breaking up. Yes! and, to continue the farming simile, worth feeding well too! Acres, vast areas of receptive faculty, craving needs, and rare intelligence lie all round us, waiting for the patient, willing labourer, who, “seed basket” in hand, will go forth skilfully to scatter the undying germs of precious truth—truth that will bring forth fruit “an hundredfold” to the well-being of our fellow-man, and to the praise and glory of “Him who is able to do for us, exceeding abundantly above all that we either ask or think.”

[NOTE.—In order to make quite clear some references and statements, especially in the latter part of this article, it may be well to add that it was written some months ago, and is published exactly as originally written.—ED. G. W.]

## A QUERY.

OH, the wonder of our life,  
Pain and pleasure, rest and strife,  
Mystery of mysteries,  
Set 'twixt two eternities !

Lo, the moments come and go,  
E'en as sparks, and vanish so,  
Flash from darkness into light,  
Quick as thought are quenched in light.

With an import grand and strange  
Are they fraught in ceaseless change  
As they pass away, each one  
Stands eternally alone.

This scene, more fair than words can say,  
I gaze upon, and go my way ;  
I turn, another glance to claim,  
Something is changed, 'tis not the same.

The purple flush on yonder fell,  
The tinkle of that cattle-bell,  
Came, and have never come before,  
Go, and are gone for evermore.

Our life is held as with a vice,  
We cannot do the same thing twice ;  
Once we may, but not again :  
Only memories remain.

What if memories vanish too,  
And the past be lost to view ;  
Is it all for nought that I  
Heard and saw and hurried by ?

Where are childhood's merry hours,  
Bright with sunshine, crossed with showers ?  
Are they dead, and can they never  
Come again to life for ever ?

No—'tis false, I surely trow ;  
Though awhile they vanish now,  
Every passion, deed, and thought,  
Was not born to come to nought !

Will the past then come again,  
Rest and pleasure, strife and pain,  
All the heaven and all the hell ?  
Ah, we know not : God can tell.

E. W. HOWSON.

## HEALTH AT HOME.

By B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

## PART VI.

IN preceding papers in the "Health at Home" series we have studied the healthiness of the bedrooms and the staircase landings. We have considered how these should be lighted, warmed, ventilated, and cleaned. We have passed from these to the water-closets, the housemaid's cupboard, and the closet which contains the water-cistern, and have considered the defects which they commonly present, together with the improvements which are required in them. Lastly, we have moved into the bathroom, and while, on the one hand, we have studied the simplest and cheapest means for rendering daily general ablution easy, we have glanced at what may be called "luxurious household bathing," the plunge-bath, the shower-bath, and, luxury of luxuries, the hot-air or old Roman bath.

We will at this point change our course of study by making a descent into the lower part of the house, and will consider what are the more important improvements in those regions of present domestic insanitation. Before making this descent, however, let me be allowed to add one word of an explanatory kind.

Two classes of readers accost me on the subject of the practical application of the lessons conveyed in these papers. One class expresses that while all that is suggested should and ought to be carried out, the carrying out would be so great an expense that none but those who are blessed with many hundreds a year are able so much as to contemplate any of the proposed improvements. The other class takes quite a different view ; it tells me, as each progressive article appears, that I am not sufficiently radical in suggestion ; that in respect to every detail something more could and ought to be done ; that some entirely new system, out and out new and perfect, should be described ; and that to plant new or improved methods upon old foundations is alteration without corresponding improvement. My answer to these friendly critics is, that the aim of this series consists in trying to propose as much as possible in the way of practical improvement on that which at present exists. I know very well that, to insure perfection, our great cities require to be pulled down altogether, and reconstructed on new and better plans. But then, again, I know that this is utterly

impossible. The point, therefore, to be arrived at, as it seems to me, is to make the best of what exists, and to implant the necessities in the best manner attainable, even in the midst of current faults and blunderings. By this method necessary reforms will not only be introduced into houses that already exist, but will in time be introduced, *de novo*, into houses that are undergoing construction, and which, from their very foundations, will be laid out with a view to perfection of sanitation. This is a point earnestly to be struggled for at the present time. In this great metropolis houses are springing up in all directions, by the hundred. We go into them during the various stages of progress, and really in not one in a hundred is there any advance at all. The idea of the old class of house is moulded, as it were, in the mind of the builder. If you dare to tell him of an improvement, he replies instantly that it "won't work." If you ask him whether he has ever tried it, he tells you that he "don't want." And resting his argument on these two phrases, as if they were final, he pursues his sullen and ignorant course of wooden wit and unhealthy adaptation.

It appears, therefore, better to begin with improvements in existing houses than to fight a perfectly useless battle in respect to new construction. A man is master of his house when he gets into it, not before, and he may expect half a century to elapse, at least, before improvement *de novo* is the order of the day. Still more to the point is the serious fact that whole cities-full of houses actually exist which cannot be pulled down, and which may remain for ever as they are, unless some new plans be introduced into them as they at present stand. In London itself it is the most difficult thing to find a house that may be demolished and rebuilt. Unless a house be positively "doomed"—that is to say, in plain words, until it is dangerous to those within and those without—it must remain; the most that can be done for it is to transform it, as far as possible and safe, into something better.

To suggest some of these improvements in the existent house is my present purpose, and that is the answer to those who complain of deficiency of suggestion for more radical changes. As to the others who complain of the expense that is necessary to carry out the proposed alterations, all I can say is, that in every particular I have taken the utmost care to reduce the expenditure to the smallest amount. Some expense is necessary, of course; but if those

who wish to carry out the various plans that have been put forward will go over them carefully, they will be surprised to find at how small a cost they may all be effected. There is nothing costly in the way of material; there is nothing complicated in the way of reconstruction,—nothing, in short, that an ordinary good workman cannot carry out. And now let me proceed with the next head of my description.

#### AN AIR-SHAFT THROUGH THE HOUSE.

In arranging a house so as to give to it fair sanitary advantages, it is a most desirable plan to make an air-shaft that shall extend from the top of the house to the basement. There is scarcely any house in which this cannot, with a little trouble and at little expense, be done. The shaft can, as a rule, be cut out of a partition wall, and can run in a straight line from the upper floor down to the passage leading into the area. If it can be cut six inches square, all the better; but a four-inch square is not at all bad. The shaft should be lined with deal all the way it extends, and on the landings the piece of wood that covers it in should be screwed to the wall and made movable, so that it may be easily taken down and replaced.

The value of this shaft is very great in the house. Down through it the water-pipe from the upper cistern can be carried from floor to floor, so that each floor can have a tap for the supply of water, if necessary. Through this shaft, at a small expense, speaking-tubes can also be carried, and speaking communication secured all through the building without the use of the bell, by which arrangement nearly half the waiting-service of the house is saved. Through this shaft the tubes conveying the gas, where gas is used, can be most safely and conveniently carried, instead of being laid, as they now usually are, in every possible dangerous place, under floors of rooms and bedrooms, along cornices, behind book-shelves, and in every conceivable place where it is most difficult to get at them for repair or purification.

In addition to these uses the whole of the remaining space of the shaft can be utilised for the admission of air into the house from the top of the shaft. In the basement the shaft should be closed off, so that the air from that part may not ascend; but at the top the shaft should communicate with the open air, either from an opening under an upper window, or by an opening into and through the roof to the outer air. By side openings from such a shaft as I now describe into the rooms

throughout the house air can be freely admitted at all times. When the room is made warm by the fire a current of air streams into it from the upper opening, and a free supply of air is obtained from the best source of supply that is attainable. If between the floors or ceilings of each story there is open communication with the outside air, the air-shaft may be open also in the space between floor and ceiling, by which an additional supply of outside air will be obtained at every floor.

#### THE BASEMENT.

It is a pity that any one should have to write a word about the basement of a house that is a place of residence for human beings. The existence of a basement, containing a kitchen, a scullery, a housekeeper's room, a store-room, a water-closet, a place for the lower water-cistern, the larder, a butler's pantry, it may be, and even a pretence for a bedroom, is one of the most deplorable of facts in our modern life in large towns. The difficulty, however, stares us in the face everywhere where there is a large and closely packed community. The price of space is so great that the chance of doing away with the basement is the most unlikely of all probabilities, and the difficulty, even when the mind is ever so willing, to find a new place for the various offices of the basement, is so great we cannot, I fear, but agree to submit to what at present is a necessary evil.

Happily the basement in most cases need not be so bad as it is. It is very much worse as a general rule than it has occasion to be. It is left too exclusively to the care of servants, who look upon it as their domain, and as a domain which must not be trespassed on; and it is too often treated by the master and mistress in the same spirit. Why should they put themselves to the trouble of going down-stairs? Why should they annoy the servants by troublesome inquiries? What can they do if they go down, unless they go down every day to order what ought to be done, and then pay a subsequent visit to make sure that what has been ordered has been duly attended to and accomplished?

There is felt, without doubt, a certain kind of gloom, causing a dispirited frame of mind, in the basement; so a visit to it is, in truth, rendered very disagreeable. Those who are accustomed to live and work up-stairs find it extremely unpleasant to go down to the dullness in which the servants are obliged to work. The art of living there must be gained by training, and then it is said to be-

come endurable—nay, some say comfortable. But the very circumstance that these objections are felt; the very fact that the comparative stranger in the best basement feels it cold, dismal, dreary, and unnatural, should lead the conscientious owner and superior to enter the same, and see at regular intervals that the best that can be made out of a bad system is made and kept up, and that all the requisites for securing the very best are faithfully supplied.

The first thing, then, to look after in the basement story is to secure as much sunlight for it as can be admitted into it. Every window, every available point where a window can be placed, should be found and utilised. The windows of the basement should be kept at all times scrupulously clean, and they should be encumbered as little as possible by blinds or by curtains. If from the position of the window direct sunlight cannot be admitted, the difficulty should be at once met by the use of a Chapuis daylight reflector. It is not easy to speak too favourably of these admirable appliances. Kitchens, store-rooms, pantries, nay, cellars that are practically lightless, may often be made quite bright and cheerful by the use of these reflectors. When light is admitted into every room in the basement story it is astonishing how easy it becomes to effect a number of improvements which would otherwise be considered impossible.

#### THE AREA.

The next point to be thought of after the due lighting of the basement floor is the cleanliness of the area in front and rear of the basement. Too much attention cannot be paid to this matter. It is common for the front area to be the place in which the dust-bin is situated. It is common for the back area to be the place where the larder is situated. We must therefore be very determined to have these parts specially well looked after, for if the dust-bin be neglected there is a constant source of impurity entering the house; and if the area containing the larder be kept unclean there is a constant source of impurity affecting the food which is used in the house. I do not think it a good practice for the front area to be made a constant scene of traffic in and out of the house. There are advantages certainly in letting tradespeople and others come down the area steps to the lower door. At the same time I doubt if the advantages counter-balance the disadvantages. When persons are all day traversing the area; when various



articles of food and other household requisites are being brought at different and many times of the day into the area, there is left very soon a dirty condition, which it takes a long time to remove. The area steps get loaded with dirt, which in wet weather washes down upon the stones beneath, and in an incredibly short space of time the well, which the area floor really is, becomes a floor of dirt and refuse, which is rarely, if ever, completely cleansed away. The houses in which the area is not used contrast, consequently, most favourably with those in which the area-gate is at all times open, and through which a constant flux and influx of persons is taking place. The area left free of custom and traffic is easily kept very clean; and if the walls of it be limewashed once or twice a year it is rendered as healthy as such a place can be, one offence in it excepted; I mean the dust-bin.

In London the dust-bin system is one of the worst and most unnecessary of sanitary grievances, in winter unpardonable, in summer intolerable and detestable. In the hot weather the odour of the dust-bin is all but universal in our modern Babylon. We enter the best houses in the best localities to become conscious of it. When we advance to it the sense of smell is oppressed until the stomach also learns the story. The sense of sight gathers up the same. Wherever, in deserts wild, carrion is outlaid, there also will be animals of prey; and in occupied towns and cities where carrion is laid, there also will be animals of prey—not, truly, in the shape of birds, but in the shape of those little winged, ravenous insects which we call flies, which haunt the dust-bin in hosts, and by their presence indicate the putrescence that is near. Or, bring near to the place an ounce or so of strong hydrochloric acid on an open dish, and the dense white fumes of chloride of ammonium which will arise will testify clearly enough as to the decomposition that is in progress under the very doors of the habitation. Into the dust-bin there is too frequently thrown everything that can give rise to this insalubrious air. Every kind of useless organic substance the house can throw out—parings of potatoes, leaves of cabbages, remnants of salads, faded bouquets and other dead flowers, dust from the house, and portions of rags or shoes, together with the only substances which ought under any circumstances to be there, and which alone are innocuous, the cinders and ashes from the grates and stoves. The gases which pass off from the dust-bin under these conditions

are all injurious to health. There is carbonic acid; there is sulphuretted hydrogen; there is vapour of water charged with these gases; lastly, there is a series of ammonias, all of which are not merely objectionable to the sense of smell, but injurious to the health of those who inhale them.

The dust-bin nuisance and danger ought to be met in all towns by the local authority, which should provide that every morning, before the streets are occupied by passengers, the dust and refuse of every house should be removed. In some towns this is done. In Scotland, in some places, the old and once filthy system of throwing all the refuse into the gutter is re-modelled into an actually good working method, which consists in the placing at night all the refuse of the house in a closed pail or pan outside the house, and in the collection of it each morning in a dust-cart while the streets are empty. The plan serves a doubly useful purpose; it keeps the houses free of the accumulation of dust and dirt, and it prevents the poisonously large dust-van of London from going in the daytime from house to house on its business of collecting, concentrating the emanations from the refuse of all the houses into the air of the whole of the street, and so out of a series of local nuisances generating a wholesale nuisance.

Until such time arrives as shall see the local authorities everywhere carrying out the sensible plan for removal of the refuse of the house that has been recorded above, it is essential in places where the dust-bin has to be retained to be careful in using it, so that it shall do as little evil as possible. In the exercise of this care it is essential not to have put into the bin anything that decomposes, unless the substance can be completely and fairly buried in the ashes that are thrown in with it. All combustible substances, and those include pretty well everything that is organic and putrescible, should be burned in the kitchen fire day by day, burned as they are made ready to throw away, so not at any time to accumulate into a heap or a store. Cabbage leaves, potato parings, remnants of fruit, remnants of flowers, and all such commodities should be in this manner immediately destroyed. Bones, if they be put into the bin, should be well buried in ashes, and care should be taken at all times to have a good and even layer of ashes over the whole of the contents of the bin, whatever they may be. The bin under all circumstances should be cleaned out once a week, and a good watch should be kept that it is cleaned to the very

bottom. Unless it be cleaned so that the stone at the bottom be clean, a dense mass of putrescible matter mixed with damp ashes and dust is sure to accrete on the floor and become a kind of secured floor of decomposing material, which will keep the bin as a nuisance however frequently it may be emptied.

The dust-bin as it is commonly constructed is very indifferently arranged. It is made usually of wood, which soon gets saturated with organic fluid, and so is rendered offensive. The lid is too often left open, or when closed is but an imperfect covering. At the lower part of the bin, in front, is a sliding door, which lifts up that the bin may be emptied of its contents, and which should fit closely down when the emptying is finished, but which in five or six cases out of ten not fitting closely by any means, lets some of the contents of the interior fall out upon the pavement of the area.

To remedy as far as possible these evils connected with the dust-bin I have constructed a new kind of bin which answers uncommonly well, and which I would strongly recommend. It has been made for me and fitted by Messrs. Ewart & Son, of the Zinc Works, Euston Road, from a model which I made for them to copy from. This bin, instead of being one large fixed box, is composed of a series of iron boxes of small size, which stand side by side in a recess in the area, and are all covered by one frame to which is attached as many lids as there are boxes. The boxes, in my area, are five in number, are about eighteen inches high and fifteen square; they stand on a small platform of wood raised three inches from the ground, and they are separated by a three-inch bar of three-quarter inch wood, screwed vertically to the platform. The little bins have each a strong iron drop-handle before and behind. When they are all placed in their proper places they stand in a row against the wall, and are level in height throughout. To a bar in the wall just above them a frame is attached which drops over all the bins at once, covering them all in; but in the frame there are five zinc doors, or flaps, one over each bin, in order that one bin may be open while the others are closed, and each one be, in short, separate from the rest. The mode of use is as follows:—All the bins being empty, and all the lids down, the refuse of the house is cast into the bin farthest from the house until that is rather more than half filled; the lid of this bin is then closed down and the refuse is cast into bin number two,

until that is charged in the same degree, and so on with the rest. Having five bins, it does not often happen that all the bins are fully charged at the same time, but if they are, they are closed in sections, and one section being open does not expose the whole surface to the air. When the dustmen come they have no occasion to bring baskets or to make any dust at all in the area. They have merely to lift up and throw back the frame containing all the lids, when the bins stand before them ready for removal. Each bin is carried up the steps, with the dust in it, to be emptied into the cart, and when all are in this way emptied they are brushed out and replaced. The frame is then let down, the five doors are closed down, and the arrangements are made for a new start. By this means the dust is always removed effectually; nothing remains concealed to infect the air; and, best of all, no bad odour is diffused through the house by the process of emptying the contents of the bin into baskets in the area.

In addition to the dust-bin in the area the cellars and other recesses there require to be frequently tended. The coal-cellar is a common place for the accumulation of refuse, and unless a vigilant attention is paid to the coal-cellar it almost certainly becomes at some time or other a supernumerary dust-bin. Even a coal-cellar calls for an occasional cleansing, and a good coating of lime-wash on the walls and roof is an excellent sanitary provision; it insures the complete cleansing out of the place, and the removal of accumulated organic débris, which is sure to be present in the course of two or three years. These same recommendations apply to all other places in the basement.

Of late years the art of growing creeping and climbing plants in the front areas of London houses has become somewhat fashionable, and we see even in poor neighbourhoods this plan sometimes carried out. I refer to it because it is so very commendable, when it is properly done, and on so many grounds. It is an excellent recreative industry, filling the minds of those who plant the flowers with pure and healthy thoughts and lessons. It is good artistically, the effect on the eyes of passers-by being itself instructive and pleasant, while the cheeriness of effect on those who live in the basement, and are compelled, where there are no flowers or plants, to contemplate day after day nothing but white walls and dark railings, must be an untold blessing. In place of sameness there is introduced to the eye—in small amount, it is true, yet in amount much better than nothing of the

kind—some measure of those changes and variations which nature in her splendid fertility offers spontaneously to the more fortunate of her children, and out of which variety much relief of mind must needs be found from the killing monotony of viewing one object and one prospect narrowed to the extremest range, and ever in sight. Lastly, the plan of growing plants, and whenever sunlight can be obtained flowering plants, in the area, is good in a purely sanitary point of view, if the proper care be taken to cultivate what is grown, so as not to defeat the objects that are desired, viz., lessons of recreation, beauty, and health. The proper care consists, first, in not overdoing the attempt to do. Whenever trailing plants are cultivated from the area, so that they climb the walls and extend over the windows excluding the light, then the thing is overdone. Whenever plants which require much water are too abundantly set about, so that water-vapour charges the air and makes the area wall and front-room damp, too much is done. Whenever plants which require a great deal of soil, so that large barrels or boxes of soil have to be used for them, are introduced too freely, too much is done. Room is in this way unduly taken up; and the soil, from its confinement in a case, gets so wet during wet seasons that it becomes a source of damp and dirt, and is apt to cause the plant itself that is set in it to wither away and die.

For these reasons the number of growing plants placed in the area ought to be limited; nor does the healthy provision in regard to

them end entirely with that attention. It must be made a matter of consideration frequently to tend to all the plants; to see that they are in good condition of growth; to keep up the supply; to provide that all round about them is clean, and to remove everything that is dead and useless before it can have a chance of becoming decomposed and offensive.

The great obstacle that lies in the way of cultivating the areas of town houses, so as to carry out the system I am now advocating, in all its wholesome purity, is the instruction of those who have charge of the area, and the tone of their peculiar tastes and dispositions. I have had attendants who have, of their own accord, planted the area and kept it in good taste and condition. I have had others with no taste or desire for anything of the sort, and whom it was vain to instruct. We must not, therefore, I fear, trust to home work for the carrying out of this object. But in every locality there are florists who might undertake such duty regularly at a small cost if they were fairly patronised, and who I am sure for a small rental a year would keep every area beautifully set with the healthiest and most seasonable plants, at all times and seasons. The boon would be incalculable in London, especially in the crowded parts. The plants would purify the air in the worst places, and in winter, spring, summer, and autumn would bring with them a changing gladness, that would fully compensate for all the expense and all the trouble incident to the improvement.

## "DREW THE WRONG LEVER!"

THIS was what the pointsman said,  
With both hands at his throbbing head:

"I drew the wrong lever standing here  
And the danger signals stood at clear;

But before I could draw it back again  
On came the fast express, and then—

Then came a roar and a crash that shook  
This cabin-floor, but I could not look

At the wreck, for I knew the dead would peer  
With strange dull eyes at their murderer here."

"Drew the wrong lever?" "Yes, I say!  
Go, tell my wife, and—take me away!"

That was what the pointsman said,  
With both hands at his throbbing head.

O ye of this nineteenth-century time,  
Who hold low dividends as a crime,

Listen. So long as a twelve-hours' strain  
Rests like a load of lead on the brain,

With its ringing of bells and rolling of wheels,  
Drawing of levers until one feels

The hands grow numb with a nerveless touch,  
And the handles shake and slip in the clutch,

So long will ye have pointsmen to say—  
"Drew the wrong lever! take me away!"

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

## LUCREZIA.

By MRS. COMYNS CARR.

### PART III.

THE supper was not cooked, it was not even on the fire. The beans lay ready shredded, and the potatoes pared; but old Teresa stood at the cottage-door, anxiously looking out. The girl was all that was left to her now of past youth and keener interests. She held her all the closer to her heart, that Lucrezia had no mother of her own in whose affection to forget life's little daily disappointments, and she was proud, in simple peasant fashion, of the more than mother's devotion that she bestowed, proud that it had been such as to quench in Lucrezia every suspicion of the real truth. As she stood on the cottage threshold, listening for that light step upon the stones, she thought again of an evening seventeen years ago, when a little swaddled bundle had been left in her charge by a Milanese woman whom she had never seen before. The woman had given her gold, and had sworn her to silence, saying that the baby was of noble blood, and that its mother wished to put it with her to nurse until such time as she should send for it. The time for its recognition had never come, but Teresa was glad, though there was no more gold sent to her for the infant's maintenance. What was enough for one would do for two, she had always insisted; and when her own boy, Lucrezia's little foster-brother, had been stricken down with cholera at Reggio, and had died, the poor mother's only comfort had

been the thought that her foster-daughter was now as her own.

At length Lucrezia returned, and chattered excitedly as she took off her kerchief and folded it up, while Teresa put the pot on the fire, and made preparations. Before long supper was said to be ready; and Lucrezia dished up the soup, and they fell to the task. Pietro declared that the *minestra* was not so good as when she made it—at which insult his wife pretended to grumble. Was it this unsavouriness in the mess that led the girl herself to make so bad a supper, though she had vowed herself hungry enough when first she came in? Or was it because she had an ear listening for a familiar knock at the cottage-door, a well-known tread on the turf without? In spite, however, of a certain abstraction, she talked incessantly of Stresa, and Stresa news, and Stresa girls.

Thus they sat around the square brick hearth on the oaken benches, with the fire-light on their faces; and when the bells across the water struck nine o'clock, they went to bed. And still Paolo had not come.

When Lucrezia got up at four o'clock for the milking, the sky was grey with a greyness that was not only of the dawn, and a cold wind blew instead of the hot breeze which had scarcely stirred the water the evening before. There had been a storm across the mountains: a storm that was only gathering its forces again to roll over the lake district itself.

"Paolo can never have gone a-fishing on such a morning," said Lucrezia to herself, as she sat on the three-legged stool in the dark cow-shed. "Presently he will be up here with his heart in his hand, as usual. Poor fellow! And yet it *is* fun to see him with his mouth full of excuses, when it's I that ought to be ashamed instead!"

She smiled as she planned in her mind the lofty yet gracious bearing that was soon to be condescendingly forgiving to the penitent lover.

When the cows were milked, Lucrezia picked up her pails and stood them in the rough dairy, while she raked out the stable and turned in clean dry leaf. Then she drove the cattle to grass and came back to scour the wooden milk vessels. There would be no time yet awhile to sit thinking of Paolo, and why he never came to supper! For breakfast had to be ready for the farm men in two hours, and there were the saucepans to rub bright to-day, besides the usual job of sprinkling and sweeping the brick floor. When Lucrezia got back to the cottage, she hastened first to fetch water from the well in the great copper cauldron that she poised so cleverly on her head, and then she set busily to cooking and cleaning.

But when she sat down at last with the aunt to pare the potatoes and sort the rice, she had to submit to questions and found leisure to wonder, and even to grow a little anxious. And when the parish bells chimed mid-day, and still that most unaccountable of swains had made no appearance, Lucrezia began to be uneasy in earnest. She pretended that her flax was finished, and asked Uncle to go to the village to get her more from Maria, with hopes that he might hear some news of Paolo. And in spite of thunder and storm Uncle went, to bring back no very cheering news, for Maria did not know till Pietro told her that her son had returned with Lucrezia overnight. So, in spite of a message of raillery from Black Marrina, which would have made Lucrezia's cheeks burn and her temper flame on any other day of the year, she was paler and more anxious than ever. To-day she did not pout as usual, nor make fun of Paolo's freak. Even the pinch of garlic could not make the polenta taste right to her.

It was a Friday. The day grew, and with the day grew the storm. Lucrezia had wandered listlessly into the wood on the cliff's edge to pick her chestnuts. She was idle, as was not her wont. When at three o'clock the bells across the lake rang for prayer, she was

startled to find that the canvas satchel at her side was but half full. She knelt down to make the sign of the cross, as every good Catholic should at sound of these Friday bells, and then rose up quickly and, taking up her wooden levers, began to open the prickly shells and pick the brown fruit busily. But again she paused—paused to note how angrily clouds were rising in the east to speed with the wind across the sky. Where could Paolo be? Surely not on the lake in such weather! Oh, if she could but know that he was safe—at home in the village below—she thought she would be content even though he did not come to her. If his boat was in the creek he was at home and safe from the storm. She dropped the levers and scrambled down the grassy border where the woodland hems the rock, grasping the birch shrub and the mountain ash to help her perilous way, until she could look right over the margin into the green waves beneath. The boat was not moored there. She knew his well, and it was not anywhere to be seen as far as her gaze could reach over the lake. What was keeping Paolo? Was he staying away to avoid her?

The lake was quite rough. White crests tipped the waves, and the wind caught the water into whirlpools here and there. A grey mist hung around; so thick was it that she could no longer see the opposite shore. She strained her eyes, however, and still stood watching sadly. Something at last did come out dimly from the gloom. It was a boat—and a boat pulling across from Stresa. She leant forward, gazing with all her soul. It rocked upon the treacherous water, but it did not appear to be a pleasure skiff. No, it certainly was not a pleasure skiff. As it came nearer she was sure that it was a big brown boat—a boat that could hold its way even on these waves that swelled so rapidly beneath the breath of the gathering storm—a boat like Paolo's? Yes; the dear old boat in which she had passed so many happy holidays! Surely it must be Paolo at last; who else would venture on that cruel lake with the wind behind the weather as this was? The boat drew near rapidly. There were two people in it. Who could Paolo be bringing with him from Stresa? Now it was close under the very shore. Lucrezia bent over the precipice to see who it could be that was with Paolo. Somebody sat in the prow of the boat doing no work; that could not be Paolo. Then why was the man who was rowing not tall and slim like her betrothed? Why did he pull so



awkwardly? Why——? The truth came home to her slowly, for she was loath to banish the last hope — Paolo was not in the boat! Lucrezia turned away. Blindly she clambered up the broken ground again till she stood on the top of the rock. The tears that had been so nearly coming all the morning flowed unchecked at last.

The boat had drawn to shore — the luckless boat that was not Paolo's — the men had got out, and the one had paid the other in coin that had made him doff his cap obsequiously; but still the tears lay wet on Lucrezia's cheeks, the choking sobs rose in her throat. She was sick at heart, and in her sorrow she forgot all about the strange fact that a gentleman should have been rowing over from Stresa on such a day as this, when there was no view to be seen from the cliff, and when the lake bid fair to be dangerous going home. Since the boat did not contain him whom she sought it was as nothing to her. She was all the more startled

when a strange voice sounded close behind her, rousing her from the stupor of her grief. "What ails thee, little Madonna?" it said. The tone struck a chill to her soul. She turned slowly, and saw the young Count from the town, he who was the first cause of all her present misery. For a moment she looked at him speechless. She wanted words wherewith to scathe him for the ill that he had wrought her. But her breath still came in gasps, and her eyes were red with weeping. How could she be dignified in such a plight?

She passed her apron hastily over her face and moved away. She had forgotten the Count until that moment, but now that she was forced to remember him it was with anger. And he dared to address her thus unseemly. Was she not a well brought up maiden, and had she no lover of her own that she was thus to be exposed to a fine gentleman's compliments?

"Nothing ails me," she answered pettishly to the repeated question, and keeping her back turned towards the new-comer.

Count Giovanni laughed good-humouredly.

"Nevertheless, thou criest," said he; "and I can tell thee what it is for. It is for thy fisher-gallant of yesterday. What a foolish wench thou art to soil thy pretty face for a block of a man like that!"

Lucrezia turned round. The sobs were scarce yet choked in her throat, her lips trembled still, but her eyes shone. The Count, however, interrupted her speech.

"Dost thou not see what paste he is made of?" laughed he. "This is the second time to my knowledge that he deserts thee. Wilt thou give him a third chance?"

The words froze in the girl's throat, and she stood with her lips parted. Here was the confirmation of her own fears. It was a bad omen.

"Dost thou not see that a man who is but a contadino can scarcely admire thy pale face?" went on her tormentor. "He is tall and strong himself; he needs a strong, bold wench to wife. Such a girl as he might find in Stresa any day, not a white-faced child such as thou."

"I did not make my own face," pouted Lucrezia, mortified in her vanity; "neither did I tell the Creator how He was to make it. No, nor ask Paolo to admire it! That which he said he said of his own free will."

The Count smiled to see that his bait had been taken. "Perhaps he said it for a jest, to pass a holiday noon," suggested he; and Lucrezia remembered that Paolo had been

very often to Stresa of late. "Tell me, now," asked the Count again presently, "do thy parents give thee a handsome dowry for thy wedding? If so Paolo may even yet return."

"I have no parents," answered Lucrezia after a pause, "and my uncle is a poor man; he will not give me a dowry."

The Count knew all this, but he said sympathetically, "Poor child!"

"I never had any parents," added she simply; "but my aunt is a good woman, she would give me a dowry if she could. Though I do not believe Paolo would let me be for sake of a dowry."

"It does a girl no good in the eyes of a contadino that she be dowerless," continued the Count meditatively; "it is as a good name in his eyes, let alone the money's value. And thou hast no parents. Dost thou not remember thy parents?"

"No," answered Lucrezia; "I remember nobody but the Aunt Teresa; she was a mother for me."

"And she often spoke to thee of thine own mother—often told thee of her life and her home, that it should not be said thou didst know nothing of her who gave thee life—is that not so?"

"What need have you to know what the aunt has told me of my mother?" asked Lucrezia, facing her questioner with a face where grief and fear and anger were strangely mingled. "If I have no knowledge at all of my parents, what is that to you?" The neighbours' taunts of yesterday, that she had not noticed at the time, grew up in her memory, and a secret terror took possession of her heart, of which she could scarcely define the shape.

"What is it to me? A great deal, because I have your interest at heart, Lucrezia," said the Count gently, and coming closer to her. "I am sorry for you!"

"I want none of your pity," cried the girl, bridling even amidst her anxiety. "What should I require it for?"

"To be sure," laughed the Count, "for the loss of the man, Paolo, you are but little to be pitied, as I have tried before to show you."

"You cannot annoy me with that as you want to do," answered Lucrezia firmly, though her cheek was as pale as ashes. "You shall see—Paolo will not jilt me! We peasants know better than to treat one another so ill, even though we are not educated as you are."

"Do not class yourself with the peasants,

Lucrezia," said the Count, reaching his point at last. "You are no contadina."

"What do you say?" asked she, turning on him bewildered.

"I say that you are no peasant! No niece of her whom you call Teresa! You are the child of gentle parents, and the woman yonder is but your foster-mother!"

"My foster-mother?" She paused, knitting her brow and pressing her hands together in anxious thought. "To be sure, the grand ladies from town put their children out like that to be nursed in the country. But why," she went on presently, "has nobody ever told me? Why have my parents never come for me? How do you know it?"

The first questions came dropping out dreamily, but she put the last one abruptly.

"It is a fact well known in the village," said the Count.

"Then why have I never been told?" she repeated.

"That I do not know."

"A lady after all!" she murmured, uncertain as yet in her ignorance whether to be pleased or not. "Perhaps Paolo will be glad to know that!"

"I do not think so," answered the Count laconically.

"Why not?" insisted she. "Though I was not born a contadina, I have been brought up as one; I am used to the work, I would make him a good wife. And though I were twenty times a lady, I would choose Paolo sooner than any other."

"But will Paolo choose you? He is not here, he has left you! He is a poor fisherman; why should he take a portionless maiden, when there are rich lasses in Stresa to be had for the asking?"

"Paolo always knew I was poor," faltered she; "and for that matter, if my parents are gentlefolks, they would dower me."

"Do you know who your parents are? do you know where to find them?" asked the Count.

"Teresa will know, Teresa will surely know," moaned the girl. "I will ask her, I will go and ask her now!"

And she moved, putting the man blindly aside as she passed him. The red flushed in her cheeks and crept around her temples. But he grasped her almost rudely by the arm.

"Stay, child!" cried he, "you are but preparing further misery for yourself. Teresa can tell you nothing—she knows nothing of your parents. You do not show your usual good sense. Why deceive yourself further? You are a foundling!"

She started back with a smothered shriek, and lifted up a hand, as though to stave off the knowledge of evil. Her face had grown quite white again. As though in a whirlwind she heard the voice finish: "You have said it a hundred times yourself—you have no parents!" She felt as though her limbs would give way under her. She held on to the bough of the chestnut-tree.

"I will not believe it," she said doggedly. "I will ask Teresa! She must know my parents. They cannot be wicked folk! They will come and fetch me! They——" and here she broke into tears.

"Come, console thyself," whispered the Count again presently. "Believe me, thou wert not meant to be the wife of a contadino!"

"No," said Lucrezia between her sobs. "And now, even if Paolo would still marry me, I can never permit it, knowing what I do. Ah! if I had not played with him, and put him off, we should have been wed by this time, before I had learned what must part us for ever. Ah! why did you come and tell me?" wailed she. "Why must I suffer so hardly for the faults of other people?"

"Thou shalt not suffer, Lucrezia, unless it be through thine own foolishness," continued the Count gently, and still kneeling beside her. "A contadino is proud because he is nobody, but a man who has his own good position can do as he likes. I have seemed to thee cruel, have I not? Forgive me, little Madonna, for now I will show thee that I am not really cruel, and that I have kinder thoughts for thee than thy country lover had."

The Count rose, and took Lucrezia by the arm to help her up; but she shook off his hand and looked up at him, brushing away the hot tears that still dimmed her sight. The changed tone of his last speech had startled her. She struggled to her feet and fastened her eyes steadily upon his; but she did not speak, and though somewhat taken aback by her attitude, he continued his say—

"I want such a face as thine to paint in my pictures, Lucrezia," he said; "wilt thou come with me?"

He took her two hands in his, but she withdrew them from his grasp and folded them across her bosom.

"Per Bacco!" she cried, unfolding her hands, planting her arms akimbo, and looking straight at the Count with as defiant an air as though no trouble oppressed her heart.



"Per Bacco! what kind of a girl do you take me for? Do you think I am a fool that cannot understand?"

"Yesterday, you were not so proud," began Count Giovanni; but the girl left him no time for explanation. Her heart was lonely, and sore with mortification, her conscience was tender about the wrongs which, in her thoughtlessness, she had dealt to Paolo; but she was not to be deceived into thinking that a mere blush of vanity could invite such an insult as this! She had no mind to spare the Count.

"You have a wicked insolence and a wicked courage to come here robbing a poor girl of all her happiness only to insult her afterwards!" she cried. "If Paolo has deserted me, it is because *you* brought me into discredit. Is that not enough for you—you cruel man—you coward?"

"Take care, lest I show you a gentleman can be something else besides a coward, in spite of your notions," said the Count between his teeth.

"I am not afraid!" laughed the girl. "There is little harm you can do me but what you have done already! I am not afraid to tell you the truth—that you are bad and cruel, and false, and vain, and that I am glad you have taught me at last it is no honour to be one of you! Yes, vain, I say! For have you not dared to presume that, because you were dressed in fine clothes, a pretty girl would put up with your poor presence? Ah! thank God, if I *am* born of gentle folks, I am a contadina still, and I have our own good taste and our own honesty!"

She raised her arm as she spoke these words, and as she stood there the Count Giovanni felt instinctively that the child was gone and that in her place was a woman with whom he had best not meddle. He turned away.

"You misunderstand me," he said. "Many an honest girl has sat as model in a painter's studio before this. But take your own way!"

"Oh, I am not so foolish as I have seemed!" said Lucrezia, turning back into the wood. "So I will wish your honour a good evening." And, with her own quick, swinging step, she was gone!

The Count looked after her a moment with something like a look of astonishment in his languid eyes. He buttoned his coat around him as he met the keen wind from the water. The fishermen were grouped together on the narrow strip of shingle beneath the rocks, where he turned hastily.

"Where is the boatman who was to wait

for me?" cried the Count imperiously above the rush of the elements.

"The lake is rising, your honour, and Gian-Battista would wait no longer," said one of the men.

"If he required to be home for the night he did well," volunteered another, "for surely no mortal can cross the water this evening!"

"Your honour will have to accept the poor shelter that we can offer," said a woman who now joined the group. It was Maria, the village gossip. She who was always at hand when anything or anybody new was to be seen.

The Count muttered something below his breath. Nothing should induce him to remain longer in the village where he had received the rebuff that he had from a mere country maiden; and he offered any one two Napoleons, and then five Napoleons, to row him across. At first no one agreed, but at last a man stepped forward half sheepishly. He had an ailing wife and a parcel of little ones at home, and after all perhaps the gentleman was right, and it was no business of other folks whether he chose to risk his life or no.

When Lucrezia turned into the wood, the black clouds were beginning to shed their first great drops of rain. She picked up her basket of chestnuts on the soft turf, and with her tears quenched for the moment by the anger that boiled within her, began to gather up the fruit feverishly, saying to herself that, rain or no rain, she could not return with so bad a crop. But though she tried very hard to think of her work and not to remember all the revelations and emotions of the last terrible half-hour, nature was stronger than determination, and grief would not be put aside. Almost before she knew it she was crying bitterly at her task, and soon, forgetful of the hastening storm, she sat down beneath the trees and threw her apron over her head that she might mourn alone with the trees and sky. Nobody must guess at her sorrow, and yet, indeed, it was a great one.

The storm had broken now in grim earnest. The wind blew wildly through the trees, the thunder grew louder and the rain poured down in torrents. At any other time Lucrezia would have been frightened, but pride rallied her courage now: she would not go home till her first sorrow was spent and the tears were wiped away. No one, not even Teresa—no longer "the aunt" now—must ask any questions.

The air was cold and dank when at last

she rose to return to the cottage. She turned her skirt over her head to shield her from the driving rain and hurried along the cliff, stilling the sighs at her heart, that no trace of her weeping might be apparent to those at home.

Teresa stood at the cottage-door as she had stood the evening before. "Lucrezia, child," said she as the girl came up the path, "surely thou art purposed to make me uneasy. This is the second time thou delayest beyond thy wont. Though indeed I am an old fool to trouble myself about thee. Where hast thou been?"

"I have plucked chestnuts," replied the maiden, flinging down her satchel half pettishly. "The harvest is not good!"

"How now? When thine uncle protests, if the rain do but keep off, the fruit is larger than for many past years. But if thou hast been in the wood, then thou hast not heard the news?"

"No; what news?" asked Lucrezia eagerly.

"About the young stranger—the gentleman who came across from Stresa. What he came for no one can guess, and on such a day as this too!"

Lucrezia sighed impatiently and turned away her head. "What of him? I don't doubt he returned quicker than he came."

"In such a storm it would be real madness to return," said Teresa.

But the girl only answered, as if it were a matter of course, "Yes, that is true," and went about her work.

Lucrezia did not waste her time, she got the supper ready as quickly as she did any other evening; but there was a cloud on her brow and she moved wearily; there was something amiss! Yes, something more than the mere fact that Paolo kept strangely away. What had chanced? Dearly, for once, would Teresa have liked to ask some questions. But she was wise. She said nothing, she only watched sadly and waited. Perhaps the next day Lucrezia would be herself again.

But when the morrow came things were sadder than ever. The storm had raged all night, and grievous tales of its cruel damage were making their way up to the cottage on the cliff. In spite of damp and gloom Lucrezia had been out at daybreak to the milking, and had wandered out alone afterwards into the wet woods, where the unripe chestnuts lay hurled in prickly masses on the soaking turf amid broken boughs and scattered leaves. Sadly in the sad, cold country

she had said her farewell to the summer, and perhaps it was not wonderful that she did not look cheerful when she returned to the cottage.

"Hast thou heard any further news from the village, Lucrezia?" asked the woman, as the girl went outside to toss the maize in the great flat basket before putting it to dry in the struggling autumn sunbeams.

"Battista's fields are under water," she answered shortly.

"Poor Battista! the potatoes not yet dug and he with so many children. But Caterina was saying just now there is even worse news than that, for it is feared that the poor gentleman who was over here yesterday has got drowned in returning to Stresa." She looked up furtively as she said this. "That will rouse her," said the woman to herself.

But Lucrezia only said, "The men should have warned him. The water was not fit for a boat last night."

And even when Pietro came up presently with details of the previous evening's scene on the shore, she scarcely left off her work to listen.

Teresa was at her wits' end. How should she thaw this dreadful reserve? She began by deciding to make an omelette of herbs for dinner. Lucrezia loved an omelette of herbs. She sallied forth into the orchard to pluck parsley and thyme from the plot beside the Michaelmas daisies. When she returned to the kitchen she noticed that the girl, thinking herself unobserved, had stopped her task and was gazing dreamily out across the lake. The elder woman looked fondly out at her over the carnations in the window sill. She had paused, on her way in, to choose a sprig of the marjoram that grew side by side with them. They were the carnations that Lucrezia had been wont to give Paolo for his cap on a Sunday.

"I am sadly stiff to-day," said Teresa, speaking loud so that her voice should reach the girl without, and rinsing her herbs as she spoke. "But now, as I stooped to pluck the parsley below, I could have cried aloud with the pain."

"I am sorry," answered Lucrezia.

"When the platters are washed, after dinner, wilt thou go down to Marina and beg of her two leaves of marsh-mallow? The decoction always helps my rheumatism."

"I will ask little Tonietta of the neighbour's to step down for me," replied the girl. "The loom has lain idle these two days; and now that I have flax I have a mind to work."

This was not the result which Teresa had hoped from her righteous fraud.

"Ah, let be the loom, child," she cried. "Thou art for ever working. There must be news and to spare in the village to-day—I should like to know more of that poor gentleman's fate, and then to learn who has suffered most from the storm."

At any other time this argument would have proved unanswerable. News, whether good or bad, had always been as meat and drink to Lucrezia. But now she only said half-fretfully—

"Ah! what do I care for news? The uncle will tell thee of the neighbours, and as for the gentleman, he is nothing to us."

The woman within sighed as she whipped the eggs for her omelette with a preoccupied face. The two worked on in silence for a space, and it was nearly dinner-time.

Just as the macaroni was ready to dish up a sound of bells came from across the water.

Lucrezia stood listening with the wooden ladle in her hand, ready to strain the paste when it was boiled.

Teresa rose and went out on to the piazzetta. After a minute she uttered a low exclamation, and held up her hands as in horror; for the bells were tolling bells—they tolled the knell for a departed soul.

"They are ringing for the poor gentleman who crossed the lake yesterday, Lucrezia," said she, re-entering the cottage. "Holy Virgin! what a sorrow it will be for his parents!"

But still, though her cheek was white, Lucrezia only said quietly—

"We must all die some day," and she went on serving out the mess into the platters with a hand that did not tremble.

"The uncle is late for dinner; he must have been more hungry for news than food," she added, almost bitterly; and she took her own plate out on to the threshold that it might not be observed she could not taste a morsel of its contents.

But even when Pietro came up presently with more comments she would listen to nothing; and when she had washed up the platters she went and knelt by the old wall, gazing out across the Michaelmas daisies and the chestnut-trees to Stresa beyond the lake.

All the afternoon the sound of the bells tolling swept softly and at intervals over the water, and all the afternoon Lucrezia crouched as though spell-bound in that corner of the little court. She had always been afraid of death and burying, and there was no telling

whether it was fear or no that fascinated her now.

Presently neighbours began to come up from the village as though with some important news. They looked askance at Lucrezia and did not speak to her. Tall Marrina came, who was her rival for beauty. She came arm in arm with another girl-comrade, and her countenance was eager, as though she bore a great secret. But when her gaze fell on Lucrezia she only delivered some trivial errand and went away. So it was also with others. They had come to see Teresa, they said. And Teresa had gone to milk the cow, her heart failing her to rouse the girl to duties neglected for the first time.

But at last that one came who was never daunted in the telling of a story—Maria, the wife of the miller, the gossip-in-chief. She would wait till Teresa came home, and she waylaid her with the milk-pails just at the foot of the stone steps that lead up to the piazzetta. They stood beside the last of the year's climbing French beans, and almost in the midst of the trailing gourd-tendrils; and Maria, as she talked, plucked withering blossoms of the Michaelmas daisies that had been dashed by the rain.

They spoke in a half whisper, remembering that Lucrezia sat above; but presently, warming with her subject, the neighbour forgot her precautions, and the girl learned in spite of herself what she had not had the courage to ask nor others the courage to tell her. For, after some whispered conversation and sundry ejaculations, she heard old Teresa begin to moan and sob; a thing most unwonted to that strong and busy nature, and she gathered that her foster-mother was refusing comfort for some great and terrible ill.

"We must all have patience, dear heart," Maria declared soothingly, with that placid consolation that comes so easily when the grief is not one's own.

And Teresa replied that she could not have patience; that for herself she could have suffered, for her day was past, but that it was hard if, at seventeen, a life was already to be overshadowed.

"Ah, you fret, as I warned you yesterday, because you fear that no other man will be found to marry the girl, neighbour," added the miller's wife, after a short silence; "but you must not lose heart. Men are queer mortals, and there's no telling what freak they mayn't take up with."

"I don't say," murmured old Teresa, sadly returning to her complaint again, "that a man mightn't be found who wouldn't think over-

much of the wench being a foundling, but I know well enough it won't be easy to get one who would be silent to *her* on the subject; and, dear me, Lucrezia would never take a man she thought knew aught amiss of her. The girl is proud enough for a duchess."

The poor soul took up the corner of her apron again. "Paolo was a good lad that way; he wouldn't have mortified her for a great deal. He *was* fond of her. And to think of his lying there in his shroud before the high altar of Stresa Church as I'm talking, he that was as fine a man as you could see but two days ago!"

Lucrezia, sitting above on the stone wall, knew now why the bells had seemed so sad to her, sounding all the afternoon across the water. Paolo was dead! Yes, dead, and she was not to be married after all! Oh, well, since she was a foundling it was better so, for she could never have married him anyhow, and how could she have told him why? "Alas, for me!" moaned she to herself softly. But she stopped her tears to listen again to what Maria was saying below in her odd, harsh whisper.

"Yes, they found his corpse on the bank just below Baveno," continued the woman. "It was washed up against the high wall, that's half thrown down now by the storm, and the boat was all dashed to pieces, nothing but loose planks of it left. What possessed the man to cross the lake on such a night no one can tell! Some think he must have been right down to Arona and back, for he had not been seen at home for two days. But nobody knew of any business he could have had in Arona. It's a strange tale! Maybe your lass could tell something if she were asked? Perhaps they had a lover's quarrel! They were over at Stresa that day."

"Ah, let the child alone, for mercy's sake!" implored the elder woman. "Hasn't she trouble enough as it is?"

Maria seemed to think she had, for she only murmured, "Well, she's punished herself if it is so. She won't be so wilful to the next as she used to be to him, I should think!" And then she went on telling how they had carried the corpse into Stresa Church, and how the bells had been set a-tolling, and how the waters had been too rough till this afternoon for any one to go over and break the news to the widowed mother. "Gian-Battista, the boat-builder, is there with her now," she said. "But as soon as I had heard what he had to say I thought

to myself, Lucrezia and old Pietro will like to hear this, and up I hurried as fast as my legs would carry me. Ah, there will be a nice funeral in a day or two, for they say the young man had saved not a few *quattrini*," concluded the gossip with unction.

"God rest his soul!" murmured Teresa with a sigh.

"Yes, we must all pray for his soul. Even the girl can do that much for him!" And with this parting comfort the miller's wife suggested that her neighbour would be wanting to go and tell Lucrezia the news, and that it was time she herself went on up the road to carry it elsewhere. "Don't fret for the wench," advised she, picking her way down the slippery path, "for you'll have little ones about you yet before you die!"

Lucrezia, still as in a dream, saw the figure disappear behind a stone wall and come up again on the other side, climbing the grass slope towards a cottage higher up the hill. Then she rose and, choking down her tears, walked into the kitchen, and when Teresa came slowly up the broken stone steps, laboriously carrying the milk-pail on her head, the girl stood quietly waiting within as though nothing had happened.

For a moment the two looked at one another, and Lucrezia's lip trembled.

"Give me the pail," said she, almost crossly, and Teresa only answered, "There, go; thou art a good wench," and then she knew that Lucrezia had heard all that Maria had said, and that there was no need for further words.

So the girl cried out her heart in the cowshed, while the new calf laid its nose in her lap, and listened serenely to her wailing; and, beside the kitchen hearth, the old woman prayed silently to her saints for solace to the grief that she might not comfort.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the story of Lucrezia, and how she wanted to be thought like a lady.

In the mellow September, when the chest-nuts begin to show a streak of brown through their prickly shells, wedding bells have again sounded across the water, but Lucrezia has never cared to go again to see the ceremony, nor been proud to be told of the gentility of her appearance.

Lucrezia is an old woman now, and has served a parish priest as faithful servant these many years past, but she has never seen another autumn so disastrous as the Santi of 1840.

THE END.







